

Australian

PENTHOUSE

THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

JANUARY 1988

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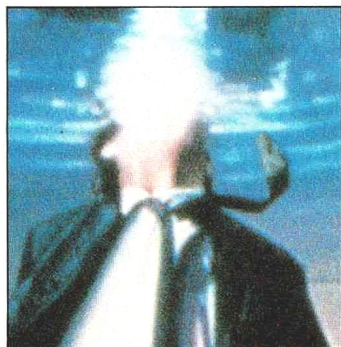
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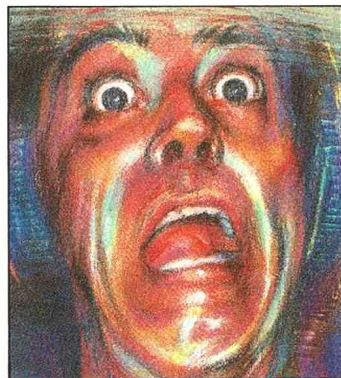
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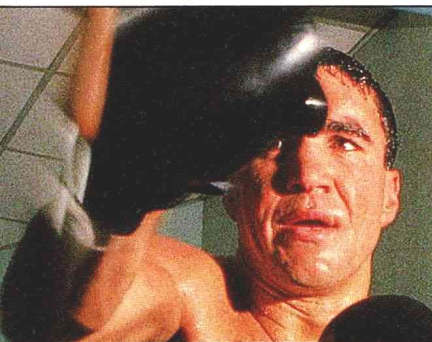
The Australian Men's Magazine/Vol 9 No 1/January 1988



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Fighting Fit



Whiplash Smile

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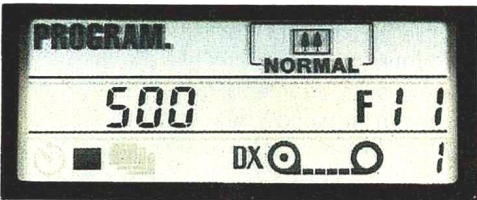
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Australian PENTHOUSE

THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

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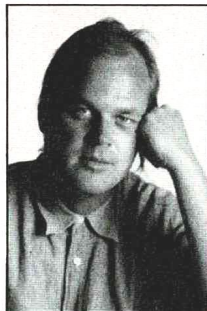
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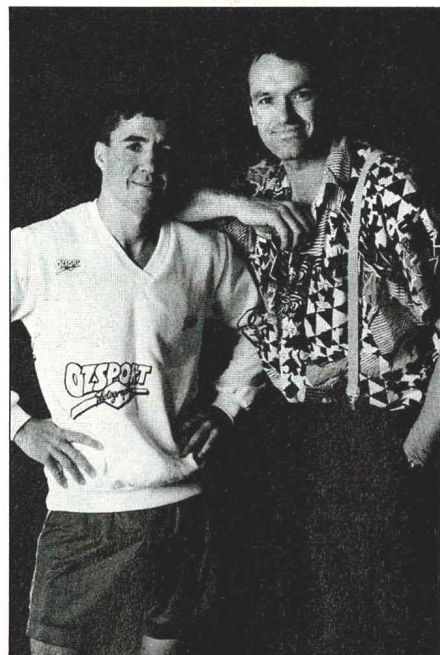
GREG HUNTER



NICK BROKENSASHA



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HOUSECALL

FEAR OF FLYING

Does 2430 crashes in the last decade sound like a proud air safety record? That's Australia's tragic tally, and as anyone who opens a newspaper knows, it's climbing weekly. Mark Maccallum and Tim Vincent's disturbing expose of the confused and sorry state of domestic aviation in Australia reveals that fear of flying is no petty phobia — an irrational fear. Rather, the fear of climbing into a cockpit with a private pilot is proved entirely rational. That story begins on page 32 with an illustration by Julia Edworthy.

500cc.MAGEE

While Wayne Gardner revels in his achievement as the first Australian ever to win a World 500cc Motorcycle Championship, Kevin Magee already threatens to pinch the limelight. In just one year, the 25-year-old country boy from Horsham, Victoria has stepped out of anonymity and on to the path of international stardom. Ernie Van Veen's insightful profile of the Boy Most Likely To Succeed Gardner documents Magee's rise and the psychological warfare at the pinnacle of motorcycle sport. Turn to Barry Le Livre's photo on page 50.

FIGHTING FIT

"Never a gifted boxer in the mould of an Ali or Leonard, and plagued by congenitally deformed hands and an inability to breathe through his broken nose, Fenech has achieved a level of stamina, inner strength and mental toughness comparable with and maybe even superior to that of any boxer in the world." So writes Senior Editor Greg Hunter of Jeff Fenech in a rivetting

analysis of the *fitness* of the greatest fighter in Australian boxing history. Hunter's inspired insights begin with Graham Monro's photo on page 80.

THE RISE AND FALL OF REGGIE SPIERS

Reggie Spiers, former Australian javelin champion, is on Death Row in Sri Lanka after six years living and loving in the fast lane of the international drug underworld. The extraordinary tale of Spiers' demise — on the run from the law as well as other drug dealers, the hare-brained schemes — is told by Adelaide journalist Graham Hunter. Turn to page 74.

JOHN WILLIAMSON INTERVIEW

The true blue Mallee Boy, with the runaway success of his recent record release, is now recognised as the voice of Australia and Australians. On the eve of the Bicentenary, that voice gets an extended airing. Contributing Editor David Halpin probed the psyche of Williamson to reveal his thoughts and feelings on his country's plight and his music. Nick Brokensha's photo introduces that story on page 98.

MODERN ROMANCE

What does it take for a man to meet a "nice" girl these days? More to the point, so to speak, what does it take to get a decent blow job? Money? Good looks? A glamorous job in the movies? If you've got the answer, you're one up on Ben Stein, whose despairing tales of the traumas of modern romance are enough to have you laughing all the way to the monastery. The marvellous illustration by Stan Watts kicks off that sorry tale on page 58.

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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

Is a dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of Australian *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals), although these will be withheld on request. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Tune in, turn on

I would just like to say what a delight it is to view the charms of the girls in your pictorials. I found your July edition of Black Label *Australian Penthouse* a real turn-on with the desert children in The Max Factor a joy to look at, but then so are all the other editions, so please keep up the good work. I'd also like to give a vote to Johnny Topper. — Don Jackson, Miranda, NSW

One hump or two?

I'd like to congratulate Greg Hunter on his well researched and written article on bestiality in the August issue. However, there were some aspects of his story which may not have been described with complete accuracy. The events reported to have occurred to the young Arab as he had his way with the camel don't ring true in my experience. If the report was correct, it served the Arab right if he was attempting to perform the act in that way. From my observations, Arabs make the she-camel go down on the ground. They then get on their hands and knees behind the camel and quite easily achieve penetration.

The statistics quoted from the Kinsey report may be suspect. They quote eight percent of the male population admitting to sexual congress with animals. I think a far more accurate estimate would be 75 percent. In fact as a small boy one evening I inadvertently observed my own father rooting a heifer. One of the problems Kinsey and others run into on this subject is the fact that those questioned rarely tell the truth. — Name and address withheld

Don't they? Really? Well, I'll be a monkey's uncle. — Greg Hunter

Women only

I refer to your On The Rocks pictorial in the September Black Label edition of *Australian Penthouse*. As an avid male reader of your publication I must object to the blatant exposure of male genitalia in that pictorial. Furthermore I dislike the entire concept of the use of male models.

The girls featured in your magazine are showing their wares for me alone and my fantasies do not include some smug-faced, donkey-dicked stud. Should I desire such stimulation I will reallocate my magazine subscription budget to the *Women's Weekly*. — Davo, The Gap

Great to see more of the male anatomy



Gaelle: Untrammelled youth

being exposed to the cameras as it was in the Black Label couples pictorial of the September edition of *Australian Penthouse*. I know of a few ladies who were very impressed with what they saw. I hope you continue to show more of the male member in the future. — Name and address withheld

Encore for Emma

I met Emma Stone at the AIMEX 87 exhibition at the Sydney Showground. This very delectable young lady impressed me with her looks, charm and friendliness — so much so that I went back down later with my Black Label edition and asked her to autograph her centrefold (last March's copy). She did so with pleasure and surprise.

Please consider this letter the first vote for Emma Stone as *Penthouse* Pet Of The Year — our Bicentenary Lady. — Graham Bennett, Thirlmere, NSW

Bliss

No more appropriate title have I ever seen than that which introduced us to the charms of Gaelle James in your October edition: Bliss. This was the precise feeling I experienced as I was permitted this intimate glimpse of a stunning young lady. Many of your girls have an air of confidence and self-assuredness, which I'm sure must be quite an attribute in the world of nude modelling; yet somehow Gaelle and photographer Nick Brokensha managed to

skirt the usual postured images to present us with one of the softest, indeed most feminine pictorials I can ever recall seeing. From top to toe, her figure portrayed an image of soft untrammelled youth. It was pure time travel. — E.L., Portsea, Vic

White collar sharks

Corporate Crime Inc. in your October edition was an interesting story, detailing instances where corporate sharks "rip off" all comers. Police inaction, judicial impotence — all the squares were covered. Except for one, a facet only casually referred to.

That is: "... A growing slice of the Australian community rises to the bait of the Easy Dollar." Many Australians may be getting preyed upon by these sharks but what the hell are they doing swimming in the first place? In every case I've ever heard of where a shonk rips off the "poor man in the street", there is a level of fundamental stupidity on the part of the loser. The absurd thing is the phenomenal amounts of money that people entrust so willy-nilly while blinded by greed.

For God's sake, wake up to yourself, Australia. I am personally sick of sour grape stories, people scuttling about demanding their rights when the bona fides of the agent have not been checked and rechecked — or when the scheme was put to them as one which would cut corners and find loopholes in tax laws etc ...

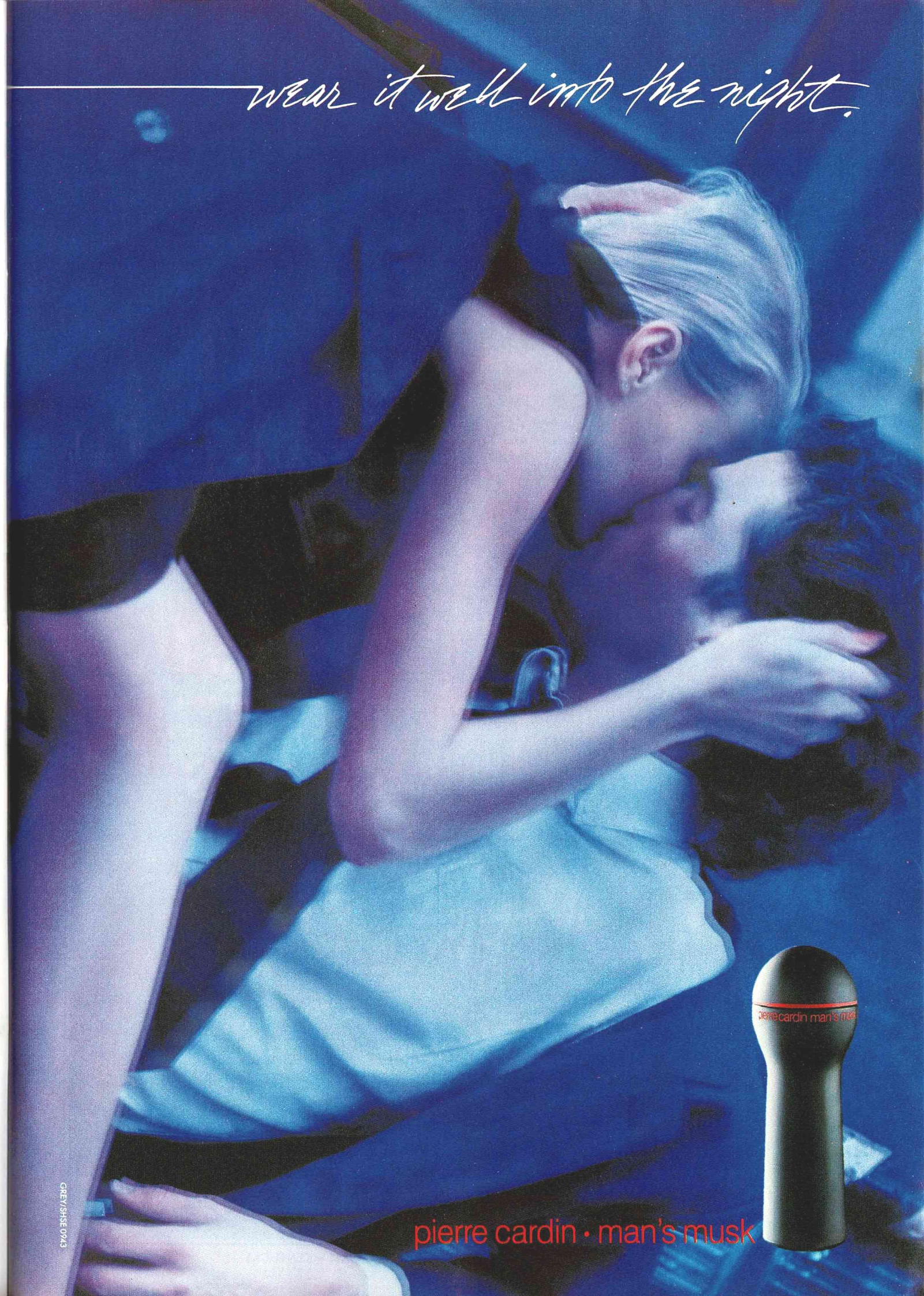
It must be asked why these people lose so much money? Because they never deserved it in the first place, I say. They never understood its value.

Maybe a depression — or rather, the depression now imminent — will have a positive side and restore some sanity to our perceptions of wealth. — Name and address withheld O+M

Martial Lore

It has been drawn to our attention that a story titled Martial Lore in the August 1987 edition of *Australian Penthouse* magazine contained a statement imputing that Sydney martial arts instructor Joe Meissner had been defeated in a fight with Sydney crime figure Neddy Smith. *Penthouse* wishes to retract that statement and apologises to Mr Meissner for any damage or injury caused to him as a result of that statement.

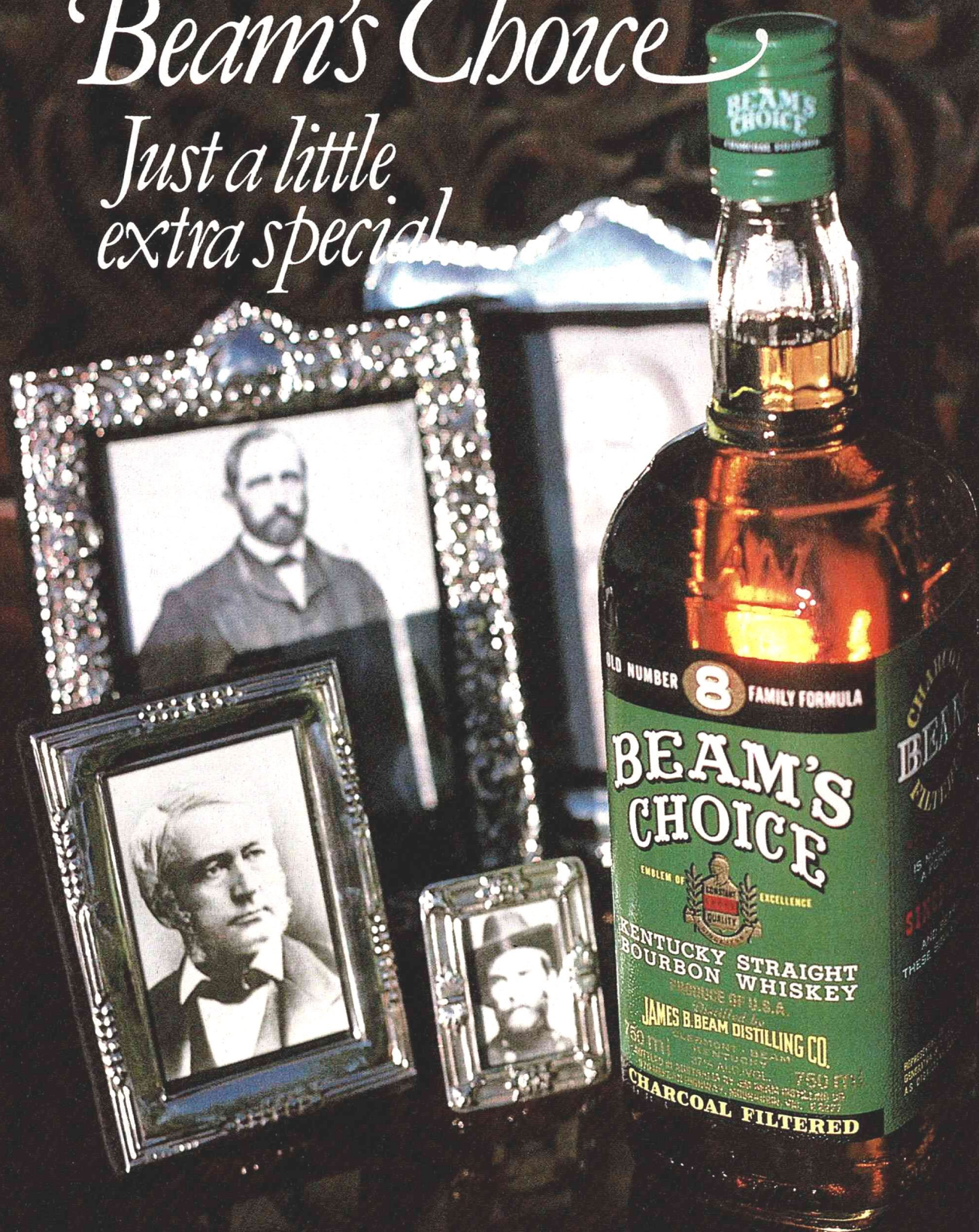
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Eye-opener

One of my most satisfying and erotic experiences happened when I was a teacher at a large tertiary college. I had been going out with a truly beautiful girl with long brown hair, blue eyes, and immense tits. The end of the year was near, and I wanted to sample some of the other girls on campus. One in particular caught my eye, and a guy I worked with gave me a great scouting report on this blonde cutie — "Get her drunk, kiss her with your eyes open, and don't believe her when she says no."

I asked Tanya out, and she told me to pick her up at her place at 11 pm. When I arrived, she was already quite tipsy. So far, so good, I thought. We visited the local bar and drank till closing. Then we went to my place, where I proudly introduced her to my two roommates. When they'd finally disappeared, Tanya and I began to kiss passionately. I took her to my room and laid her on my bed. Our hot tongues were entwined and remembering my friend's advice, I kept my eyes wide open.

"I love it when a guy kisses me with his eyes open," she said.

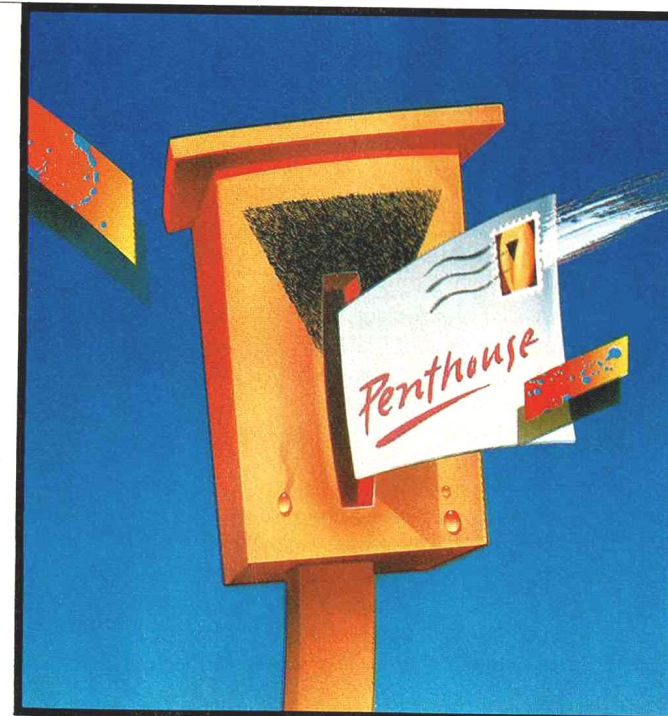
I know that, I thought to myself as I rubbed her firm tits through her top until she moaned, which was my signal to disrobe her. When I got to her tiny white bra, Tanya said we shouldn't be doing this. I ignored her.

The bra came off next. Her tits were a nice size, white against her tan body. I sucked those babies for a good long time, warming her up for what I had in store. I made a trail of saliva down to her belt buckle, which I unfastened, and slid her pants down her deeply tanned legs. All the while, she continued her meaningless protest.

Her legs were perfect, and led to the cutest feet I had ever seen. I held them as if they were the crown jewels and told her how beautiful they were.

"I think feet are very sensual," Tanya said, which charged up my budding foot fetish. She rubbed her sexy foot around my crotch, making my cock grow even stiffer.

I ran my tongue up her left leg until it came to rest at her panty-covered cunt. I



licked her and chewed lightly on her mound until I could taste her juice through the cloth.

As predicted, she resisted when I took her underwear off; but I dived into that pretty blonde bush tongue-first and ate her sweet pussy for a half hour while she climaxed several times.

I realised I'd had my clothes on all this time, and as I began to strip, Tanya still continued her protest. "We shouldn't do this," she said. "I hardly know you."

When I was down to the bare essentials, I drove my cock into her dripping cunt and began to saw back and forth, in and out.

"It's so good and hard," she said, finally accepting the fact that I was fucking her and she was enjoying it.

I sucked her tits as I slowly fucked her. As we became more aroused, I increased my tempo, and she fucked back stroke for stroke. When I felt my come gurgling in my loins, I announced to Tanya that I was nearing the end.

"Oh yeah, come deep inside me," she panted.

I obliged her request as I pumped my come into her hot tunnel. Afterward, we held each other and talked about what just happened. A little while later she crawled between my legs and, without saying a word, informed me she was an expert cocksucker. After several minutes of tantalising up-and-down, side-to-side sucking,

my dick was standing at attention. She then sat down on my cock, slipping it into her twat. As she bounced up and down, I used my thumb on her clit. She leaned back in ecstasy. Her perfect tits standing out from her lean, tanned, flat-stomached body would have made a great picture — it's certainly engraved in my mind. I could take no more. I fired my second round of the night up her box.

A few months later, the school year was over, and my roommates and other friends were sitting around telling sex stories. After I told the above tale, one of my mates began asking very detailed questions like, "Isn't it true that you were still completely dressed and she was stark naked?" and "She had nice feet, didn't

she?"

"I never told you that! How'd you know?" I asked.

It turns out they had watched the whole thing through my open window. — Name and address withheld

Blindwoman's buff

I am 35 years old, happily married and have two children. I am considered attractive and have a nice figure. I've never had any complaints about our sex life and have never considered looking for anything outside my marriage.

One night my husband had gone out to have a few drinks with friends. I knew he would be out late, so I went to bed early. I think I went to sleep as soon as my head touched the pillow.

It was like a dream. I was aware of weight on the bed and the covers being eased back. I felt my nightgown being raised, then hands caressing my legs and tits. My legs were parted and fingers slipped up my pussy. My husband doesn't eat me often, but I felt his face press between my legs and his tongue lapping my clitoris.

The room was very dark. I had my eyes closed anyway, and it really felt good. After a few minutes he moved up between my legs and I felt the head of his cock slip up my pussy. Believe me, I was ready for it! It wasn't until I felt his cock slide much deeper into my pussy than my husband

FORUM

has ever been that I realised I was being fucked by someone else. In a way I was being raped, but it felt too good to worry about.

I brought my legs up and locked them around his waist. He started pouring the meat to me in long, slow, beautiful strokes and soon had me writhing beneath him. On the depth of each stroke he rolled his hips and I felt that big cock raking sideways through me. I threw my arms around him and begged him to fuck me harder. My pussy was coming up to meet every thrust. I felt hands roaming over the backs of my legs, the cheeks of my arse and my tits, and for the first time I realised he wasn't alone.

There was other movement on the bed. My hands were drawn from his shoulders and then I had a thick cock in each hand. I started coming and my orgasm was wild! It was like being fucked by several men all at the same time. When my orgasm passed something was placed over my eyes and tied behind my head, then the bedside lamp was turned on.

The man on top of me moved into a kneeling position and lifted my shoulders. When I felt him tugging at my nightgown I let go of the cocks to let him pull my nightgown off. He brought my legs up and hooked my ankles over his shoulders and

started fucking me much harder. Now I had a man sucking each tit. I was on the verge of coming again when I felt that last lunge and he started coming in me.

As soon as he pulled his cock out of my pussy one of the other men drew me over on top of him. I guided his cock into me and started fucking myself on his cock. My tits were raking across his chest as I rocked back and forth over him. It didn't take long to bring myself off. My orgasm was so intense I couldn't go on fucking him. He rolled over on top of me and went on screwing me until I made it again.

They put me on my hands and knees and someone thrust his cock into my mouth. I was trying to make out how many men were in the room. I knew there were at least four and probably five. My head was bobbing up and down, sliding his prick in and out between my lips while I sucked and licked it.

While I was sucking him off another man moved in behind me and fucked me dog fashion. I let the cock slip from my lips and concentrated on the screwing I was receiving. On each thrust I could feel his balls slapping against my clitoris.

I had just made it again when his cock slipped out of my pussy. I reached back to guide him into me again, but this time I took his cock up my arse. It hurt a bit when he rammed it all the way up me, but I didn't mind at all! When he finished with me I went back to sucking the other cock, and didn't

stop until he was coming in my mouth.

I was laying on my back with someone doing a beautiful job of sucking my tits. I reached out and felt my hand close over a woman's tit. I had never made it with a woman before, but there is always a first time! She drew me over her and guided my face to her tits. It really turned me on to hear her moaning and feel her naked body responding to me. My hand moved between her legs to feel her up.

I felt her hands on my shoulders, urging me down until my face was pressed between her legs. I loved licking and sucking her pussy. I didn't want to stop when she started coming, but the men pulled me off her and thrust another cock in my mouth. While I sucked him I was stroking another cock over my tits.

I don't know how long it went on. The more they gave me, the more I wanted. After each man screwed me he wiped his cock off on my face or tits. I'm sure I sucked each cock at least twice and I think each man came in my mouth at least once. Each man probably screwed me at least two times.

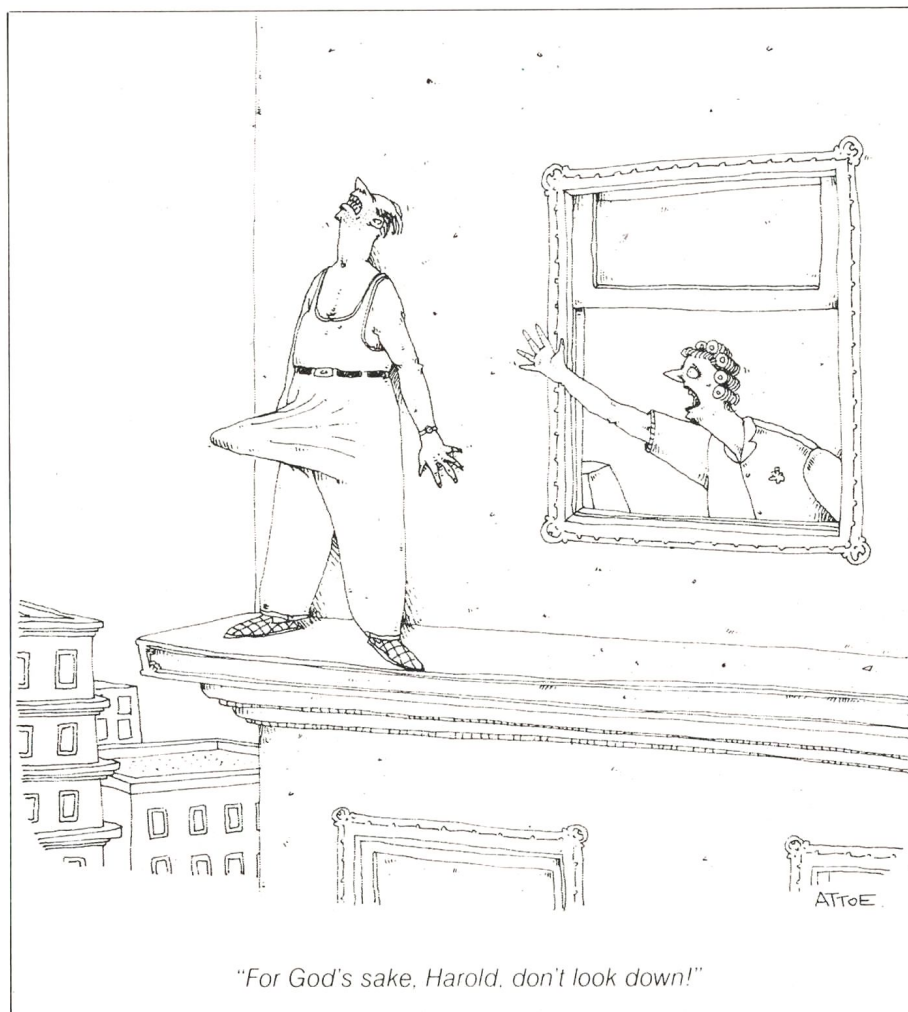
I could hear them dressing and leaving. This time when I felt someone moving between my legs I knew it was my husband. I was filled with the cream of those men when he slipped his cock in me and gave me the best fucking of our marriage. He didn't take the blindfold off until he was finished with me.

I told him it was the most exciting thing that had ever happened to me, and that I wanted more of it. He gave me a stack of Polaroid pictures he had taken of me sucking cocks and being fucked. None of the men's faces were showing, but that only made it more exciting. He wouldn't tell me who had fucked me. I liked the pictures that showed my face and tits covered with their cream.

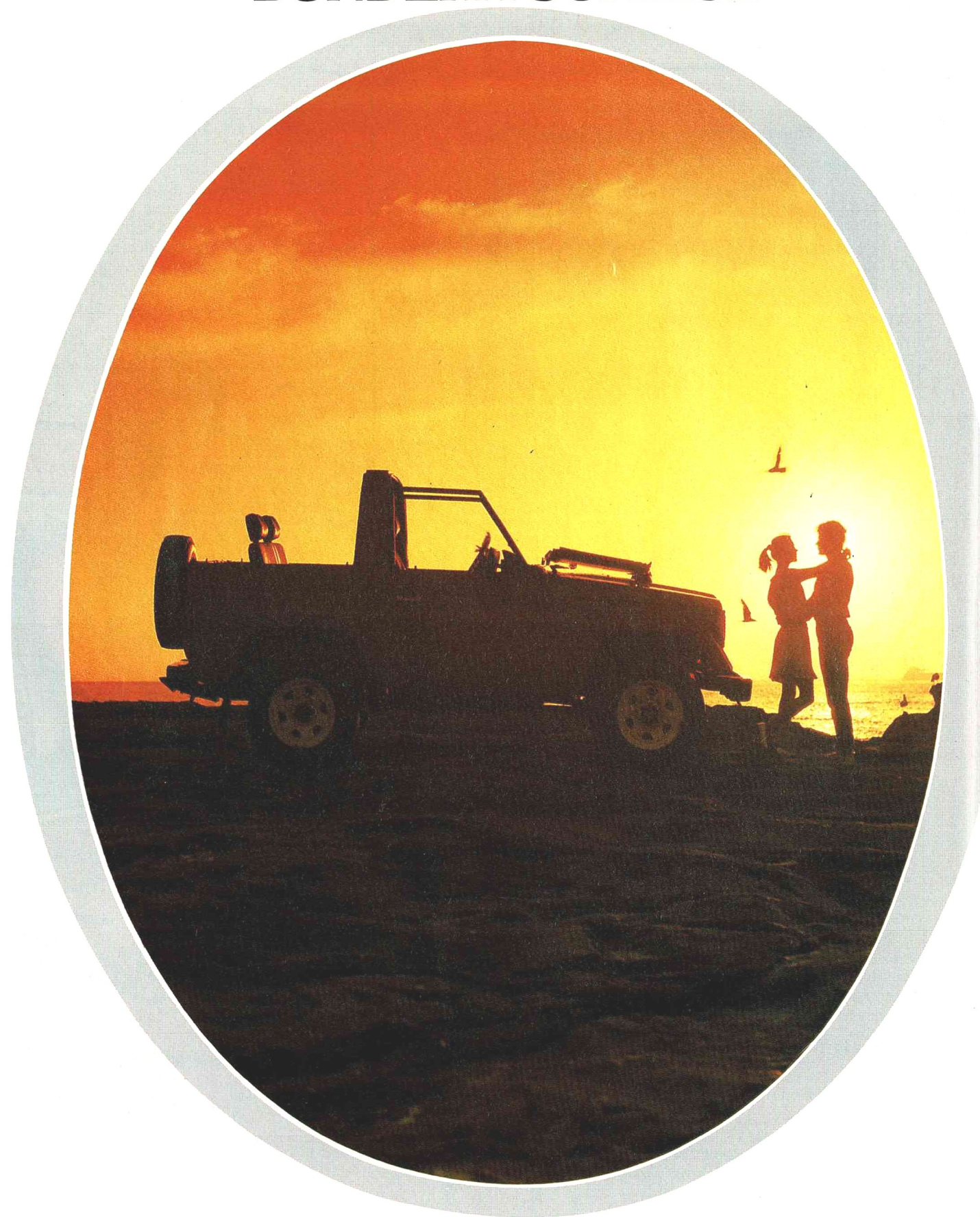
The last pictures in the stack were of the woman and I making out with each other, and they did show her face. I know Julie, and she is a very lovely young woman. My husband told me Julie wanted me to know who she was, and wanted me again.

The next morning I called Julie and asked her to come over. That afternoon when my husband came home he found Julie and I in bed together and screwed us both. I liked sharing her with my husband, but I prefer to have her on my own. We have done things to each other I had never dreamed of, including fucking each other with our tits.

For the last three months I have been getting myself screwed by groups of men once a week. I am always blindfolded, and sometimes tied to the bed. I don't know how many different cocks I have had in my pussy and mouth, but often the men are different, and I have taken on groups of up to eight men. In the past few weeks I have been fucked on my own by nine men that my husband doesn't know about. Now that I am actually looking for it I find it very easy



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What
A
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FORUM

to find men to screw me.

There is another aspect that I find extremely exciting. Whenever I am around my husband's friends I wonder if they have seen me naked and had their cocks in me. There are two of those men who I am quite sure have joined in one of my gang bangs. — *Name and address withheld*

Bombs away!

I'm a tutor at a well-known university, and recently had an experience that was very new and different for me. In fact, having gone to an all-boys Catholic high school, I was ill-prepared for such an encounter.

I recently attended a costume party thrown by one of the university clubs, having little idea what was in store for me. Dorie caught my eye the minute she entered the room. She stood five foot nine, and had the blonde hair and body that looked perfect with what she wore (or didn't wear). Her most striking feature was the way she carried herself — her walk was enough to make even a eunuch get an erection. I suddenly recognised her as a student on my floor. Never before had I realised how sensuous she was. She soon disappeared on to the dance floor and was lost in the crowd.

After the party, I returned to my room. While climbing the stairs to my floor, a door flung open, and out ran Dorie's roommate, Chrissy, soaked from head to toe. I

stopped her to find out what was going on. Before she could explain, the door opened again, revealing Dorie, similarly drenched. The situation quickly revealed itself as the water balloon intended for Chrissy hit and exploded in my groin.

Torn between anger and embarrassment I felt compelled to do something. But knowing this was a harmless prank, and my father (being a judge) raising me as a just person, I knew I could hardly punish these youngsters. As I looked at Dorie's erect nipples and dark bush protruding from her wet T-shirt, my throbbing manhood convinced me to be lenient. After I got her to apologise and promise to clean up, I let them go. Walking to my room, I could hardly believe I had wimped out on such an opportunity.

As I was changing out of my wet clothes, hating myself for not taking advantage of the situation, there was a knock on the door. I quickly wrapped a towel around me, and opened the door to find Dorie and Chrissy once again. They apologised repeatedly and insisted on having my trousers cleaned and pressed. As I was getting them, I heard the door close. Next thing I knew, Dorie grabbed the towel, leaving me naked. Chrissy gasped at the sight of my rapidly engorging cock.

Before I knew it, Dorie grabbed me and gave me a wild, passionate kiss. With her tongue deep inside my mouth, my legs gave way and we collapsed on to the bed. Her hands roamed my body as she slowly kissed her way down to my now-erect dick. Her tongue glided up and down the length

of my shaft, sending spasms of pleasure throughout my entire body. As I was nearing the point of no return, Dorie pulled away, and Chrissy, stark naked, strode over. Never having been with a woman before, I didn't know what to do. I was totally spellbound. The approaching ecstasy quickly diminished the fear I was feeling. Right or wrong, I knew there was no turning back.

Chrissy lowered her hot, dripping cunt on to my shaft and wrapped her legs around me. Carefully she guided my penis into her cunt. What a feeling! As it slid in, her pulsating pussy muscles started milking me for all I was worth. Within seconds, I exploded into my first orgasm of the evening. I came for what seemed like an eternity, but Chrissy was not about to stop. She continued on and on, and as she neared her climax, she started shouting at the top of her lungs, "Oh, I love your hot, long cock deep inside my pussy!" Then it happened. Chrissy tensed up, all the muscles in her body got rock-hard, and she burst into a colossal orgasm. I lay there in disbelief as she went into spasm after spasm. She then leaned forward and gave me a thank-you kiss.

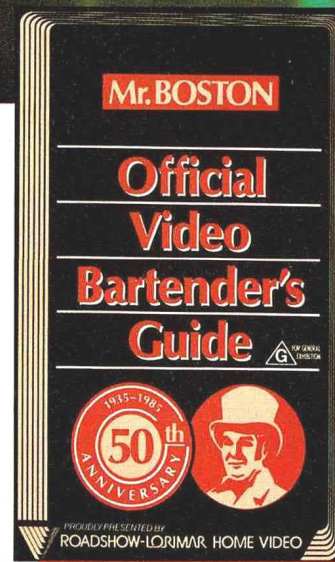
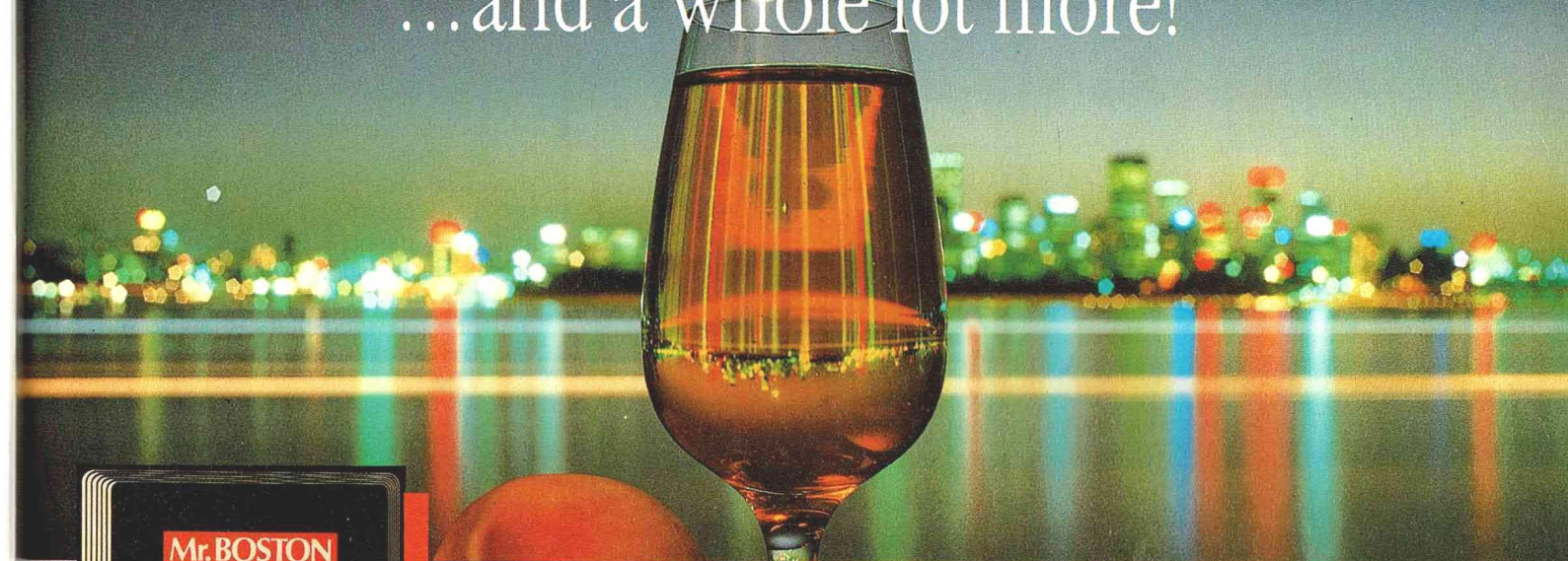
The rest of the evening passed with me performing oral sex on both of them and fucking them every time my cock recouped. At about 6 am and five orgasms later, I was finishing up with Dorie. She got off the bed and went to sit on the floor next to Chrissy. I then witnessed something I'd only read about in your magazine. Dorie started kissing Chrissy and, their mouths locked together, they started feeling each other's bodies. I couldn't believe my eyes — watching the two of them was an incredible turn-on. After a half hour, they both brought each other to orgasm in a hot sixty-nine. At this point, I had a raging hard-on that needed quick relief. I begged them to fuck me or at least suck me off, but unfortunately my pleas were ignored. They simply put on their T-shirts and left. Since then I've had various other encounters with Dorie, Chrissy, and their girlfriends. I'd just like to add that for those of you who don't believe, your day will come. — *Name and address withheld*

Pump it up

I want to share with you an experience that your readers will enjoy. I belong to a health club and enjoy watching the aerobic classes while I lift weights. Most of the aerobic instructors are quite pleasing to the eye. Some of them wear the skimpiest tights so that when they do their routine, they provoke sexual thoughts. There's one instructor in particular whom I'm attracted to. Alicia is five foot ten, and has brown hair and gorgeous hazel eyes. I'd say she has a perfect body. While watching her lead her workouts, I'd often fantasised about her and me together.

One night I came in and found her working the counter. After exchanging

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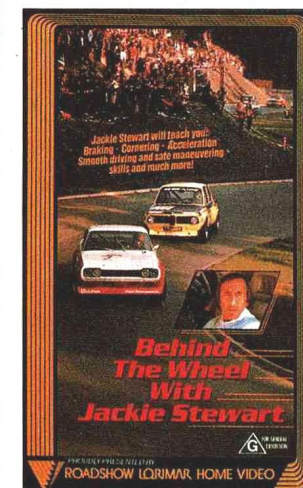


Mr Boston Official Video Bartender's Guide. \$29.95.

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Running time: 60 minutes.

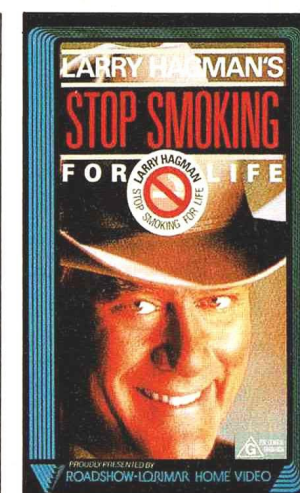
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Behind the Wheel with Jackie Stewart. \$29.95.

contains thrilling race footage and well-known personalities from the sport.

Running time: 60 minutes.

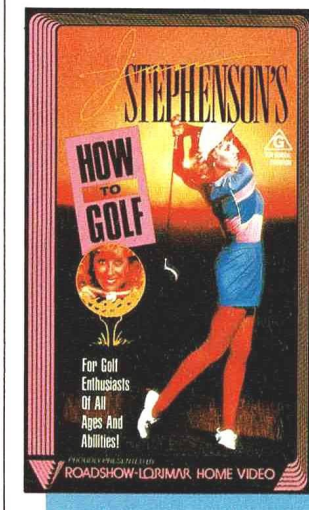


Larry Hagman's - Stop Smoking for Life. \$34.95.

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Running time: 60 minutes.

One of the world's greatest swingers shows you all the right moves. How to Golf is a comprehensive programme for



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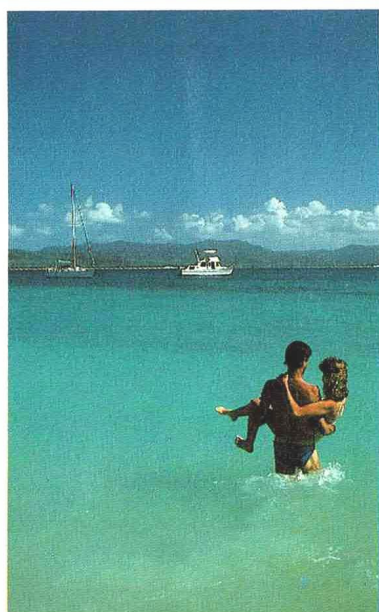
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FORUM

pleasantries, I went through my routine and then took a shower. I hadn't realised that it was now past closing time, and found myself alone in the locker room. Or so I thought. While drying off, Alicia came in and was surprised to find me there. "Oh," she exclaimed. "I thought everyone had left." She had come in to turn off the lights, and was wearing a two-piece spandex aerobic suit. It clung to her body like a second skin, showing every curve of her perfect body. I stood there in my towel, watching her nipples harden.

As I started to speak, she came to me and kissed me passionately on the lips. I let the towel drop to the floor, and caressed every inch of her. Her hot, wet tongue quickly met mine. Her hands found my arse and she started massaging my cheeks. With that kind of stimulation, I had a hard-on in no time. Alicia's lips left mine and worked their way down my body to my fully erect eight inches. She teased its head with her tongue before taking the whole thing in her mouth. God, I'd never been sucked with such intensity before. I thought I would explode right there. Each stroke of her lips sent me into further ecstasy. I could feel her tongue stroking my head and knew it wouldn't be long before I shot my load. She sensed it, too, as she took three-quarters of my dick out of her mouth, sucked on the head, and stroked the rest of it with her hand. I grabbed her behind the head and shot my come deep into her mouth.

I stood up and gave her a passionate kiss while working to remove her clothing. Her breasts were firm and tan, and her snatch was dripping in anticipation. I laid her on a bench, draped her long, slender legs over my shoulders, and dived head-first into her love box. Her pussy was sweet, and I began to suck her clit. Alicia moaned softly when my tongue went deep inside her cunt. As it darted in and out of her, she grabbed my head and pressed my face into her snatch, screaming, "Yes, that feels good. More, more. Make me come." In seconds, she was screaming and shaking as I brought her to a full climax.

Seeing her in such an erotic state brought my dick back to attention, and I knew it was time to live out my fantasy. I lay down on the bench and had Alicia straddle me. As her hot, wet pussy lowered on to my love stick, I felt a chill race through my body. Up and down, back and forth she went, using smooth strokes. I could feel the intensity building within her. God, she was hot. All the while I was fucking her, she moaned and screamed. Then she started bucking harder until she reached a shattering orgasm.

Now it was my turn to come. Alicia put her hands on my knees and rode me up

Continued on page 118

THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS

ANGER

THE GRIM REAPER SUCKS

Christine, an attractive 27-year-old secretary, is talking to a journalist. Christine tells the journalist that she hasn't had sex in the past four months, and it hasn't been for lack of desire or opportunity. "What's kept Christine chaste," writes the journalist, "is fear of AIDS. She, like a growing number of heterosexual men and women, is eschewing casual sex because of anxieties over contracting this deadly disease for which there is no cure in sight." Then the journalist pans out to the big picture: "If the sexual revolution had been in the process of losing heat for several years, AIDS has dealt the final blow." Now the journalist winds up with the pithy final quote: "Says Christine, 'Every time you think about sleeping with someone, you're wondering whether or not you're going to die from it.'" Cut. Thanks everybody. It's a wrap.

Pardon me, but haven't I read this somewhere before? Or was it Karen or Julie or Gary or Richard? Come to think of it, it was all of them. Precisely the same story has appeared in countless journals in the past year, and I'm getting very pissed off. Don't get me wrong — it's not because I mourn the passing of the sexual revolution. It was fun while it lasted but I'm getting too old for underwater group sex. I'm a pretty tolerant man these days and I've got nothing against people who'd rather play footsies under the dinner table and hold hands at the pictures. Live and let live is what I say. What's got me dark is the fact that the Australian media's faithful and uncritical reportage of the neuroses and anxieties currently consuming the post-AIDS society is creating, in the

manner of a self-fulfilling prophecy, a generation of sexual cripples. It works the same way as the most reprehensible kind of advertising: if Christine has become celibate for fear of catching AIDS, if Gary has gone soft on his new girlfriend because he doesn't know how many other Garys came before him, and if Julie thinks she's already got AIDS (although she's too scared to find out) because she once slept with this guy who once had a one-night stand with a girl who once tried heroin, shouldn't I be feeling the same way? And if all these people are keeping their genitals safely tucked away because "it's just not worth the risk", shouldn't I be doing the same? Why am I so irresponsible? What's wrong with me? Meanwhile, amidst all this heavy-duty introspec-

tion and gnashing of teeth, the journalists who inspired it congratulate themselves on the "responsibility" they've exercised in the pursuit of their profession, perhaps allowing themselves, in moments of quiet reflection, the luxury of believing they may have actually saved the lives of numerous other Christines, Garys and Julies.

AIDSophobia is spreading a great deal more rapidly than AIDS among heterosexuals, and that's exactly what Ita Buttrose and Co wanted to achieve when they gave us the Grim Reaper. But any serious analysis of the figures on AIDS in Australia shows that if you stick to conventional methods of coupling and the veins in your arms remain totally chaste, your chances of being struck down by the killer virus are extremely slim. If, on top of that, you're prepared to wear condoms when treading unknown territory, they are not significantly higher than your chances of being decapitated by a runaway lawnmower. Irresponsible journalism, you cry? I say fanning the fires of AIDSophobia with the kind of pap reproduced above is irresponsible journalism.

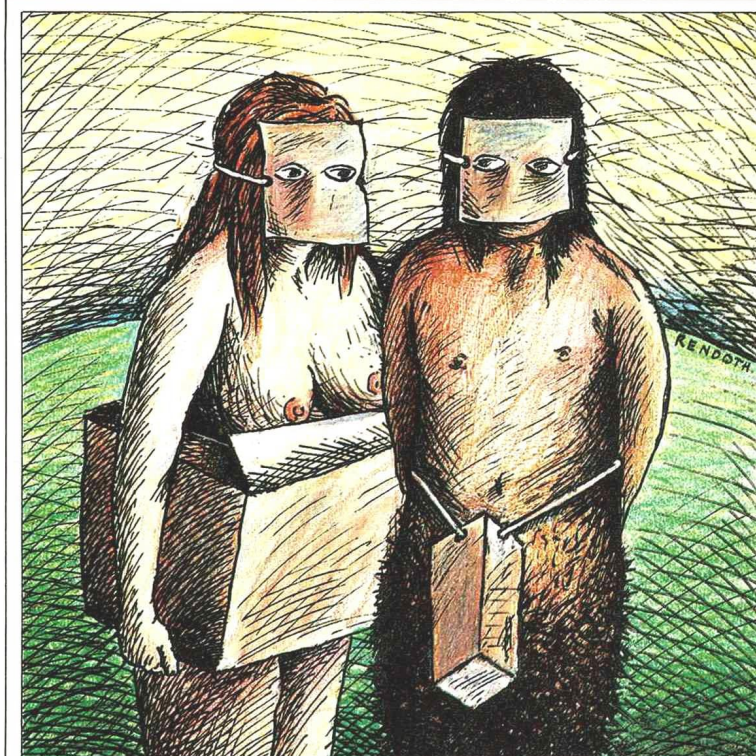
Maybe the real culprits aren't the media but the medium itself. The people who put the Grim Reaper campaign together were no doubt well aware that television by-passes the rational areas of the human brain and focuses directly on the limbic system, which controls the emotions. Television is capable of producing in us fears no more founded in reality than the child's preoccupation with the dastardly deeds of the Hamburglar. Fear of AIDS is a TV-induced affliction markedly similar to fear of foot odor, and if you'll pardon the pun, it's going to be a damn sight harder to stamp out.

Apparently condoms just don't have the same tranquillising effect as OdorEaters. Instance this sad little tale, quoted from the same journal: "Steve recently turned down the overtures of a woman whom, two years ago, he would have pursued with fervor.

"She was, he says, a Rosanna Arquette look-alike, a model with international experience and she exuded a strong sensuality. 'She's the kind of woman I dream about going to bed with,' Steve says. 'But a friend of mine who works with her said she slept around a lot. So I let it go.'"

Wouldn't it make you cry? Whatsamatta Steve, you never heard of condoms? Frenchies? Rubbers? Frogs?

Bugger it. Let's go eat Italian. — Greg Hunter



LUST



CANBERRA — AUSTRALIA'S PORN CAPITAL

The banning of X-rated video tapes by the states has bequeathed our national capital the distinction of being the nation's porn capital. Legislation has done little to deter an industry now figured to be worth \$7 million a year, as most operators have simply moved base to the industrial suburb of Fyshwick, where they now run thriving and legal video cassette mail order houses.

This is not to suggest that X-rated tapes (those featuring heavy genital action) are not available in other major centres — often it is simply a matter of asking a proprietor for a squiz at the behind-counter collection; rather, the bureaucratic wall facing the moral crusaders has proved impenetrable even to those on their mission from God. The ACT and Northern Territory, without self-government, are spared the impressionable politicians who seem to fear the loss of the upright vote far more than that of the upright "member."

X-ratings are allowed as long as the tapes are tucked away from the bulk of other videos and are not hired by anyone under the age of 18.

There are now about a dozen wholesalers out of Canberra; the largest of these is the Mature Media Group run by John Lark, the initiator of the "Keep Fred Nile Out Of Your Bedrooms" campaign back in 1984. At his outfit, hot videos are processed with the same nonchalance that a greengrocer accords his cauliflowers.

"The conditions governing the sale of alcohol are such that you must be over 18 to get it and you can only purchase it from a licensed operator," says Lark. "Why not do the same for products showing explicit sex? That

way the authorities know who has it and you keep away the unsavory characters."

Lark also makes the point — with about 6000 tapes per week being mailed out of Canberra — that if X-rated movies were banned tomorrow the owners of these thousands of tapes would hardly be inclined to put them in the bin or send them blithely off to the Attorney-General's office. With today's copying technology as sophisticated as it is, the invitation to organised crime would be obvious: each one would serve as a master tape for even the most vaguely enterprising shonkster. The X-rated industry

gest slice of the X-rated pie. They should account for about 18 percent of the market but instead make up just under a third of all transactions out of the ACT. The last survey of the Mature Media Group's 27,000 customers showed 70 percent couples, 7 percent gay and the balance singles. The high couples figure is in line with the Australian Institute of Criminology's survey of X-rated hirers in the ACT, dispelling the myth that X-rated viewing is the preserve of the deranged lone wolf. The Mature Media Group's oldest customer is 92 years old.

Australia has no X-rated production industry of its own to speak of. In 1984 the voluptuous US porn queen Kelly Nicholls arrived here to star in a movie produced by an Australian outfit (now defunct) called Private Screenings. But infighting amongst producers, directors and distributors meant the film wasn't released in the US until last year, and the experience appears to have deterred future producers here. Besides, it's simply not cost effective when, for a few thousand dollars, sole rights to some of the big budget movies from the US and Europe can be bought.

While most X-rated efforts are still shot on minimal budgets, some — like the Marilyn Chambers film *Insatiable* — are now outlaying around the million dollar mark. Ingenuity is becoming a keynote also; one recent arrival, *Lust On The Orient Express*, had a budget of \$US300,000 yet used the basic

set and props of the feature film that preceded it, *Murder On The Orient Express*, to cut costs and add some class.

In a US industry now worth about \$8 billion a year, actors have also upped the ante. Beautiful 18-year-old Julia Perrier was recently paid half a million dollars to appear in *Lovedreams*.

When the X-rated video industry first began in the early Seventies the focus was well and truly on men. Now women account for up to 40 percent of the estimated 100 million rentals of X-rated tapes each year in the United States — a trend likely to be followed here. Some producers (many of them women) are going all out to woo the female audience by making hardcore imitations of popular soaps like *The Young And The Restless* and *Days Of Our Lives*.

Actors within the industry are meanwhile learning that it is not a matter of "anything goes" — a new respectability is emerging. Last year's winner of a "Best New Porn Starlet" award, Barbara Dare, refuses anal sex, bondage or subjugation in any of her roles, while safe sex is the catchcry on set.

Vanessa Del Rio, one of the more voluptuous porn queens in the United States, treats her job as anyone might treat a 9 to 5 routine, coming home at night to cook the dinner and look after two kids and her psychologist husband.

Sounds like Vanessa Del Rio would be right at home in our national capital, where such a reputation for loungeroom-lurking would be entirely unremarkable — unremarkable, that is, but for the flourishing industry in loungeroom entertainment existing in Canberra of the very graphic variety. In a city where anyone who isn't a public servant is a novelty, let's hope the businessmen in the X-rated game are allowed to savor it — and that the right of adults to choose to watch what they like in their own homes is preserved. — *Robbie Swan*

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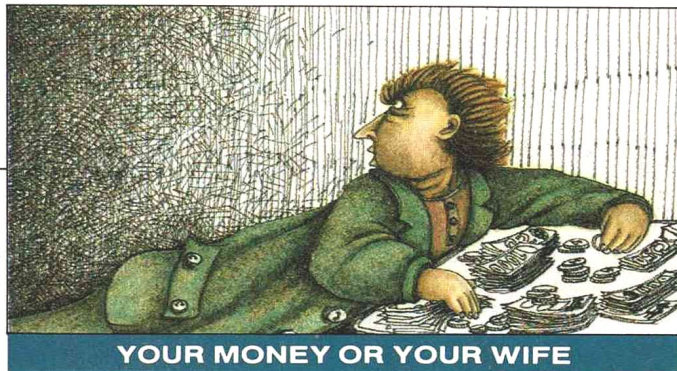
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AVARICE



You know you're a goner when a girl walks out in the morning having declined to take your office number just in case — and you're not at all happy that she has so declined. You have just been spurned.

Y'know, I'd rather lose a job than a good woman.

Which of course is an idiotic statement; in cold clear real terms the opposite is true: it is better to lose a woman than a job (to lose both, as Lady Bracknell might say, is unforgivable).

On simple numbers alone, there are more women than men in this country for starters; then take away the poofers and your start is increased — a bit like starting in the trots off 16 metres and then claiming a 3kg allowance as well; whereas there just aren't as many jobs as there are people who want jobs. Conclusion: lose the woman, not the job.

Let's dispose of that sentimental nonsense straight away: while there can be a great emotional attachment to a particular woman, such emotional attachment can turn out, once a week or two has passed, to be totally and utterly incomprehensible. How could we have been so stupid and thought so dumbly and so big deal she had beautiful hands and big soft lips and out of the world's two billion people there is no-one who is anything to compare? C'mon.

But a good job? That is different.

In essence, a good job is a good job. You with me? Which is a difficult thing to find. A job is something we *have* to do, not something we *want* to do. A woman is something we want to do — we won't starve for lack of one. I know biological imperativists may argue this point but practice proves that, while they may not

become fully-developed and rounded personalities, men can live fairly comfortably sans *la femme*.

But sans the *work*?

Compare two blokes: one has lost his sheila and the other his job. The loser in love mopes around for a day or two — maybe a week, even a month or two — but rarely all day. Yes, yes, yes, deep down there is this gnawing emptiness and all that but a good game of football and a couple of beers soon dispel such non-sense.

But the unemployed bloke: he's not moping... but he's not exploding with radiant happiness

nothing followed by a night of nothing — for there is no money to do the normal nocturnal things like chase women or, ah, whatever else there is to do at night (watch night cricket?).

During the day, of course, the loser in love can occupy his time fruitfully, beaver away at his career, working away the hours building up karma with his boss and generally spending his time constructively. Then at night, armed with that most powerful of aphrodisiacs, money, this loser in love can venture forth on new adventures into the wilds of the world: *da! dah! cha-cha-cha* discos, do-you-like-this-sort-of-music pubs with bands, another-glass-of-chardonnay-m'dear restaurants. All this while the unemployed is begging the repo man to delay taking away the television until at least the end of this episode of *LA Law*.

One woman goes and another comes. Or maybe she doesn't — not straight away anyway. But gee, what would you rather do? Chase girls or chase work? How much more exciting is it to lay out one's life to a new woman than to present your sorry little curriculum vitae to a new personnel officer? How much more exciting to scan the pages of the entertainment section

either. He's fiddling; he's filling in time, he's doing nothing; and he's doing this every day, day after day, and night after night, because the days run into nights unpunctuated by the definitions of clocking on and off. It is all one vast miasma of misery: a day of

looking for likely lovely lady venues than to turn wearily to the jobs page? And how much more does your heart sing when you shower and shave and dress up to take out a new lady than it sings when you are preparing for a job interview?

Am I alone when I say that a hint of admiration in the eye of a new woman is far more thrilling than any nod from an employer?

Lose a woman and the misery is excruciating. Excruciating and delicious. What a soul-warmingly sweet misery is the self-pity of the lovelorn; and what a boring snuffling tale of who-cares? woe is that told by the recently re-trenched.

A woman is, like a pane of glass: when the glass gets broken you go to the glazier and get a new piece. A job is a like a piece of a vintage car: break it and you must go to extraordinary trouble to replace it, for they are hard to find — they don't make them like that anymore. Women! They are making women like that all the time.

Besides, a job pays money whereas I've never had a woman yet with whom I ended up in front on the dollars and cents.

For a job you may have to buy some tools, maybe some special clothes, and pay the fares to and from work. But with a woman: you pay pay pay. You buy a dinner, you buy a drink, you buy a coffee. You buy an expensive after-shave but she doesn't like it so you buy another one. You buy the theatre tickets you buy a drink you buy a coffee. On Sunday morning you buy a cheap little breakfast at the Japanese joint for \$40 and then spend \$100 on lunch and taxis and another \$100 on some trinkets which take her fancy. (And worth every penny, I know, but still.)

But we can only spend money if we have it. I've never begrudged one penny spent on a girl — but if I haven't got it to spend there are no pennies to begrudge or squander, as you will.

A job at least gives you the pennies to indulge her whimsies; but if you have a woman but no job you will have a woman with unfulfilled whimsies and hence soon after you will not have a woman either.

So, on reflection, I'd rather lose a woman than a job.

Maybe. — *David Quicksilver*



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The most fun you can have in the water with your clothes on.

Self-circling.

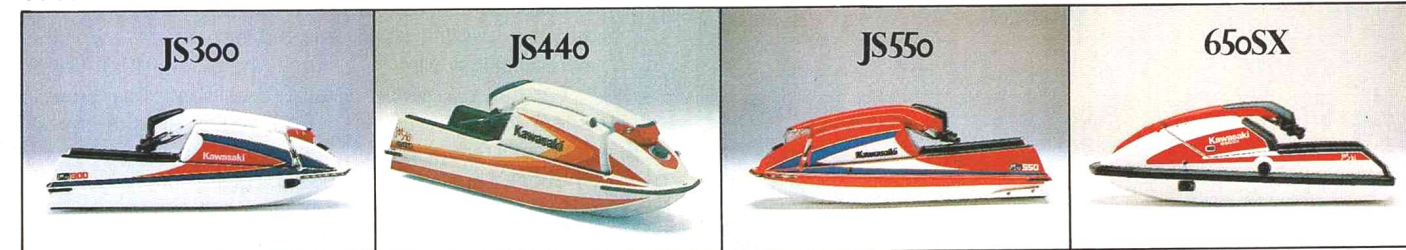
If you end up in the water, every Kawasaki JET SKI watercraft will automatically slow to idling speed and circle back around to get you.

Self-righting.

JET SKI watercraft will automatically right themselves, while sealed flotation cells in the bulkhead make them virtually impossible to sink. When fitted with pontoons, however, the X-2 is not self-righting.



Shown are the bolt-on twin pontoons fitted as standard equipment.



Kawasaki

Let the good times roll.

ENVY



ALL WORK AND ALL PLAY?

In recent years, the general fascination with money and power has focused on that peculiar subset of the wealthy: successful entrepreneurs.

The men and women who have been starting up new businesses — one of the few bright sectors in a generally dreary economic picture — have been bathed in media awe of late. They have been hailed as heroes and saviors, as possessors of deep and mysterious vision and drive.

But are successful entrepreneurs really different from you and me — in their private lives, that is? Does their fabled energy carry over from the boardroom into the bedroom? Does their much-vaunted ability to find new solutions to old problems translate into solving the ancient dilemma of being a libidinous individual in a world where not quite anything goes? And does their flouting of business norms have an analogue in the flouting of societal norms on such matters as business ethics, marital fidelity, and the use of recreational drugs?

Until now, it has been impossible to answer those questions with any sort of confidence, for the simple reason that those questions had never been systematically asked.

Well, those questions have now been asked (we believe for the first time ever) in a survey jointly sponsored by *US Penthouse* and the US Centre for Entrepreneurial Management Inc., the world's largest non-profit association of entrepreneurs. CEM membership boasts more than 300 self-described entrepreneurs across America, the great majority of whom are currently running businesses started by themselves. The entire membership was sent a detailed questionnaire probing



As a breed, entrepreneurs tend to have a strong need for someone to come home to.

That need would seem to be proportionate to the time and effort that entrepreneurs put into their businesses, and the sometimes draconian pressures under

which they work. Half of our respondents said that their typical work week was at least 50 hours long; a quarter claimed it was over 60. And those long labors tend to be for high stakes!

But there's more than just money on the line: there's ego. Lots of ego. And one of the things that entrepreneurs tend to look for in marriage is applause. "I need an audience," admitted one of our more candid respondents. "And there's no audience quite so good as a wife. Telling the adventure of the day is part of what makes them real." These are pragmatic people, problem solvers, and many of them regard matrimony as one more problem to be solved.

Romantic or otherwise, however, the evidence strongly indicates that entrepreneurs tend to be faithful to their spouses. Seventy percent of respondents claimed that they had had no affairs during the past three years. Fifty percent claimed that even if they had the golden out-of-town opportunity for a no-strings encounter, they would pass it up; only 15 percent said they would take it, with the other 35 percent admitting they weren't quite sure what they'd do.

Further, it would seem that the entrepreneur's reputation as a risk taker doesn't apply to the sexual arena. One respondent told us flatly there was no such thing as a no-strings encounter, and several commented that their disinclination to extramarital sex had less to do with scruples than with fear of disease. Fear of on-

the-job complications also seems to rein in the entrepreneurial libido; this is a group that takes seriously the maxim "Don't shit where you eat."

Only eight percent of respondents said they have sex daily, with an endocrinally impressive two percent claiming they do it more than once a day. One-quarter of the entrepreneurs enjoy biological union three times a week; one quarter do it twice; 40 percent seem to get by with one whoopee session a week or less.

It seems that the stereotype of boundless erotic drive is seriously out of touch with reality. The same would seem to be true of other aspects of our myths about entrepreneurs. There is a tendency to believe, for example, that if a person has had one good idea for starting up a business, he must be a veritable fount of ideas. In fact, it seems that entrepreneurs tend to be very specific and even unitary in their interests: there simply aren't enough hours in the day to be well-rounded.

This tendency to zero in on the nuts and bolts of the here and now also makes entrepreneurs an abstemious group when it comes to drugs. Notwithstanding the pattern about "bimbos, limos and lines," 95 percent of our respondents said they do not take cocaine; 90 percent said they never smoke marijuana.

We therefore have a paradox on our hands. On one side, we have the popular mythology telling us that successful entrepreneurs have days full of challenges met and nights replete with power triumphantly exercised; on the other side, we've got the entrepreneurs' own testimony indicating that they're rather a staid and sober crew.

So if you're going to envy the successful entrepreneur, don't do it imagining that he gets more sex, glitz and romance than the rest of us; envy him, if at all, because he seems to have less need of those things. He is a man for whom the adventures of the workplace are adventure enough. — Joe Mancuso



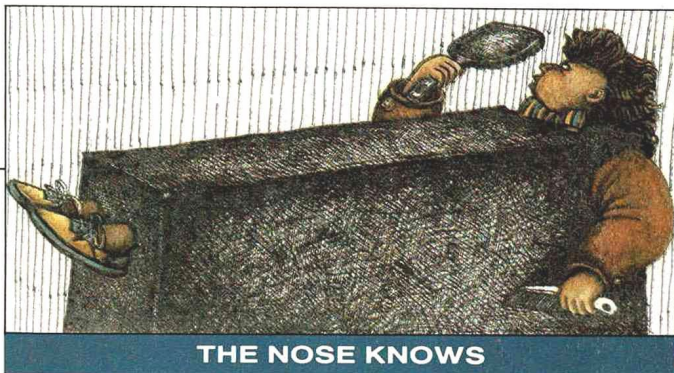
Bag a Stag.

Tooheys Stag Premium Lager.

If it didn't have an Australian accent, you'd swear it was imported.



VANITY



THE NOSE KNOWS

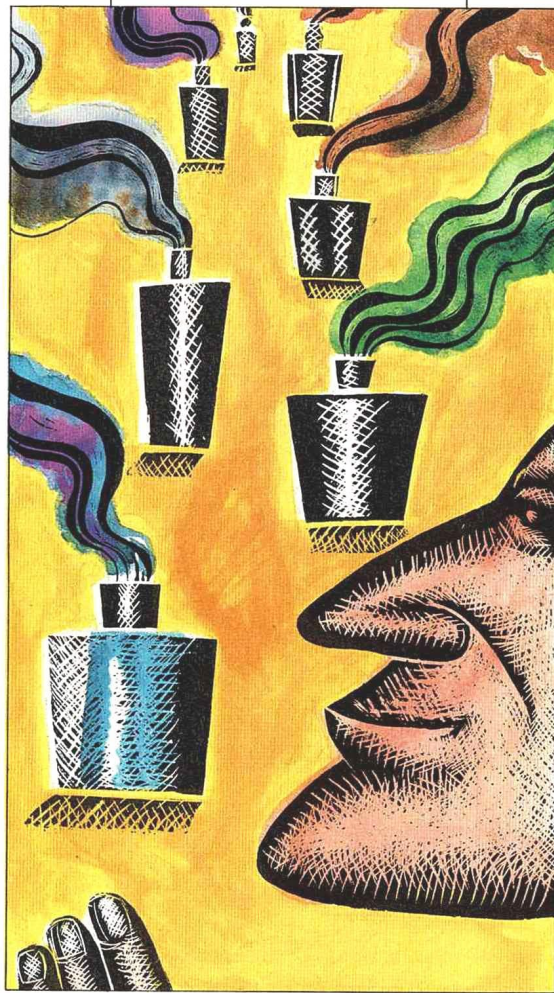
You've probably heard an orgasm described as a pelvic sneeze, and a sneeze described as a nasal orgasm, but have you ever wondered about the connection?

Our noses and sense of smell must rank — and I use that word advisedly — as one of the least understood aspects of the mating game and sexuality; most people know "smell" as something that can turn a partner off quicker than saying "Have you come yet?" but little is understood of the power of scent to *turn on*.

Yet it seems that the traditional, giggling schoolgirl association between noses and dicks isn't that far off the mark. The nose is actually lined with erectile tissue — one of only three places in the body where this occurs, the others being the nipples and genitals. This nasal tissue triples its thickness as engorgement occurs.

Then consider that those nasal nerves which sting so fiercely when seawater gets up your nose actually descend directly from the brain through perforations in the skull, and we can set up a picture of the mysterious short circuit that our olfactory sense produces. While sight, sound, touch and taste travel a circuitous route around the nervous system before being analysed by the thalamus in the brain, the sense of smell is unique — it bypasses the thalamus and beelines straight for the section of the brain where *memory* is stored. This is why scents can so instantly fill us with nostalgia.

This has intrigued researchers into our psycho-sexual make-up. "Man repressed his sense of smell to suppress sex," contended Georg Groddeck



(1866-1934), one of Freud's contemporaries. Whether he was right or wrong, Dr Jonn Mumford, author of *The Sorcery Of Love*, puts it a little more frankly: "The olfactory sense is the quickest and most efficient sensory route to the genitals."

So it was no surprise when Sharene Lowe, staff trainer of the From Paris With Love perfume and body care chain, told me people wear fragrance to be "sexy." Why else would deer, civet-cats and beavers lose their cuds to provide us with, respectively, musk, civet and castoreum, if it wasn't to make us feel sexy? These ingredients are found in

most perfumes.

I admit I have shared Australian men's traditional scepticism of fragrance; in my childhood household, anything beyond a shot of Sprayfresh was deemed "pansy juice", including after-shave, and would serve only to neutralise my bouquet into a kind of odorless Twilight Zone — hopefully.

But my education picked up when I spoke to Sharene Lowe. This woman's nose knows. The booming market in men's fragrances in Australia reflects an awakening to the power of scent.

Experts like Sharene speak of fragrance as having notes, like a piece of music. Frankly, I felt you had to cut through a lot of pap; every fragrance, it seems, is either "For the man who knows what he wants — and gets it" (gee, I like that kind of talk), or else for the "sophisticated man of the Eighties." I mean no disrespect — no, really. It's just that describing fragrance in words is bloody impossible. There's only one way to do it, and that's to roll up to one of the From Paris With Love outlets and let a salesgirl take you through a nasal tour of the range until you find what you like.

A few pointers, though, before you start shelling out. There are nine fragrance families: citrus, floral, single floral, floral aldehyde, green, leather, chypre, soft oriental and oriental. If you already have a favorite, but want to try some-

thing a little different, tell them, they'll consult their textbooks, and offer some alternatives from the same family with similar "notes."

Take this with a grain of salt, but price is an indicator of quality. Expensive fragrances will last longer as they contain less alcohol to dilute the essences. You use less, and it stays with you.

The type of alcohol also adds to the price, which is why French numbers mostly top the range, the French being the leaders in quality alcohol production.

Men seem to prefer the bigger bottles, rather than the dainty varieties reserved for ladies. The difference between eau de parfum, eau de cologne and eau de toilette is simply the level of dilution with alcohol, which is why they respectively step down in price.

A few *don'ts*: the man who washes with Sunlight soap, shaves with Palmolive, whacks on a bit of Brut, douses the under-arms with Sprayfresh, and then dabs on a little of his expensive French number on his collar earns sympathetic — with the emphasis on pathetic — grins from the nose experts. This is why so many ranges of co-ordinated products are sold, comprising soaps and shaving gels right through to the perfumes.

Apply your top-line fragrance to your pulse-points and your perspiration points. This way, when your blood starts pumping, you radiate your sass. Wrists, inside elbows, behind the knees, jugular — wherever. The rule of thumb is that fragrance should be worn where it can't be seen, though Sharene says she even knows men who anoint the tails of their suit coats so that as they stride they presumably leave a trail of mincing females in their wake... A few dabs of a quality item should last all day.

Sharene specifically recommends Nino Cerruti Pour Homme, Versailles Pour Homme, Parfums Hermes Eau de Cologne and Equipage, and Leonard Pour Homme. — *Graem Sims*

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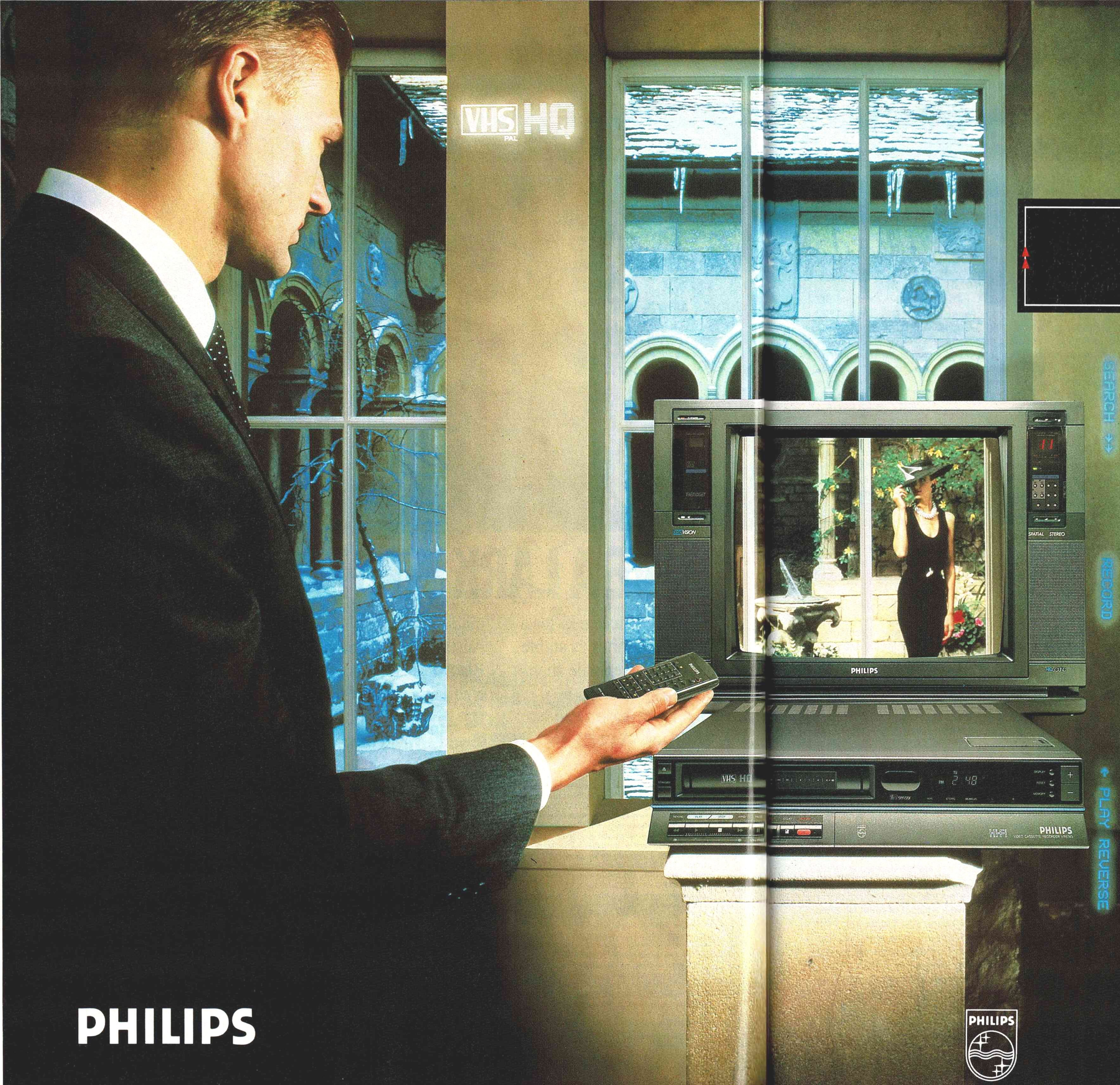
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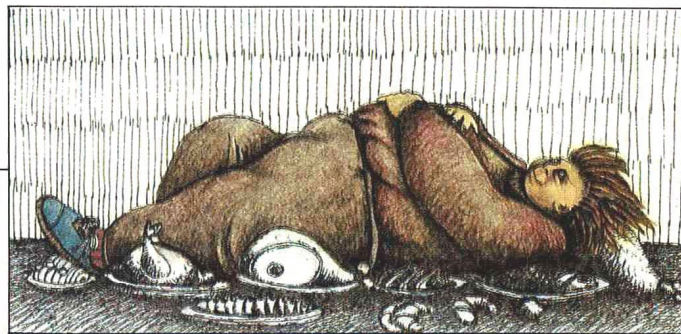
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TAKE A CLOSER LOOK.

PHILIPS



GLUTTONY



THE ULTIMATE DINNER PARTY

Just before I left for Penfolds' Fifth Ultimate Dinner Party, I thumbed through Bruce Weber's photographic masterpiece — *O Rio de Janeiro*. Full of semi-nude, lithe bodies, this ode to the eternal partyland of the tall and tan and young and lovely set the mood perfectly for the flight to Brisbane — our own sun-soaked Lotusland. Where, unlike the Brazilians, who were only sapped by sex and heat, 186 reckless gluttons set themselves the task of being drained by culinary excess.

Since Penfolds started this annual trencherman's assault course in 1983, half the media and big businessmen in Sydney and Melbourne have been miffed at being excluded from the guest list. People lie that they "just couldn't make it", rather than admit they were overlooked. The chosen comprise "captains of industry", food writers, social gadflies and moths and favored wine retailers.

The First Ultimate Dinner Party celebrated the 25th anniversary of Grange Hermitage — Australia's most famous red wine. Each year has its pivotal point and this year's *raison d'être* was the unveiling of the first wines from Penfolds Clare Estate. 1987 also marked the first time the giant wine company moved away from home base — The Grange Restaurant at the Adelaide Hilton.

The Hilton Hotel chain is the co-sponsor of this do to end all dos — as lush and vivid as the bougainvillea that climbs over Gold Coast walls. The same description could be aimed at the Brisbane Hilton with its Hanging Gardens of Babylon atrium, calypso pool and womb-red velvet ballroom.

The dinner itinerary — it was all

planned with military precision — called for us to ready for sushi at 6.45 SHARP. After submitting to a flashing photographer who claimed to be from the "socials", we got stuck into tuna sashimi, raw barramundi with rice and king prawns with wasabi and soy sauce. In the centre of the room were two sophisticated ice carvings; it was depressing to think that in a few hours they would be giant puddles of water.

A fanfare of trumpets that would have done justice to Louis XIV piped Queensland Governor Sir Roderick Procter into the dining room. The plebs followed haphazardly. Music for the night

aspic with red pimentos, chives, egg-yolks, fresh tarragon and green peppers, the whole thing offered just enough resistance to enable you to savor each morsel as you chewed. The accompanying Penfold 1987 Vintage Fume Blanc was just the "baby" required — crisp and fresh.

Marron, West Australian yabbies, are only getting about a quarter of the recognition they deserve. The next dish of Green Asparagus Timbale with Freshwater Marron and Chardonnay Sabayon was — to wheel out that creakiest of food metaphors — an edible art form. A Penfold 1986 Clare Estate Chardonnay — bright green to golden in color and with honeyed overtones — stood up well to the slight bitterness of the asparagus.

The third course was a revelation: a salad of crisp iceberg lettuce with red papaya, guava, apples, oranges and lemon thyme served with an Amoro sherry. Under the title "Max Schubert's Sherry" out came one of the most superb fortified wines made in Australia in recent years. Max Schubert, Penfolds Living Treasure and the inventor of Grange Hermitage, has produced another triumph for us. Sorry readers, it's not for sale.

Three hours down the track and your intrepid reporter was starting to feel the pace. Normally, I'm not a big fish eater. (I don't dislike fish, mind you; I just prefer poultry and game. And beef. And lamb), so my palate wasn't exactly overwhelmed at

the thought of Fillet of Veal with Queensland Sand Crabs. But the meat was delicate and the filling so fresh, so flavorful, so well-prepared, that I forgave the menu planner for dishing up a third seafood oriented dish.

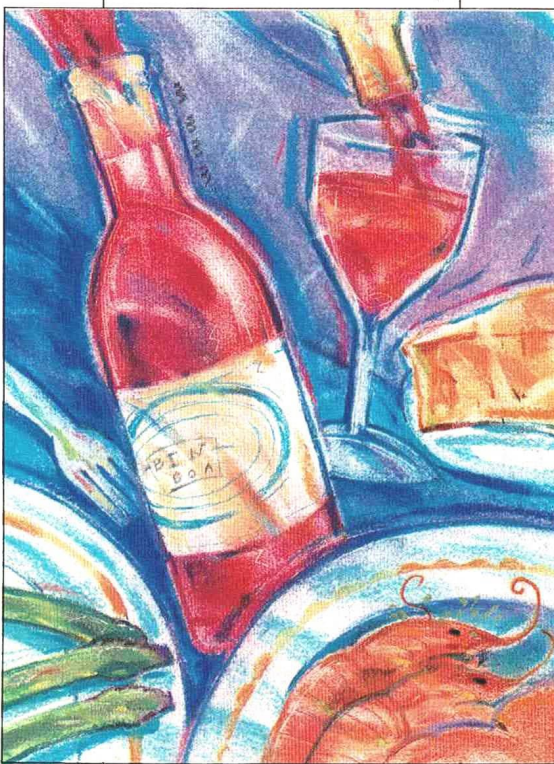
The big wine guns rolled out with the cheese. The 1962 Penfolds Bin 60A, touted as the best red wine ever made in Australia, was poured in comparison to the 1980 vintage, offering Ultimate Dinner guests the unique opportunity to drink "same mould wines" and ponder what the younger wines would taste like in 20 years time. The cheese platter — tautologically hailed as being from the Pastoral Lands — didn't receive the accolades it deserved for the first class Margaret River Brie, Gippsland Blue and Jindivick Supreme.

The reason being: it was accompanied by a 1973 Grange. Critics have fallen over their adjectives trying to do justice to Grange Hermitage. A few superlatives that winged around the room were — terrific, heavenly, rousing, exciting — and here's one for the educated — "supernal."

Five hours after this ultimate noshing began, on came the desert. The chef who conceived this "excess is not enough" sweet obviously had scant regard for the stomach capacity of diners. There it was — slices of pineapple, rum and coconut cream, meringue, chocolate wedges, chocolate butterflies, candied fruit and blueberries. I passed most of it by in favor of the superb stickiness of a 1983 Kaiser Stuhl Selected Release Auslese.

There are few occasions where I pass up homemade chocolates — this was one of them. I didn't have a whisper of room left after six hours. Just before 1am, the brigade of chefs was paraded out. Thankfully, a few had the energy left to applaud them.

Next year, this annual attack on the senses is to be held in Sydney. Will I go again? Of course, but give me a year. Please. — Elisabeth King



came courtesy of a grand piano and a harp. Serious stuff, this.

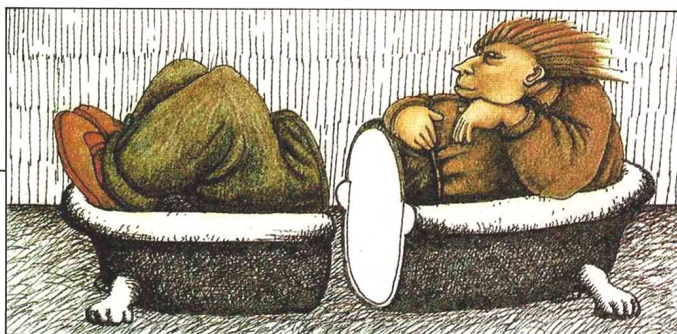
I've rarely tasted a fish terrine as good as the opening course of Potted Moreton Bay Bugs. The shellfish was cooked to some precisely calibrated milli-second between raw and rare. Set in clear

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SLOTH



ASTOUNDING ATHENS

An epic city, Athens: epic in its noise, its people and its past. Once the glory of the classical world, it appears from the air an unending sprawl of cement and steel. At eye-level, the impression is exactly the same. History and a modern army of builders — for reference sake let's call them all Con and Con — have made the appearance of this venerable city mirror its reality: congested.

Over one-third of the entire Greek population lives in Athens and many of them never go to sleep. The traffic that uses Constitution Square as a drag strip stops for precisely one minute every 24 hours. For those interested, it is the one just after 3am.

That said, the bustle of Athens is the key to its guilelessness, grandeur and front-on-charm: the natural legacy of a city where there are few places to hide. Life is lived outdoors in the parks, cafes and squares. Examine all this and then look up: no-one who is human and alive today ever forgets their first sight of the Acropolis. No-one.

A Greek would speak to a statue, so ingrained is their curiosity, talkativeness and sense of hospitality. Every Athenian has a relative in Australia and cabbies, doormen and shopkeepers frequently bring up such nostalgic subjects as Westfield Shopping Plaza, the Eels or Marrickville. In general, Athenians, like all big city dwellers, are very quick with the one-liners, from the Kolonaki (Athens' equivalent of Double Bay or Toorak) beauties oozing total glamor from every pore to the conservative suited businessmen in their Saigon-mirror shades.

When I first visited Athens, spruikers used to physically haul

single men off the streets of Plaka into the innumerable bars. Inside, they would find women whose level of boredom had reached the metaphysical experience stage — not one of life's rarer sensual moments. They've cleaned up the Plaka since then, but this labyrinth of backstreets is still the place to be — day or night.

Shaped like the blacksmith's anvil, the Plaka is a densely packed half-kilometre of ancient ruins, shops, cafes, hotels, bars, nightclubs and tavernas. On a summer's day, it is filled to capacity with tourists shopping for shoes, handbags, jewellery (every third shop is a jewellery

the steps along the way. The 12th Century church of Agai Ekaterini is perched in a sunken courtyard. Lord Byron wrote poetry sitting in the centre of the Monument of Lysicrates. The block-long Shelley Street leads to an avenue of early 19th Century balconied terraces, which follows through to Anafiotika: a small white-washed island village.

You can sit in a Greek cafe all day nursing one coffee; Greek waiters let you eye-ball to your heart's desire and never tell you to piss off. A beer is the only thing for a hothouse Athens day. Hungry? Grab a souvlaki wrapped in pita bread with yoghurt and salad, or any of the other innumerable snacks offered at one of the many hole-in-the wall restaurants.

The two great squares of Athens are Syntagma (Constitution) and Omonia (Concord). Syntagma bristles with 5-star hotels like the Grande Bretagne, office blocks, deluxe cafes and the Parliament building guarded by traditional skirt-wearing soldiers. The National Garden, just behind the Parliament, is a slice of quiet after the relentless traffic of Syntagma.

Kolonaki and Monastiraki, the shopping areas near Syntagma, are women's territory. In the past five years, Greek fashions have moved into a much swankier style, very akin to Italian. The best news is that they are a third of the price. For men's fashions and shoes, the area around Omonia square is a para-

dise of the reasonably-priced-but-looks-more-expensive.

You'd have to be a complete Philistine not to visit one of Athens' innumerable museums. If time or inclination permits you only one — it must be the National Archaeological Museum. Here you will find the largest and most magnificent collection of ancient Greek art in the world — sculpture, coins, jewels and frescoes spanning 7000 years of civilisation. Wiser visitors, or those who have more time, will take in The Benaki Museum, The Byzantine Museum and The National Gallery of Painting.

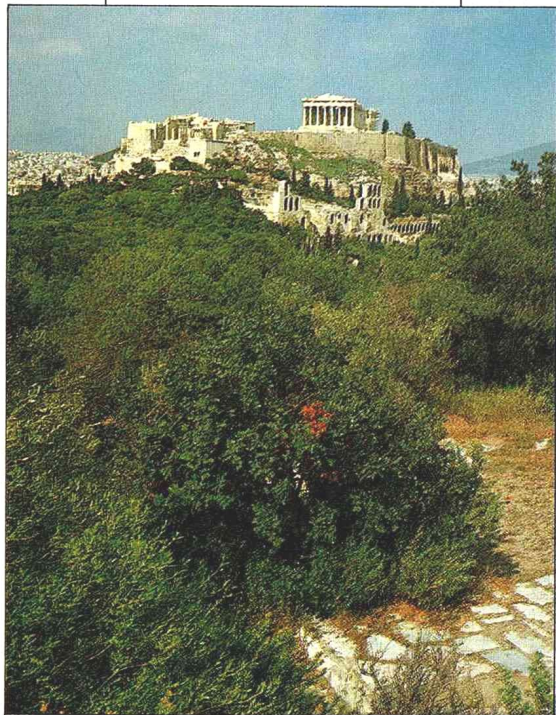
The four best times to visit the Acropolis are: the early morning, sunset, evening during the light and sound show, or by the light of a full, bleeding-at-the-edges moon. This huge rock rising 100 metres above the sprawling plain of Attica is so naturally majestic it begs description.

Six Doric columns bar your way to the entrance. Off to the right is the temple of Athena Nike, touted by many as the most beautiful small temple in existence. Inspired by Phidias, the greatest sculptor of the ancient world, the Parthenon has you searching for appropriate adjectives. Forget it. None of them are good enough.

A morning jog is a marvellous way to take in The Theatre of Dionysus — Athens' first air-conditioned entertainment venue — and The Temple of Olympian Zeus. Then trot into the Ledra Mariott hotel for the best breakfast in Athens. Fruit, cheese, meats, incomparable wholemeal rolls, scrambled eggs...

Tavernas are the lifeblood of Athens after dark. Don't waste time worrying if the menus are good — the food is the same in every one. The choice boils down to who has the best bouzouki players and dancing. Finish up at a *boite* — a nightclub for rousing singing — or a supper for two in the early hours under a spreading tree in an outdoors cafe.

Singapore Airlines fly direct to Athens via Singapore. — Elisabeth King



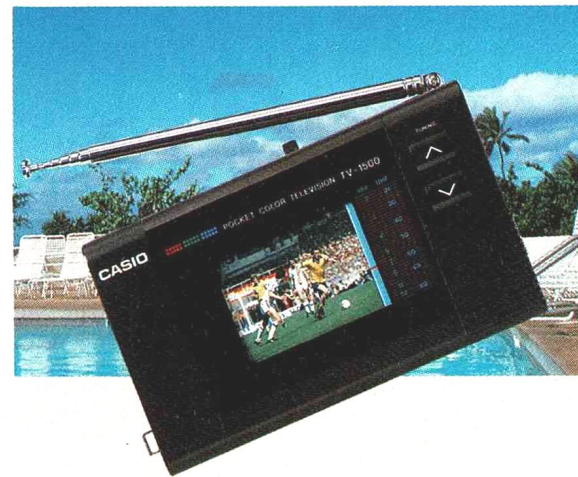
Athens: so majestic it begs description.

store), furs (among the finest in Europe), ancient statue reproductions and T-shirts with slogans that bring tears to the eyes of anyone whose *true* era was the Sixties.

Athens is 5000 years old and many of the Plaka buildings show

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Until controls surrounding light aircraft are radically revised, the carnage will continue

FEAR OF FLYING

BY MARK MACCALLUM & TIM VINCENT

ILLUSTRATION BY JULIA EDWORTHY

Australia's record of air safety is often boasted as being among the best in the world. Any Australian who opens a newspaper must wonder how this can be.

Sure, the major airlines' record compares very favorably internationally — but in the area of light aircraft and helicopters the record is shocking. Weekly, often daily, there is news of another flight gone horribly and tragically wrong.

More than 2430 crashes have occurred in the last decade. Two hundred and twenty of these have claimed a total of 477 lives. This carnage is indefensible, particularly in the light of glaring inadequacies in pilot licensing, flight planning, air traffic control and meteorological services. The industry is well aware of its deficiencies; it simply can't agree on which areas deserve action. Any outsider quickly realises that *all* areas warrant urgent review.

Until there is change, fear of flying light aircraft in Australia cannot be considered some petty phobia — an "irrational fear." It is entirely rational.

EDWORTHY

FLYING

The pilot and four passengers aboard Cessna VH-MDX on the night of August 9, 1981 learned what that fear is all about in the most tragic way. On that night it mistakenly flew off course into treacherous weather conditions over the rugged Barrington Tops in New South Wales. The following transcript of a conversation between the pilot and Sydney Air Traffic Control is a chilling testimony to the problems besetting the industry to this day. It is the only record of the last 15 minutes of five people's lives. It need never have happened.

0924 (GMT) — "MDX in the clag. In the turbulence and request clearance to track to 10,000 feet."

0924 — "Just to compound the little problem, I've lost my A/H and DI [Direction Indicator]."

0925 — "My ADF [Auto Direction Finder] is going all over the place."

(Syd) "Just to confirm in VMC [Visual Meteorological Conditions] this time." (MDX) "Negative."

At 0928 MDX was identified by radar as being 36 miles north of Singleton: way off course.

0928 — "I'm struggling to get to 8500."

At 0931 the radar at Williamtown was talking to the ATC at Sydney and they dis-

cussed MDX's loss of his ADF and A/H. The ATC then said: "Yes, he's got problems this boy."

At 0931 the radar asks Sydney's ATC to ask MDX his direction. MDX (who believed he was heading towards Maitland) said he was averaging 220 degrees. Radar showed amazement at 220 and suggested that his radar screen had MDX at 150 degrees — a path which would take him straight over Mount Barrington.

0934 — "We've picked up a fair amount of ice and can just make out a few towns on the coast. I'd appreciate if we could ah, ah, I mean just... In a downdraft now and we're (going) down at about 1000 a minute."

In fact, MDX was in cloud (patchy) and was disoriented, and had been for about ten minutes. The presumed "towns on the coast" were more likely inland towns nowhere near the coast: quite possibly the Lydell Power Stations (lit up like a Christmas tree) near Singleton.

0935 — "Just to compound things we thought we had a cockpit fire but ah we seem to have resolved that little problem." Confusion was probably running high at this point. The "fire" could have been a worried passenger merely lighting a cigarette or, worse still, it could have been dust falling from the plane's floor as they flew upside down.

0935 — "We're squarking 3000 with ident and we're up and down like a yoyo." Squarking refers to an aircraft sending

out a sound beacon at a certain frequency so radar can detect its position.

0937 — "We have a little bit of a problem in that, ah, our standby compass is swinging like, like blazes."

MDX was either yawing badly or going in circles.

0938 — "We're picking up icing." (Syd) "Roger and your present altitude?" (MDX) "7500."

(Syd) "Roger. If possible can you give us some idea of your present endurance [fuel situation] when available."

(MDX) "We're having strife up here." 0938 — "We're losing a hell of a lot of... we're down to 6500."

At this point there was terror in the pilot's voice. He probably knew what was about to happen.

0938 — (Syd) "Roger. Lowest safe in that area is 6000 at this time if you can continue heading towards the coast, towards Williamtown, sir."

Words of encouragement from Sydney. 0939 — (MDX) "MDX..." [in a very scared voice].

(Syd) "MDX Sydney." (MDX) "5000..." (Syd) "MDX."

The Sydney ATC continued to call MDX after this moment but the airwaves only offered a crackling static in reply. MDX wasn't out there any more.

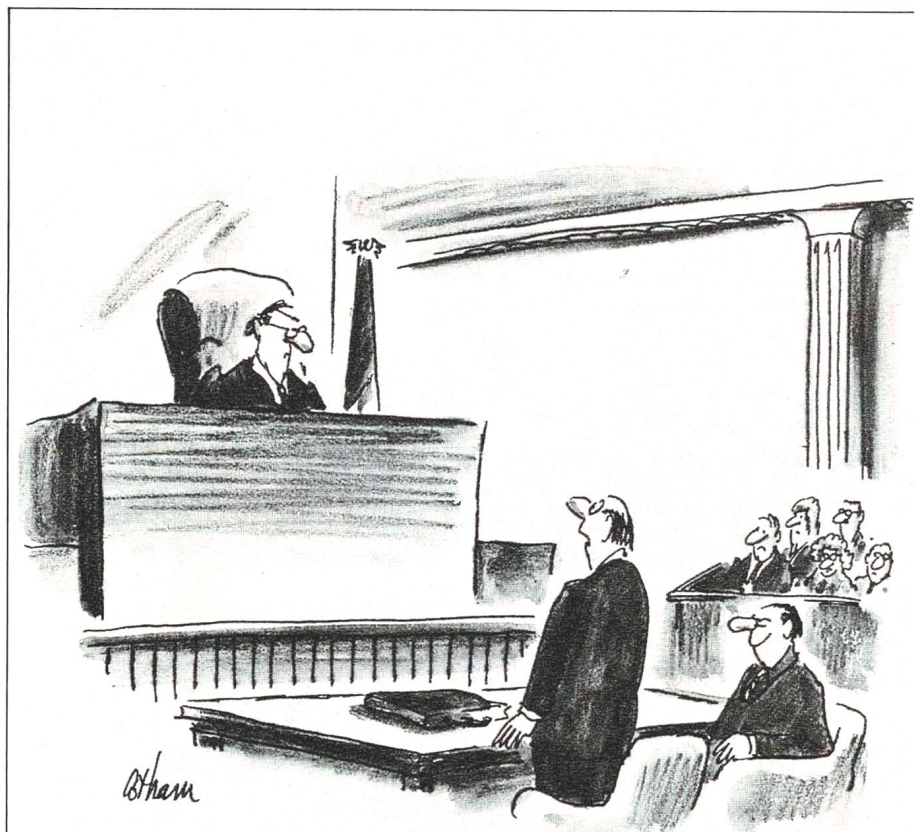
The wreckage of MDX has never been found, despite the most intensive search in Australia's history. Its virtual disappearance, along with this region's record of claiming a tragically disproportionate number of lives — 40 since the first crash there in 1945 — has earned the Barrington Tops the dubious reputation of being Australia's very own Bermuda Triangle.

The density of the snake-infested scrub has defeated searchers time after time. On one expedition, snow started to fall — the intensity of the blizzard left the party snowed in for a fortnight. It seemed that Nature herself was trying to turn them away from something she had claimed as her own.

Yet that fateful night for MDX had begun like any other. Pilot Mike Hutchins was flying the aircraft from Proserpine to Bankstown. On board was the deputy commissioner of the Sydney Water Police, Inspector Ken Price; the other passengers were Noel Wildash, Rhett Bosler and Phillip Pembroke. Everyone was tired and keen to get back to Sydney.

At Coolangatta Hutchins submitted his flight plan (which included the Taree/Craven/Singleton/McQuoid leg) and he received a Significant Meteorological Phenomena (Sigmet) from the on-duty flight service officer, George Knight. The report showed severe turbulence below 1200 feet.

MDX was heading south from Taree and Sydney Flight Control asked Hutchins if he wanted to proceed along the coastal route



"I'd like a short recess, Your Honor, so I can explain the concept of guilt to my client."



"... and if my visions hold true, before the autumn turns to winter, you will have an erection and play defensive linebacker for the Seattle Seahawks."

FLYING

to avoid the severe weather conditions nearby to his proposed inland deviation. Hutchins responded in the affirmative and continued his southward direction. This would take him through the restricted air space above the Williamtown Air Base so he requested clearance.

In the following minutes a series of conversations was held between Sydney and Williamtown requesting clearance for the approaching MDX. But delay followed delay and before a decision was made on clearance MDX broke off the southward flight path and headed inland. It is assumed Hutchins believed he was getting too close to the RAAF limits. In fact this wasn't the case and he altered his course well before he needed to. Nevertheless, Hutchins relayed his direction change to the ATC at Sydney and resumed his Taree-Craven leg.

As a result of the changes, MDX then over-emphasised the westerly approach to rejoin its flight path. This seems a strange miscalculation on the part of Hutchins as he was heading into a 70 knot westerly wind.

The course alteration took the aircraft directly over the infamous Mt Barrington. The rest is history.

In the subsequent investigations, when the radar operator was asked to pinpoint

his last fix on MDX, he identified Mt Allyn. Perhaps MDX's final resting place will one day be uncovered.

Sydney's Bankstown Airport alone caters for 1700 movements on each day of a weekend and 1000 movements on any given day of the week. It is the busiest airport in the southern hemisphere. Meanwhile private commuter aircraft operate in their thousands across the country. Big time cockies on the rich grazing areas of eastern Australia are well known for their so-called business flights — often little more than joyflights to show visitors their domain. In Western Australia, the burden on resources is even greater, distances there lending a slightly more practical note to the prolific use of aircraft but never departing too far from the light plane's status value and ethos of fun.

Picture yourself aboard such a light plane or helicopter. En route to your destination, you encounter cloud. Your confidence in your pilot would be unshaken, wouldn't it, as sight of the ground disappears for a while. Wouldn't it?

What if you were to learn that only one percent of private pilots in Australia have to their credit what is known as an Instrument Rating? Would your confidence remain as complete if you knew that there was a 99 percent chance that, at that moment when the plane lost sight of the ground, the pilot was as blind as you were? (See box — The

Survivor.)

Still this situation is allowed to continue. Pilot licences are issued in various gradings. The first level of "expertise" is the Visual Flight Reference (VFR). The rule of flying at this level is that the ground must stay in view at all times. The notion that weather conditions will always co-operate, astounding as it is, remains unchallenged.

How a pilot reacts as he finds himself out of his depth becomes critical. Survival comes to rely on the "human factor."

"It used to be called 'pilot error'," explains David Robson, editor of the Department of Transport and Communications (DTC) magazine *Aviation Safety Digest*. "Statistically, in about 65 percent of accidents the human factor is the primary cause, and in about 80 percent of cases it is one of the causes," he maintains.

The fundamental flaw in the standards of our private pilots might not be so crucial were it not for its highlighting by a system of meteorological services deemed inadequate by none other than the pilots themselves.

A fair weather forecast from a Meteorological Station is the green light for a VFR pilot to take to the air. However, these light aircraft area forecasts on the expected weather conditions are only updated every 12 hours — a hell of a lot can vary in the weather in a fraction of that time.

Terminal forecasts are also available to the pilot. For example, a pilot may wish to fly from Sydney to Wagga Wagga at noon. The meteorological station can then supply the expected weather conditions for that area: but any uncertainty in the weather patterns is deemed of little to no account.

Peter Patroni, president of the Aircraft Owners and Pilots Association (AOPA) for the past seven years, best sums up the situation: "Unfortunately, the weather forecasts are less than adequate. They are either pessimistically bad or not fully informed of the actual conditions."

Has the Bureau of Meteorology dealt the pilot a bad hand in its predictions before he's off the ground, or has the pilot failed to take into account the predicted conditions? Probably both, but Richard Whittaker, a duty forecaster for the Bureau of Meteorology, sees the greatest problem as one of pilot inexperience when faced with a potentially dangerous — read "cloudy" — situation.

"Most crashes in NSW are due to the pilot flying into cloud and becoming disorientated and crashing into terrain. If the VFR pilot loses sight of the ground by flying into cloud, it is a recipe for disaster," Whittaker claims legitimately.

The answer is obvious, requiring basic tuition and the experience to be able to cope with adverse weather conditions — even simply cloud cover. A situation exists where pilot plus cloud equals disorientation and possible disaster.

"Pilots should initially be trained to fly on



"Excellent work, Stigowitz! If your breath didn't smell so much like semen, I could kiss you!"

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FLYING

instruments," says Patroni. "We (AOPA) proposed an en route Instrument Meteorological Conditions (IMC) rating which would have had a significant effect on weather-related accidents. But the Department of Transport and Communication didn't see eye to eye with us on that one and suggested a modification of the existing Command Instrument Rating; but it falls short of our suggestion. We had industry backing — just the Department against us. I found it unbelievable that they didn't support it."

The meteorological station is an integral aid to the pilot yet, according to Patroni, there is cause for concern in this area: "We have a scarcity of meteorological observers around the country. The Department has strict guidelines as to whom they'll appoint as met observers."

The aviation industry annually pays \$20 million towards the met-stations and, while Whittaker of the Bureau of Meteorology quite naturally believes the service has improved, Patroni has other ideas:

"Whenever they cut back they pull out the outback observers and work on reports from satellites," Patroni said. "The more inputs they get and the more hi-tech machinery they use, the worse the reporting gets."

Due to the inherent complexity of

weather patterns, the task of gauging a totally accurate weather forecast is virtually impossible. If the weather conditions indicate a chance of foul weather, then perhaps a central figure at the met station or an air traffic controller (ATC) could exert some pressure.

These are the views of Steven Carruthers, an ex-RAN air traffic controller with the Fleet Air Arm in Vietnam. Carruthers, who was actively involved in the aviation industry from 1969-1977, believes a central figure should make a decision if the elements look unfavorable.

"At the moment nobody has the power to veto a flight plan if the weather is adverse — it is purely up to the pilot. A solution to this dilemma would be for each region, with say four or five airstrips, to have one person in control to veto the flight plan of any light aircraft if he deems the circumstances warrant such action," said Carruthers.

Pilots and aircraft owners are staunchly against the proposal. "We object to the 'climbing into the cockpit' syndrome," Patroni says. The AOPA believes the pilot should be allowed to decide for himself if he should continue his flight in bad weather. Patroni cites cases of Department officials being in rooms without windows and many weather sectors away from the subject area, and yet still offering advice on the weather conditions to a pilot who's there.

The following official report provides some insight into the "lengths" the Department of Transport and Communications goes to discover the answers to the questions surrounding a crash incident. Judge for yourself. It refers to the problems associated with the lodging of flight plans, with air traffic control, and with clouds. Or does it?

CRASH REPORT: Piper PA31, VH-CJB, Cairns Qld, 02 Sep. 86, CPL/CI. I.

The pilot hired the aircraft privately from his employer to conduct a holiday flight during his leave. The journey commenced at Moorabbin on 25 August and the aircraft arrived at Cairns about midday 30 August, after stopovers at Coolangatta and Proserpine. The pilot and his passengers then spent the next three days at leisure in the Cairns area. On the day of the accident, the pilot attended the Cairns Briefing Office where he collected the relevant weather forecasts and submitted a flight plan. The flight plan indicated that the flight would be conducted in accordance with Instrument Flight Rules. It contained a deficiency in that no details were given for the first route segment from Cairns to Bibbohra. It is apparent that the pilot had not noticed that the tracks to the west of Cairns, on the relevant enroute chart, emanate from Bibbohra, and not Cairns. There was no track line which joined Cairns and Bibbohra. Such a line might have alerted the pilot at the time he planned the flight. The error in the flight plan was not detected when the plan was submitted.

When the pilot was issued with an airways clearance prior to departure, it was apparent that he did not understand the terms of the clearance, which gave the initial tracking point as Bibbohra. The location of this point was explained to the pilot and he subsequently accepted the clearance. He elected to depart using visual procedures, after being offered a choice of the published Standard Instrument Departure profile. A visual departure from the particular runway in use allows an aircraft proceeding towards Bibbohra to intercept the required track sooner than is possible with an instrument departure.

The aircraft was issued with takeoff instructions which included clearance for the pilot to make a right turn after takeoff. Witnesses observed that the aircraft complied with this clearance and headed in a south-westerly direction before turning to the north-west and subsequently entering cloud. The cloud base was estimated to be between 2000 and 2500 feet above mean sea level. No further communications were received from the aircraft and a search was commenced that afternoon. The search effort was hampered by the weather and the wreckage was not located until the following afternoon.

Inspection of the wreckage indicated that the aircraft struck the top of a ridge line 250 metres south-west of the highest point of the Mt Williams area. At the time,

the aircraft was on a west-north-westerly heading, flying wings level and climbing at an angle of about five degrees. No fault was found with the aircraft that could have contributed to the occurrence.

At the time the aircraft entered cloud, the pilot should have reverted to Instrument Flight Rules procedures. To comply with these procedures, a pilot is required, inter alia, to ensure that adequate terrain clearance is achieved during the climb to the lowest safe altitude. The relevant altitude for the route segment Cairns to Bibbohra is 4500 feet above mean sea level (AMSL). As the aircraft was apparently under control at the time of impact, with the ground at about 3250 feet AMSL, it was likely that the pilot had overlooked the lowest safe altitude requirements.

The anomalies surrounding the ill-fated VH-CJB are astounding. Why didn't the Cairns ATCs advise the pilot of the low cloud surrounding Mt Williams? His trip to Bibbohra took him right past this point and the clouds were well below the highest point: a certain problem for a pilot flying only on visuals. Additionally, the fact the pilot filed a deficient flight plan suggests slackness by the Department officials required to check such things.

Yet, equally bewildering are crashes which occur for no apparent reason in relatively unchallenging weather conditions: CRASH REPORT: Cessna 402-B, VH-TLQ,

Mt Dianne Qld, 02 Feb 87, Charter — Passenger Operations.

The aircraft was the first of a group of four aircraft being used to return staff to an alluvial gold mine after a weekend break. It is reported that the weather in the area of the destination was scattered low cloud on the hills, overcast and drizzle. The aircraft was initially held in the area of the Mount Dianne copper mine, ten kilometres to the south of the strip, for about six minutes. Two of the surviving passengers reported that the pilot then conducted an approach straight to the strip. One passenger who had travelled in the aircraft previously stated that the gear was extended and as the aircraft came close to the strip, the gear began striking the tops of trees. The pilot then applied power and the aircraft commenced a steep turn to the left before impacting the ground in a left-wing, low nose-down attitude. During the turn, the passenger reported hearing a horn buzzer sound. The aircraft came to rest inverted after a ground-slide of approximately 45 metres and caught fire.

Just as there are fair-weather sailors, likewise there are fair-weather pilots. When panic seizes the human mind, anything can happen. Like some paralyzing toxin injected into the brain, even the simplest tasks and checks can become confused and illogical.

Piloting a light plane does not require

any superhuman effort; it requires simply a thoroughness and lucidity of mind, and the ability to think on your feet if the unexpected arises. These are the attributes tested of a potential licensee as he attempts to become a qualified pilot.

How a pilot will react in the heat of a moment is beyond the scope of any licensing procedure.

The immense cost of search and rescue operations — measured in millions of dollars and thousands of man hours — finds its way often on to the agenda. Yet it is seldom that citizens' "rights" to the airways are brought into question, as if the "intrusion" — regulation — of the authorities is some bureaucratic, Big Brother phenomenon.

More sober minds, unaffected by what seems to be the intoxicating effect of altitude and the romance of being "as free as a bird", find this hard to swallow — and beg for some sanity in the debate: that pilots will heed the glaring need for more demanding — and yes, more expensive — licensing procedures and more training, and that the pilots' case will be heard by the authorities in an atmosphere of patience and co-operation, rather than being perceived as some usurping threat to their power.

The passenger can only hope solutions are reached to eliminate the human factor — and until this is achieved, that their pilots aren't too human. ☐



THE SURVIVOR

Retirement at leisurely Coffs Harbor was a dream come true for 60-year-old Len Dover. No more early starts as a farmer in Wagga Wagga, NSW. Just plenty of golf, fishing and a bit more time with the wife.

To check on the progress of the house, Dover took off from Camden in his Cessna 172 one August morning: destination Coffs Harbor. Weather was fine and a safe flight was expected in the single-engined plane Dover bought just four months before. But things were to turn out very differently for the novice pilot who could only boast 40 hours flying time and who had no flight instrument training.

In the early stages of the flight Dover had no greater task than to keep UH-DNK straight and level as he gazed at the east coast beaches below. However by the time he reached Maitland the weather had fallen away badly, and after flying through some mildly unpleasant stuff Dover decided to turn back for Bankstown.

When he banked around to face the south he was confronted with the sight novice pilots fear most. "I hadn't realised it, but the weather had come up behind me, and when I turned round to head back to Bankstown it was worse than I expected," Dover recalls.

The change in flight plan didn't necessitate an immediate call to Bankstown:

Dover would do that when he neared the approach lanes to Sydney. Meanwhile, unaware of the peril which lay before him, Dover committed the cardinal sin of a VFR (Visual Flight Reference) pilot — he steered his tiny plane into a great wall of mist and cloud.

"I thought I'd be through in a few minutes," he remembered.

Like so many pilots before him the inexperienced Dover began trying to think of too many things at once, and achieved nothing to get himself out of the predicament. "If I had just put my head down and followed my compass, I would have been all right." Realising he was in grave trouble, Dover tried to contact the air traffic controllers (ATC) operating in his sector, but he couldn't get an answer. "I wanted them to give me a fix on my position, but I never found out," he said.

Assistance or not, Dover's situation in the clouds was starting to take on classic symptoms. "The instruments said I was flying in circles, but I didn't think I was. I noticed the compass was going round and round, but the plane was lurching to the right, then right again. So I didn't think I was flying in circles. But, apparently, I was just going round and round."

Lost in the clouds and making no forward progress, Dover began to lose alti-

tude: typical of a plane gradually slipping out of the sky because it is not being aerodynamically efficient. Although he tried to gain height, his general direction was a slow spiral downward. There was only one likely result.

The first bump must have knocked the pilot out because he can't remember anything after the initial hit. The plane, however, felt every punishing blow and was a twisted wreck when it finally came to rest.

"When I woke up, everything was quiet and I was just sitting there in the only part of the plane still intact. The wings had been ripped off, the engine was broken away, and the tail had been twisted around and was beside me," recounted Dover. "I just got out and walked away."

After his miraculous escape Dover trudged to a farm house four kilometres away. He was then taken to Dundee Hospital for x-rays. "I was okay except for some blood trickling down my forehead."

"Carelessness on my part. I should have turned back earlier." Perhaps these would be the same words so many dead pilots would also speak... if they could.

Footnote: Dover had his licence revoked, but it was re-issued one month later. He continued flying with the Coffs Harbor Aero Club, notching up roughly 200 hours before retiring.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DONALD MILNE

TRICK OR TREAT

Trixie Buckingham knows what it's like to have the upper hand in a relationship — and she likes it. "A man should treat his lady like royalty," she says. "And I expect nothing less. But if they treat Trix right, Trix gives them a treat to remember."





Just 24, Trixie apologises if her demanding nature deters some men, but shrugs it off with a *That's the way it is*. "I'm a fatalist," she smiles. "I love to be feted." My life revolves around men," she says. "The way men are getting stuffed around these days, it's a smorgasbord for someone like me. I can afford to be choosy."







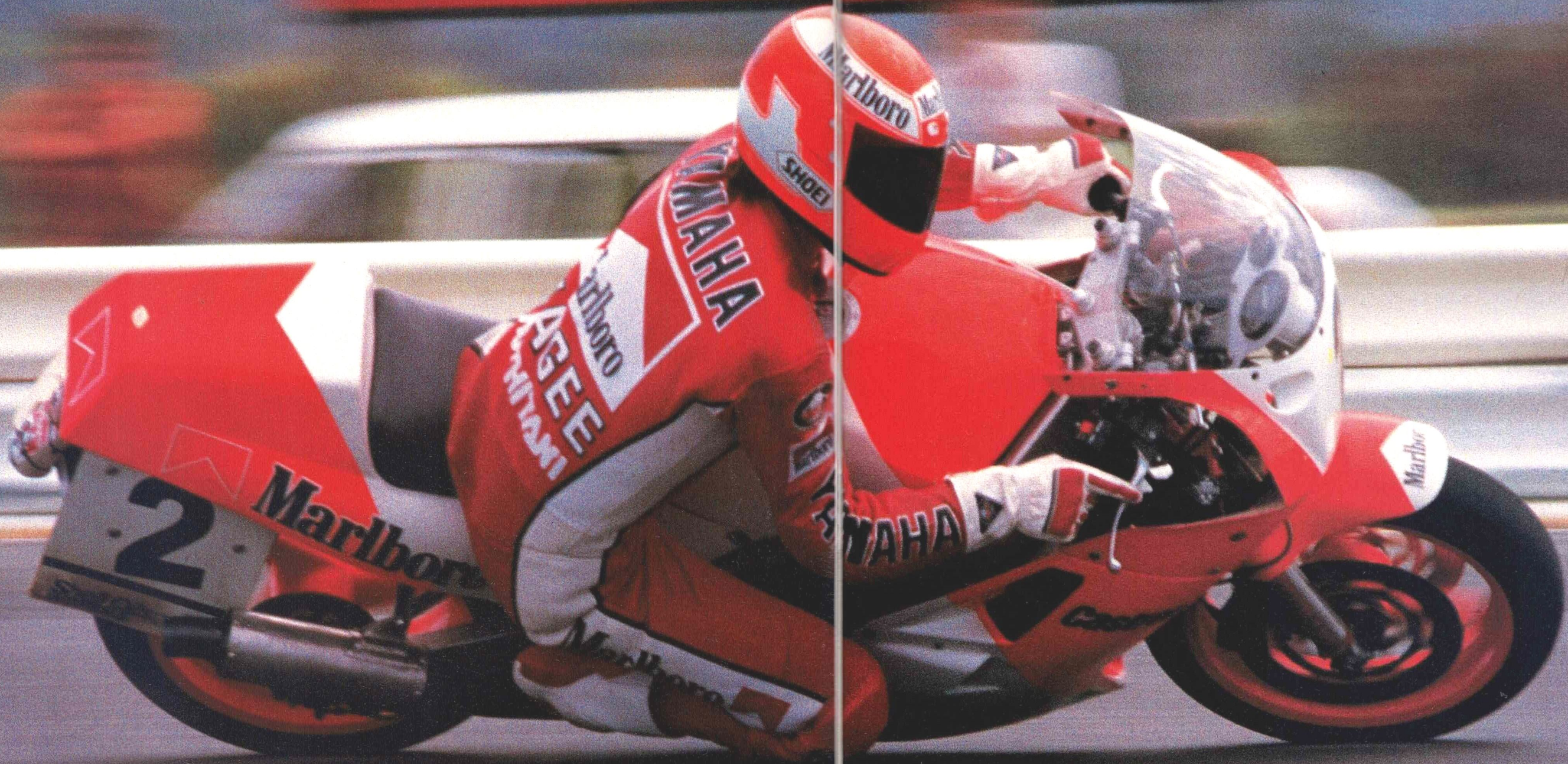
"The men I know seem to love the opportunity to indulge my tastes and my romantic streak. A bit of olde worlde courting with a dash of modern love is the right combination for me."





No thoughts of settling down?
"Not at the moment. After a while, no matter how charming a man, you *know* what everything will be like with him ... I prefer the mystery of finding out new things about men ..."





BY ERNIE VAN VEEN

**Move over Wayne Gardner, the pundits are
calling Kevin Magee unstoppable in '88**

PHOTOS BY BARRY LE LEIVRE

500cc MAGEE

MAGEE

It is 10.15 am, fifteen minutes before the start of the first race in the Australian Road Racing Championships at Surfers Paradise. Kevin Magee is sitting quietly in the Marlboro/Yamaha pit area sipping water from a plastic container, while mechanics make a few last-minute adjustments to his superbike before wheeling it out to the starting grid.

As Magee follows his bike a group of Japanese tourists approach him and, using sign language, ask for an autograph. Another wants to take his picture. The crowd gets bigger. Suddenly more cameras appear and Kevin flashes a practised smile that could have been manufactured in Hollywood. He autographs a few more

posters and T-shirts until the final call for the race is announced.

It's a short race, only ten laps, and Magee gets a bad start. At the end of the first lap he is sixth; he goes into the corner at the end of the main straight at over 200 km/h, the superbike cranked over at its maximum lean, the back tyre beginning to slide, the inch-thick pad of leather on his knee scraping the ground. After eight laps he is fourth, but someone in front crashes as the pace hots up. He is catching the leaders and it's a close race for second, but he loses by a wheel and has to settle for third.

Back in the pits the race winners are virtually ignored and the crowd gathers around the Yamaha camp once again. They crane their necks from the other side of a hastily erected rope barrier in an effort

to see Kevin Magee. But it's not his third place at Surfers Paradise they want to congratulate him for; their interest has been stirred by what he's been doing overseas.

While Wayne Gardner revels in his achievement as the first Australian ever to win a World 500cc Motorcycling Championship, Kevin Magee is being hailed as the discovery of the decade and the greatest talent in motorcycling yet to come out of Australia. The 25-year-old country boy from Horsham in Victoria's southwest has stepped out of the anonymity of a mechanic's workshop and on to a path that may well take him to international stardom.

In 1986 Magee achieved a feat unequalled in the history of motorcycling: he combined his first ride in a world championship grand prix event in Japan with two other rides in Holland and Spain to find himself beating Wayne Gardner and sharing the victory dais with twice world champion Eddie Lawson and four times runner-up, Randy Mamola. His ability to compete so well against the world's best in the premier class of motorcycle sport has had the European press scrambling for their note pads and works team managers falling over each other to sign him up for the full grand prix season in 1988.

Magee's natural ability is not only confined to his prowess on a race bike. He displays a level of professionalism that belies the four short years he has been racing at the top level in Australia. He handles the press and race fans with confident ease and has that slow, quiet way of talking so often attributable to country people. But there is an intensity in his blue eyes and angular good looks when he discusses motorcycle racing that reveals his love for the sport. He says it's more than just a job, it's good fun.

Magee's mentor and Australian Marlboro/Yamaha Dealer Team manager, Warren Willing, believes that Kevin's age, personality and movie-star good looks have been an asset in gathering factory support in a sport where sponsors consider the rider's popularity almost as important as his ability to perform.

Malcolm Campbell, 1987 Australian Road Racing Champion, believes that Magee owes a lot of his success to Willing. "Magee's been in the right place at the right time and Warren has spoken to the right people and done a lot of pushing for him. As a rider you need a front man to push and yell when you want things to happen. If Magee goes to Europe without him, he's going to find it difficult."

Willing also recognises that Magee could suffer in Europe this year without him. He has taught Kevin how to control his thoughts before a race, how to think about tactics and to make sure he puts himself in the right position during a race. In the past three years the pair have developed a rapport that Magee may find difficult to recreate with a new team. However, while Willing acknowledges that Magee will find

it difficult to adjust, he argues that one of Kevin's strengths is his ability to listen to advice and apply it, and says only his first few races of the season may suffer.

Perhaps the aspect of the Magee-Willing relationship that will be the most difficult to recreate in Europe is the one they developed before they met. While Kevin was still riding his minibike in short circuit races in Victoria, Willing was already Australian champion and competing in world championship races overseas, where he gained a lot of the experience he has passed on to Kevin.

Magee first came to Willing's attention when he was riding the Bob Brown Ducati in superbike races in 1984. That was the year the motorcycle press nicknamed Magee the "Horsham Hurricane" because of his fast, aggressive style and his ability to make more experienced riders on the faster Japanese machines work hard for their money. "It looked like he had a lot of potential," Willing says. "He was very fast, but he put himself in the wrong position all the time." Yet, in spite of his inexperience, race promoters estimated that having the "Brownie and Magee show" on the billing meant an extra couple of hundred spectators in the stands.

While Willing had the time to study Magee's form from a distance, Kevin was learning a very important lesson about racing motorcycles — the relationship between the tyre and the road surface. "When I rode the Bob Brown Ducati we never really changed the suspension settings for nearly two years, and because the suspension wasn't very good I learned to ride around the problem and developed an instinctive feeling for what the tyre was about to do." Kevin's off-track training involved a lot of dirt riding, where the unpredictable front and rear wheel slides of a motocross bike prepared him for the slides he encountered on the road-racing machines. He also uses the motocross bike to sharpen his reflexes and build up his strength and stamina to the same level he says is required for a martial arts expert. "The two sports are similar, in that it is all a matter of action and reaction. You have to be very fast."

Magee's performances on the Ducati led to a couple of guest rides with the Yamaha team in 1985. This is when his relationship with Warren Willing began to develop. Warren's experience and ability to set-up bikes for racing and Kevin's ability to ride around problems and predict tyre movement were the perfect combination to produce good results.

The following year Magee was offered a fulltime position with the team and Willing began grooming him for an international career.

The team's first foray overseas was for the 1986 Suzuka 8-hour endurance race in Japan. The Yamaha factory gave Magee and teammate Michael Dowson a bike with little potential for the race. Magee put the bike fourth on the grid in qualifying which Willing says was way above the potential of the machine. Unfortunately Magee crashed on the next lap, so Willing took him aside and discussed what he had to do for the race and what he had to do for his career to impress the Yamaha people. "I told him not to get carried away in the race, just be consistent, because the bike's not good enough. As it was they rode a very good, hard race while a lot of the favorites fell by the wayside, and we came second [behind Wayne Gardner]."

The Yamaha people were sufficiently impressed with Magee's performance to



want to see what he could do with better machinery. They gave him the opportunity to do some Formula One races in Japan and ride the YZR 500 works bike in a six-race series in Australia. Magee performed well on the four-stroke F1 bike, but it was his performance in the Swan Insurance Series on the 155 horsepower, full blown works bike that really impressed the Japanese. Weighing in at only 115kg, and with a top speed in excess of 300km/h, the YZR works bike is reputed to be very difficult to adjust to. "When you're racing something that fast and light," says Magee, "you're either on the back wheel or the front wheel, or laying it on its side." In spite of his inexperience Magee beat Britain's seasoned campaigner Rob McElnea on an identical machine in two of the six races in the series, and came second in the rest.

Magee did more than what was expected from him each time he was put on a bike, and with nine starts in as many months on F1 and works GP machines he posted four wins and five second placings.

While his followers treat Magee as though he has already won the world championship, his biggest test will come when the grand prix season begins again in April. Too many good riders have been crushed by the pressure of a full season of grand prix racing.

In 1982 New Zealand's Graeme Crosby

was runner-up in the world championship, riding for the Marlboro/Yamaha team managed by 16 times world champion Giacomo Agostini. But just when it looked as though Crosby was set to win the world title, he retired, saying that Agostini's prima donna attitude and harsh treatment of riders had driven him away from the sport.

More recently in 1987, Britain's Rob McElnea, also riding for the Agostini-Yamaha team, found himself without a job after some poor performances on the track. McElnea had done so well in '84 and '85 on a privately-sponsored under-powered Suzuki that he was signed by Agostini as team support rider for Eddie Lawson. However, in less than two years on the high-pressure factory team his performances had dwindled to the point where he was considered non-competitive.

Kevin Magee separates the pressure of high-level racing into two categories — the pressure to perform, and the pressure of dealing with the press and the public. While he says that dealing with the public is "something you get better at as time goes on", dealing with the pressure to perform is something he has had to work hard to come to grips with.

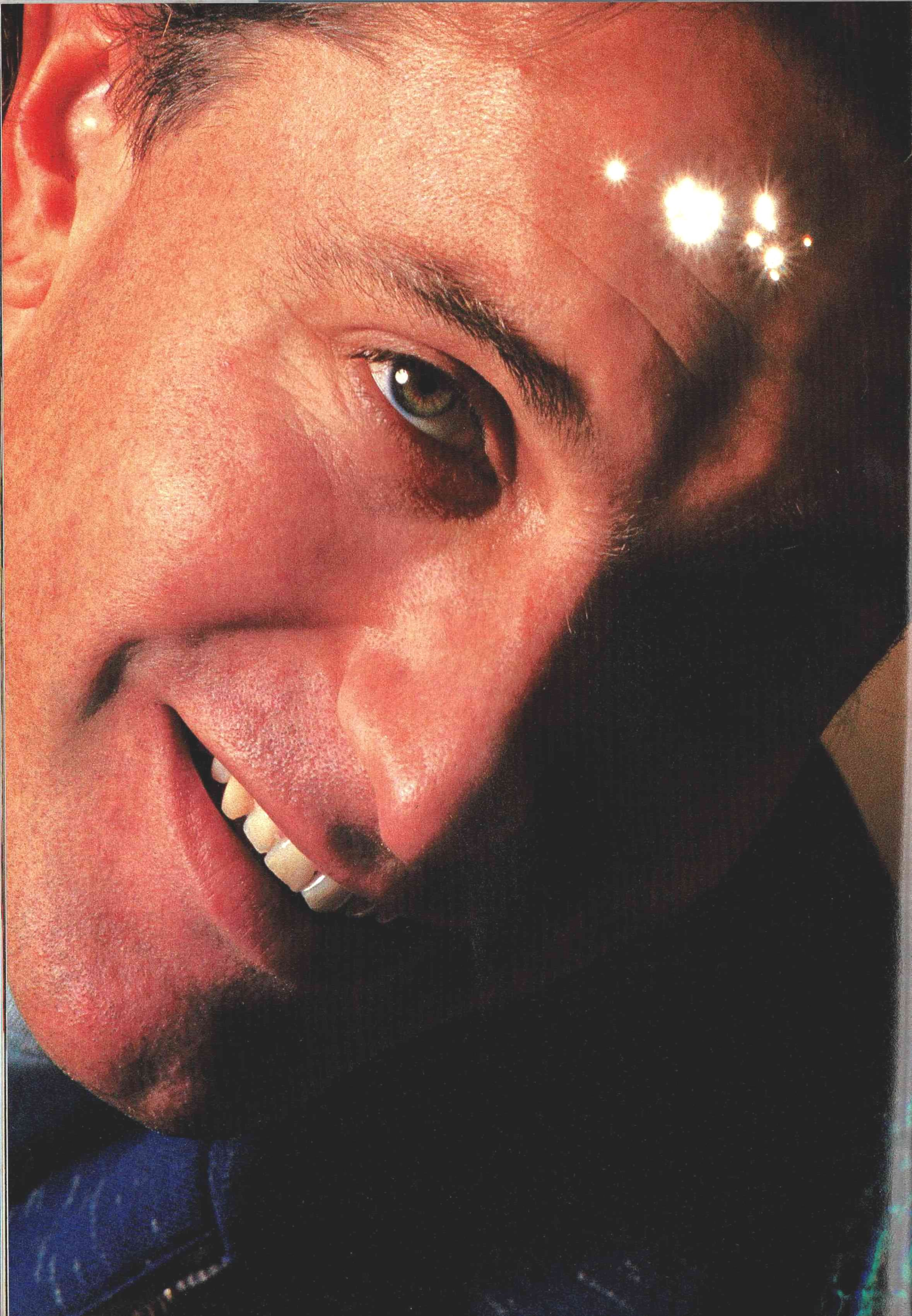
After his brilliant performance on the F1 and GP machines in 1986, Yamaha offered Magee a ride on an '86 model

Yamaha YZR 500cc works machine in the 1987 Japanese Grand Prix in March. Kevin reeled off some impressive qualifying times to put himself in sixth position on the grid behind pole-sitter Wayne Gardner — but only after crashing twice in practice. During the race he put in an inspired, but over-enthusiastic performance which saw him slip from a hard-earned third place to sixth after a hair-raising slide and eventual crash in the wet conditions. While his natural talent didn't go unnoticed in the pits, it was a disappointing result brought on by the pressure to perform — pressure which was still evident at Bathurst for the Easter races where he crashed and was sidelined for two months with a broken leg.

With plenty of time to spare while he was out of action, he bought a couple of books on sport psychology and began to study. "I knew I had to get myself sorted out before I did any more racing, and it's really helped. I've really been able to keep things under control. Some people will put the pressure on you to go out and win, and I know now that that sort of pressure is something I can take in my stride," he says.

While Magee sorted out his psychological problem and began itching for another chance at the big time, the enthusiasm and natural ability he showed in Japan didn't

Continued on page 134



The man from Australian Crawl
is back in the swim

THE BOY LIGHTS UP

BY GLENN A. BAKER

It came to be known as Coastal Casualness — an image so seductive it propelled five consecutive albums to number one in as many years. Emerging from the tail end of the snarls 'n' safety pins punk/new wave boom, Australian Crawl seemed to step out of a tourism poster for this wide brown land.

Spruce, lean, tanned and young, they could have been five reincarnations of Murray Rose. They swam, they surfed, they radiated a healthy, wholly Australian aura which won them a fiercely loyal following of remarkably diverse age. If Skyhooks had personified the bodgie larrikin and Cold Chisel the hard drinking working class man, Australian Crawl turned the bronzed lifesaver into a pop idol.

"Oh Errol — I would give everything just

PHOTO BY GRAEME DAVEY



THE BOY

to be like him" intoned James Reyne from the grooves of the album *Sirocco*, named after the yacht owned by both Flynn and Bogart. Crawl songs seemed to eulogise hedonism, adventure and the great outdoors for an audience that couldn't be bothered with Midnight Oil's intense politics. Always looking for "Daughters Of The Northern Coast" or "Resort Girls", the Crawl became, in Reyne's words, "part of people's lives; a representation of the beach, the open air and good vibes." Indeed, the hit "Lakeside" was nothing more than the tale of a spin in a Torana for a perv at some nude bathers. But then, rugged Reyne had previously been "Downhearted" for having left his heart "back in the Orient and down on Bali bays."

However the Crawl had a dark side, a propensity toward vindictiveness which no doubt accounted for the extraordinary 104-week chart run of their debut album *Boys Light Up* in 1980/81. "Beautiful People" and "Hoochie Gucci Fiorucci Mama" were less than subtle swipes at Yuppies before they were tagged. But the title track — a national hit — was close enough to obscenity. There was some radio disquiet over the lines, "His hopes are up for trousers down with a hostess on the business flight", which only served to obscure the import of the later lyrics: "Silently she

opens the drawer. Mother's little helper is coming out for more," slyly sang the pin-up boy. "Strategically positioned before the midday show. The back is arched, those lips are parched. Repeated blow by blow. Later at the party, all the MPs rave 'bout the 'hummas' she's been giving and the money that they save. To her it's just skin lotion..."

"It was a great private joke that went up the charts," laughs Reyne. "I was living in Mt Eliza, a very middle class Melbourne suburb which has a lot of new money and a lot of social climbers who think they're beautiful people. We'd play, sometimes just with acoustic guitars, at parties thrown by friends' parents and see our second form teachers getting it on with somebody else's wife in the vegetable garden, that sort of scene. The things that went on were unbelievable. That's what those songs were all about and they're full of clever phrases like 'hummas' which are blow jobs, and 'skin lotion' which has a similar connection. Then for years we had all these sweet little girls singing all the words at shows and only thinking they knew their meaning."

Reyne is not sure what he would have done with his life had his childhood friendship with Brad Robinson (son of Justice Robinson) not evolved into an extremely popular rock 'n' roll band. "I was doing Law at Uni but I quit after two years. Maybe I would have gone on to become an English

teacher," he relates, before turning honest and spurring out: "Actually we were these fuck-up guys trying to get the odd root who fell into a band. That's the motivation for most rock 'n' roll: pussy. Now, I'm unemployable. I'm not really qualified to do anything. That's what rock does to you."

Specifically, what rock music did for James Reyne was to make him a national superstar of cosmic proportions and guarantee him a prominent position on a quarter of a million bedroom walls. "At the start all this sex symbol stuff was really funny. Like, 'What do you do, James?' 'Well, I'm a heartthrob, so I throbl' All those hours in the car touring Australia was one long giggle about the things girls and some grown women would get up to just to meet you. The offers were amazing. Polaroids in the mail, little notes under the dressing room door. I actually had a mother and daughter approach me one night, which really freaked me out. But toward the end there was so much attention being paid to me that it became difficult. It was always 'Well, what does James think?' and what I was thinking was, why me all the time? We ended up cocooned, it was just the hotel, the car, the gig. We could only go out in Sydney and Melbourne and even then it was the 11 o'clock Tuesday night movie sessions, never Saturday night."

It is this sort of insular existence which leads bands, like football teams, to express themselves to the public detriment. Australian Crawl managed to keep the limos out of the swimming pool but steam was definitely let off. James selects, as one of "hundreds" of anecdotes, the tale of the night that guitarist Simon Binks' long-lost cousins showed up to proudly witness a performance by their famous relative. "Just before we were due to go on, we grabbed Simon, stripped him naked, gaffer-taped him into the foetus position and then we tossed him out on to the stage. Well, the very first people he saw were his cousins, who were horrified. Secretly, I think he liked it."

Certainly, for the first few years, Australian Crawl enjoyed their fame as children enjoy ice cream. They could even put up with the rural neanderthals who moronically menaced with such entreaties as, "Uuuurr, my girlfriend really likes you, whaddya gonna do about it?" But inevitably the novelty wore off and the monotony became harder to handle. "The way you survive in this country is to play, every night, to a large crowd of people and relate to them in a special way," explains Reyne. "Otherwise you're history as a band, it's all over. It's almost a form of nationalism. Sure we were screamed at by girls but we also had a big male following, because we were a good rage band. They grew up with us and, in some ways, they felt they owned us."

"I couldn't handle that, it was all too predictable. To play the pubs you've got to have a big mouth, basically. I'd do this

thing where I'd say: 'I bet I can make you scream if I swear or use a drug reference.' So I'd say 'fuck' and they'd go 'yeeeah!' and then I'd say 'fuck bong, fuck bong, fuck bong' and they'd go berserk. That would work every time with 50 people or 50,000. This may be a fabulous country to live in and a very inspiring one for a songwriter but, in the end, there's only 16 million people. I mean Wagga is a beautiful place with a lot of lovely people. But how many times can you play Wagga? How many times can you play Selinas?"

Too many times, as it turned out. After the sudden death of guitarist Guy McDonough the innocence had all but evaporated. "What had been just a load of fun was a serious lifestyle, an actual profession and, toward the end, we were pretty burned. It was a classic case, for us all, of 'Oh, get me out of here, I want to get away, clear my head and not be committed to anything.' One night in Perth we had a gun pulled on us. These three guys in Billy Jack clothes came to the show and looked as if they wanted to cause trouble. One of them pointed a gun at Simon. It turned out to be plastic but we didn't know that then. Simon started yelling at the guy, 'Well, c'mon you prick, shoot me, shoot me', and I stopped the show and just went crazy at him through the PA. So Guy jumps off stage and starts punching the wrong guy and then the road crew get involved. Then, the crowd turned on these three guys and by the time the bouncers took over they were a mashed mess. It was awful."

By the time Australian Crawl had begun to sour, Reyne's popularity had taken him into other areas. Although untrained as an actor, he landed a major role in the television mini-series *Return To Eden*. "I had a great time doing that and, contrary to some reports, I think I handled it okay," he offers. "I mean I just stepped off a stage with Australian Crawl and there I was on the screen as this one-dimensional character driving a canary yellow Rolls Royce. After that I was offered a few more roles but they were always this moody petulant loner. I could have gone off that way but the band was still happening and I really couldn't say, 'Sorry guys, I'm off on a four-month shoot. You all sit around and look busy until I get back.' So I let it go and kept on with music."

After a farewell tour (to pay off debts that a band the stature of Australian Crawl shouldn't have had) which spawned the respectable-selling *Final Wave* live album, Reyne forsook his beloved coastline and moved base to London, New York and Los Angeles. "I was going to go north, to Darwin or Northern Queensland, which I really love, and be a beach bum, but I knew that after a few weeks I'd worry about getting fat and ugly and come back. I needed a complete break because although I was never disdainful of my success I'd had enough of it, that's for sure," he reveals. "We were a product of a place and time and of an era that had definitely come to an

end. I wasn't unhappy that it was over — although I don't think much of the sort of corporate rock that has emerged to take the place of bands like Crawl, Split Enz and Cold Chisel, who had a sort of bond with their audiences."

And what does every young Aussie rocker landing in Los Angeles inevitably do? Why, he rings up super-manager Roger Davies, the former Sherbet svengali who now shapes the destiny of Tina Turner, Mick Jagger and Olivia Newton-John. "Yeah, I had his number," admits Reyne, with a wry and almost embarrassed smile. "I sat in my little rented shack looking at it, thinking that just about everybody must ring the guy. Eventually I plucked up the courage to do it myself and I found him to be very approachable, quite unaffected by his success. He liked my tapes and wanted to get involved."

While Reyne was enjoying the new sensation of anonymity in London with a new

“The sex offers were amazing. I actually had a mother and daughter approach me one night, which really freaked me out.”

love he'd tumbled upon in New York, Davies shopped the tapes around a number of record companies, including Chrysalis and A&M. They passed, but Capitol, which just happens to be Tina Turner's label, latched on and bankrolled a tough, tensile and considerably impressive solo album. Under the production of new-waver-in-from-the-cold Davitt Sigerson, Reyne and his old Australian Crawl drummer John Watson enjoyed the studio assistance of such luminaries as David Lindley, Jesse Ed Davis, Little Feat's Billy Payne, David & David and even Olivia Newton-John. "We were working on one track which had an ending that seemed to require a really silky voice, sort of like Olivia's," relates Reyne. "So Davitt said 'Why not ask her? After all, your manager manages her too.' So we sent her a tape and she came down one afternoon and did it, just like that. She was lovely."

Reyne recorded the album very much as he wished, with a decidedly hard edge, and was served up the line that record companies must keep on a tape loop to preserve their voices: "We don't hear a single." So the lad was sent around to the

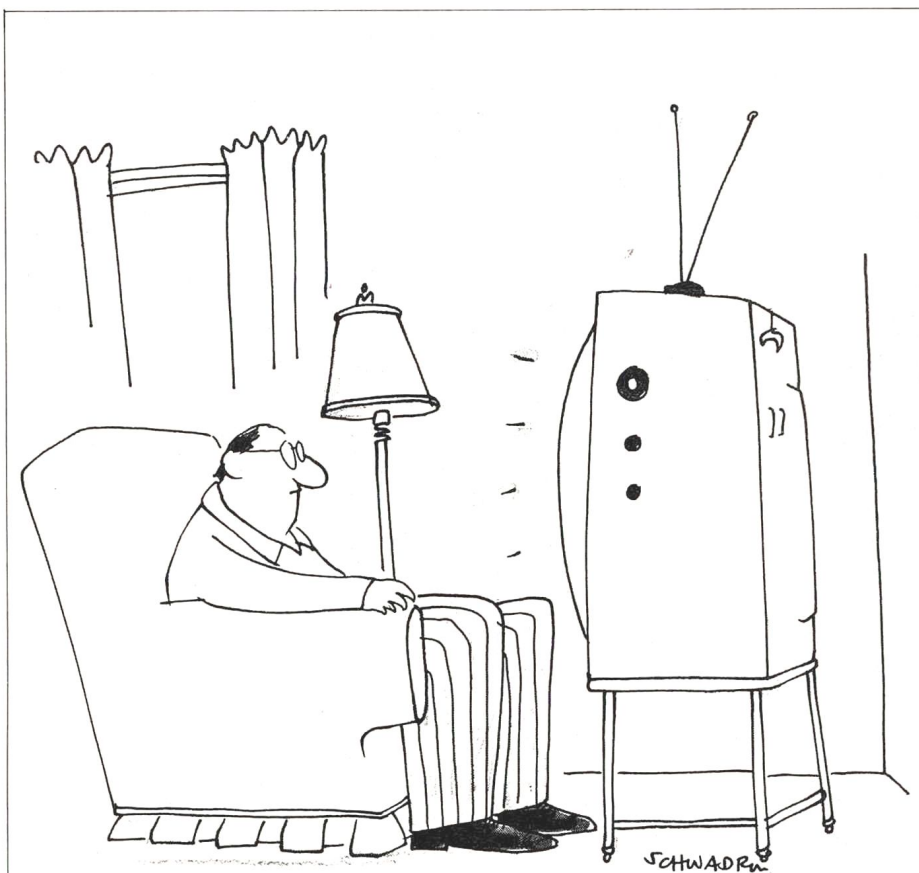
current crop of hot LA formula hit writers — Tom Kelly, Billy Steinberg, Holly Knight et al — who all earnestly assured him that the piece they were trying to palm off on him was "lyrically, my best work." It was all he could do to keep from taking to them with a tomahawk. "I remember one song was about a Mexican hooker, with words like 'While she's turning tricks, she's watching the crucifix.' I was thinking, please I can't sing this shit! I'm a Melbourne boy, they'll kill me at home."

In the end, Reyne's stand prevailed and he wrote all 11 tracks, most of them with Melbourne court reporter Simon Hussey. The opening cut, "Fall Of Rome", which he debuted on the final *Countdown* episode, has taken him straight into the top ten. It was as if he'd never been away — almost. "I spoke to this girl from the fashion-type magazines this morning," he related with incredulity, "and she said, 'We'd better remind our readers — some of them might not have heard of Australian Crawl.' But that wasn't as bad as the guy from *Smash Hits* who said he'd never heard of Little Feat. I mean, I'm only 30, but sometimes they make me feel so bloody old."

Although the gameplan Roger Davies has mapped out for Reyne is international in scope, the singer is overjoyed by his acceptance at home and feels that his refusal to bow down to the American formula is very much at the root of the instant market response. "If you're an Australian you write songs with an Australian basis. You don't write about Pasadena or the San Fernando Valley because that's patently dishonest. There were a couple of times in Los Angeles when I was really depressed. People say, 'Well write about those experiences', but I can't because that doesn't really mean anything to me. My most vivid and precious memories are touring with Australian Crawl up north. Going fishing for two days off Port Douglas and being real Aussie boys. In that regard, our image was real. We did get off on that sort of stuff."

"None of us are getting any younger and time changes us all. I guess the rebelliousness has gone. I'm nowhere near as vindictive in my songwriting as I was because, I suppose, I've become happy and contented. The album is really well played, for once, with great production and great songs. Simon Hussey is the first person I've met with whom I can write consistently and easily. The legacy from Crawl is still strong and people are still interested in what I'm doing. A lot of so-called 'big names' in Oz Rock have come out of their time at the top with a lot less to show than that."

"I'm amazed I came out of it so healthy. Everyone seemed to think, because of our image, that we were well-behaved little boys, which was a bit of a joke. The secret was our sun tans. No matter how much you abuse yourself and get into it on the road, you can always hide behind a sun tan. That should have been our motto!"



"The regularly scheduled program will not be seen, due to a resurgence of good taste."



You might think that being single and rich would be like heaven. That's what you might expect, but then you'd be wrong

MODERN ROMANCE

BY BEN STEIN

You might think that if you were a young guy, or thirtyish anyway, with a heavy-duty job at a movie studio, and a Porsche and a not-bad-looking face, and worked out every day at the gym, that you would have at least a start on happiness with women. If you were single in a town like, say, Hollywood, California, and had all of the material things going for you, life would be like heaven, only better. That's what you might expect, but then you would be wrong.

In fact, the war between men and women rages here just as violently as anywhere else. More to the point, the war here has a certain edge that it lacks anywhere else. The edge comes from the incessant, occasionally insane heat, the blinding light without trees or tall buildings to offer protection, the maniacal scramble to get ahead in a town where getting to the top is not only a religion but a categorical imperative. The strain that the heat, dazzling sunlight, and ambition put on life is punishing. The razor sharpness that it hones on the relationships between men and women is lethal.

To make the point as clear as life, I offer Mark Brown. Mark is 38. Well, maybe 39. He's tall and muscular. He works in promotion for a major studio. He has a 930 Turbo and an expense account. He's not rich, but he lives as if he were rich. Sometimes.

He appeared at my office a few weeks ago. Since I have known him, Mark has gone from married to single. He has also gone from poor to rich, and, in every way, from hungry to starving. He plopped himself into my one chair, under a painting of a scene in the Bahamas. I swear I'm going there someday. I'm not kidding. Really.

ILLUSTRATION BY STAN WATTS

ROMANCE

"I hear you're being represented by Schmooley Schlepki," Mark said. "He used to be my agent."

"Was he any good?" I asked. "He hasn't done shit for me."

"Look, darling, no agent ever does anything for anyone else but himself. Don't even expect it. If you're not already successful, they aren't going to lift a finger to help you, pal."

"Thank you for explaining it to me."

"Listen, Schlepki is so bad I can't even find a word to describe him." Mark sat silently in the sunshine for a few minutes, thinking of a word. Then he snapped his fingers. "The Antichrist. That's how I'd describe him. That's the only phrase that goes far enough. The Antichrist."

"I like it. It has a certain ring to it. Maybe a mini-series."

"Maybe." Mark clearly had something else on his mind.

"Who are you dating these days?" I asked.

"Dating?" he exploded. "Dating? I'm not dating anyone. Look, let me tell you about dating. I saw this gorgeous girl at Morton's a few weeks ago. Gorgeous. Tall, long blonde hair. A knockout. So I asked —, the captain, who the hell she was. He says her name is Caitlin Selwyn. She's from Scotland or somewhere, and she's

really a hot number. So I gave — another hundred to make sure I get the best table, the little deuce near the door, where everyone can see what a knockout I'm with. Can you cop to it?"

"I can cop."

"Okay. So I start to ask her about herself. First thing out of her mouth, she tells me she's had some very heavy boyfriends. Like Dean Martin, or maybe Dean Martin's son. Also Jack Nicholson. Also some TV actor, and a whole slew of guys who own banks and insurance companies. 'I like to date successful men,' she tells me."

"So right away, I'm cut off just about at dick level. I mean, how the hell am I supposed to even come close to competing with men like that?"

"You're a lot more fun to talk to than those men."

"I'm also a lot more fun to screw, I suspect," Mark answered. "But that's not how women here make their decisions. It's on portfolio performance, not love performance. So while I'm thinking about that, she says, 'Look, I've probably had just about every really successful man in LA. I'm 24, and now I'm sort of at a crossroads in my life. You know what I mean?'"

"So I'm thinking what I can do, and she says, 'Maybe you can help me get a job. I really need a job.'"

"Okay. So I ask her what kind of job she wants."

"She says, 'I'd like a job that pays a real

lot of money, where I can be really close to horses, where I can enjoy fine wine, and where I can collect great art.'"

"Is that all?"

"Yeah," Mark agreed. "So I racked my brains for a while, and I said maybe she should be a broker for commercial real estate."

"That's close."

"I don't know," she says. "I never really learned to add or subtract or multiply or divide. So it can't be anything with numbers." So I asked her what she thought she would like to do. "I don't know," she said. "Anything where I can use my feet a lot. I'm really good with my feet, like in acrobatics or gymnastics or climbing trees or tap dancing. I can really do nice work at that kind of stuff."

"I'm sorry," I said. "I really am sorry."

"I'm sorry?" Mark asked. "That dinner cost me a hundred bucks. A hundred bucks. Can you dig? Plus, I had sent her roses the day before to get her primed. Seventy bucks more. So when dinner's almost over, she says she has to leave because she has to do her hip exercises before she goes to sleep. So I ask her if she wants to do her hip exercises on me, and she walks out of the restaurant. Out of Morton's, with all those people looking at me. Wow. What a world."

"Maybe you should try to find someone else. Someone nicer."

"Screw 'nicer'," Mark said. "You know any nice girls who know how to give decent head? Any? Even one?"

"Fifth Amendment."

"Yeah. You go out with a nice girl, she doesn't even know how to make your dick hard. She just sort of brushes it, like touches it, and then she giggles, and that's supposed to make you hard. Then she gives a big sigh and says, 'Oh, all right. I'll kiss you.'"

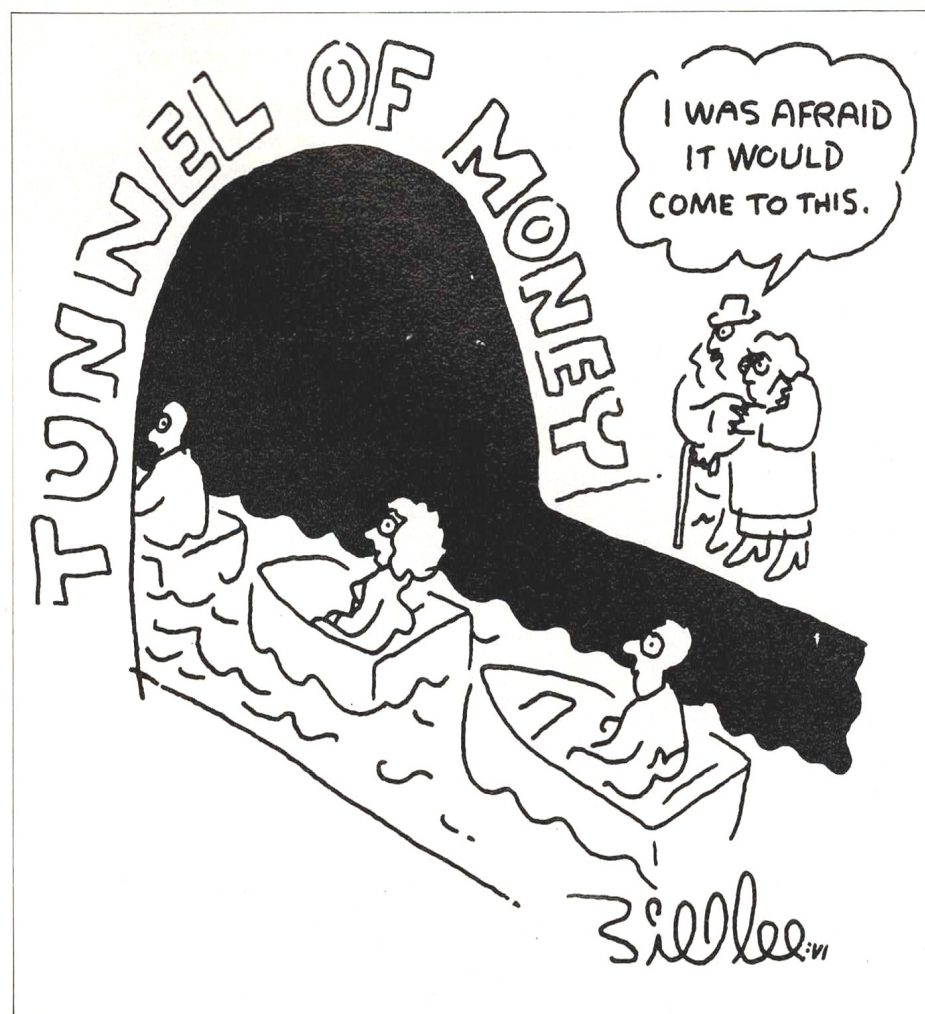
"And then she puts her lips on your dick, like she's making this big sacrifice for her country, and doesn't move or anything, and then she lies back down as if she's just run a mile in full battledress. Then when you're balling her, she bucks all around and makes noises and crowds you out of the room with her screaming and shrieking. You can't even get a decent fantasy going. Then she cries."

"You know what I'd like to find? You know what I'd really and truly like to find?"

"No. What?"

"A really, really great hooker, a high-class call girl, who was maybe 29 or 30, and had an idea of how to please a man and take care of him, and know what was real and what was not. You know lots of call girls. Maybe you know somebody."

"I do know lots of call girls," I said. "I'm not sure at all how happy you'd be with one of them. I think they've seen a lot of bad things happen in their lives. I think they must be pretty angry women. Even the



VIRGINIA

Face, Bust and Body Treatment from Pampurrs Beauty Clinic,
Neutral Bay; Hair and Make-up by Susan Daub; Lingerie from IM
Lingerie, QVB, Sydney

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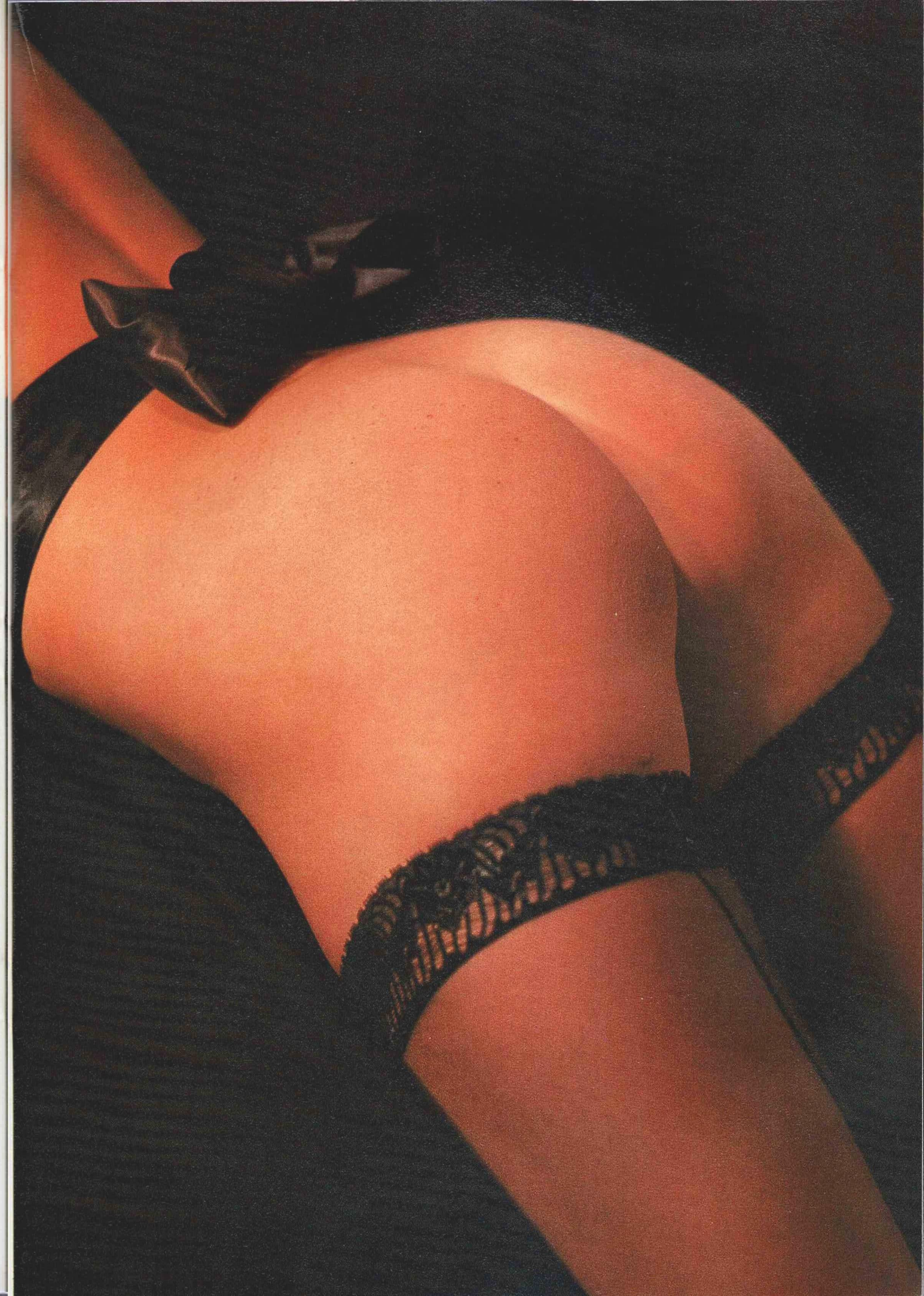


WHIPLASH SMILE



"Give me creativity in a man," implores Sydney's 25-year-old Virginia Fox — and no doubt Virginia winds up with what she wants. It takes little stretch of the grey matter to imagine Virginia's wishes taken up by the men in her life, but her "demands" are shaped to bring out qualities in them, rather than herself. "When I say I like men artistic, I *don't* mean they should offer to paint my bathroom," she explains.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY NICK BROKENSHA



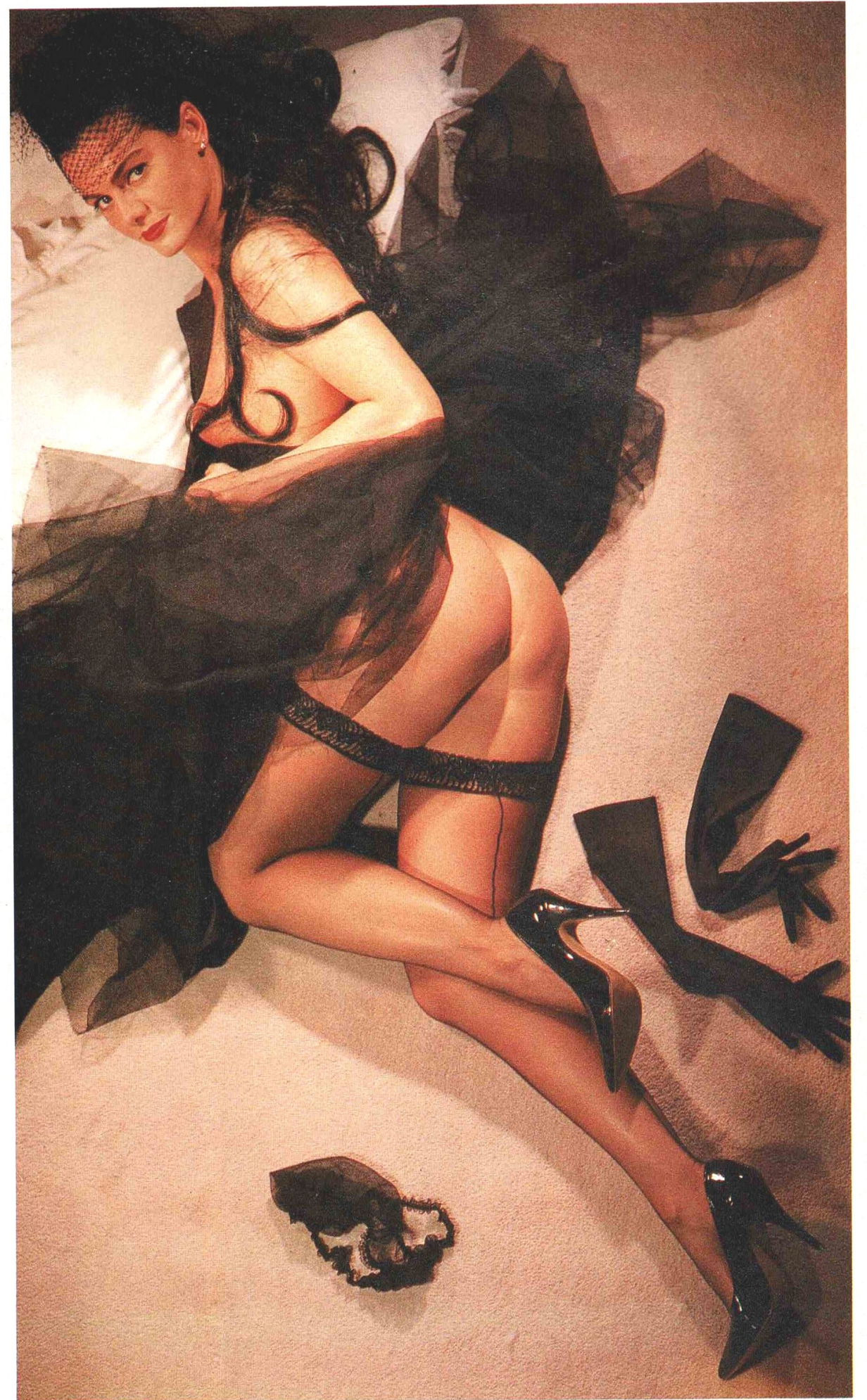


"I want men to bring out their hidden feelings and their intuition when they're with me. Professional men might know how to make money, but can they make friends as well? That is the question."



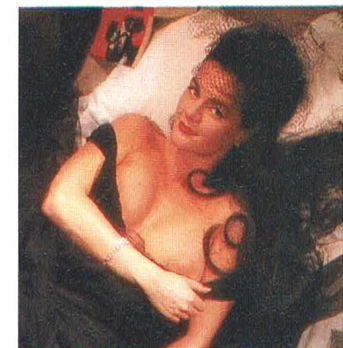


Virginia doesn't require dominance in a relationship, but when she's inclined to crack the whip a wise lover will listen up if he wants to stick around. Virginia knows what she wants.



She also likes her friends, her car — a convertible RS 2000 — her dancing, and her trade: acting. She's been working in TV commercials since she was eight, has flirted with the stage, and would now like to gain recognition through film. No ordinary film, either . . .





"I'd like to play a Vampirella-style character," she goes on, "not unlike the portrayal in this work. With these fashion accessories, I'd have to be an actress." She punctuates this with a smile. She'd rather crack smiles than whips . . .





Extraordinary adventures in
paradise ended in hell for convicted
drug trafficker Reginald Spiers

THE RISE AND FALL OF REGGIE SPIERS

BY GRAHAM HUNTER

Forty-five-year-old Reginald James Spiers, former Australian javelin champion, is on death row in Sri Lanka. Earlier this year, he was convicted of smuggling more than one kilogram of heroin and almost three kilograms of hashish into the tiny island republic. Spiers' plight — that of yet another Australian condemned to death for drug trafficking in a foreign country — might not raise so much as a ho hum from most Australians, were it not for his extraordinary, international adventures which have ended in a tiny prison cell in Colombo's maximum security Welikada Prison.

Spiers' lover and fellow adventurer, former Adelaide teacher Barbara Tobin, is missing, presumed murdered, somewhere in Europe. Their six years of loving and living in the fast lane, on the run from the law as well as other drug dealers and criminals, has come to an abrupt, miserable end.

The indicators of a life of "high" adventure were there from a young age.

Reginald Spiers, according to his father Reg Senior, was always "high spirited"; he admits the family used to breathe sighs of relief each night when their first-born son at last went to sleep. He was more than a handful.

Spiers left high school after four years. Ironically, his first job set him perfectly for what was to become his future career as a drug trafficker — he became a customs officer at Port Adelaide. He continued to develop as a sportsman, not just a javelin thrower (at which he

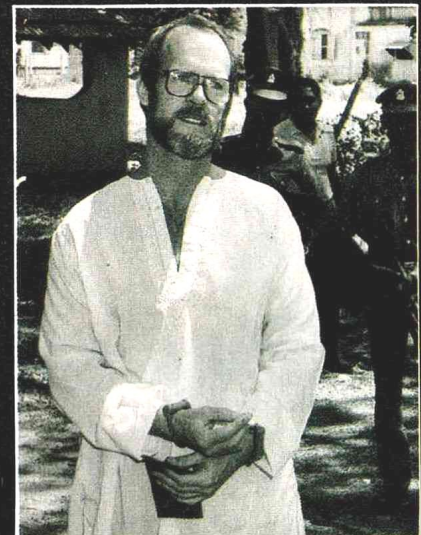


Photo by Barry O'Brien/Adelaide Advertiser

PHOTO BY MARK WHITTAKER

REGGIE SPIERS

excelled, spurred on, friends claimed, by the obvious nexus with his surname), but also at cricket and athletics. In 1964, the handsome part-time model who'd made it on to the cover of several leading magazines flew to London to compete in a series of international events, a preparation which Spiers hoped would ensure a place for him in the Australian Olympic squad. But an old arm injury flared up and, broke and in debt, he devised a death-defying plan to return to Australia in time for his brother Doug's wedding.

After fasting for days and cleansing his system, Spiers packed himself into a small wooden box, which he then air-freighted aboard a British Airways flight to Australia. Miraculously, he survived the 63-hour ordeal without food and water. He broke out of the box on arrival, borrowed some money from a priest, then returned to Adelaide and his attractive wife Catherine and their baby daughter Joanne.

Spiers continued the good life, doing what he wanted and when; then, in 1972, he decided to take up night school and get his matriculation. That decision changed the course of his life, as well as that of the 18-year-old married woman he met there, and with whom he fell instantly and totally in love.

Barbara Tobin, wife of an Adelaide

journalist, was stunningly attractive, with a big, warm smile and an extroverted personality. Barbara and her husband had a young son, while Spiers and Catherine had a second daughter.

Soon afterwards, Spiers and Tobin turned their backs on their respective families and moved in together. Soft drugs had been part of their lives for some time before then, but from that moment, they followed a steady progression towards the headier attractions of capsules and powders.

Some time in early 1980, the ever-resourceful 37-year-old Spiers devised several plots to smuggle hashish into Australia. He discussed these schemes with prosperous Adelaide businessman Horst Kloss, then aged 42, and together they honed the details, until neither of them could find any flaws in what seemed to be the perfect drug-smuggling operation. Couriers were recruited and the gang was formed.

The scheme went into effect and the group undertook hundreds of trips, all but one of them safely and simply, with massive profits flowing to the members. Profit and the sense of daring and adventure were the only motivations. The consequences of their activities were never considered.

Hashish was packed into large, hollowed-out cassette tape recorders, which were then taken on board flights from Bombay to Australia and stored in the

overhead cabin baggage lockers. When the aircraft arrived at either Sydney or Melbourne's Tullamarine Airport, the two smugglers who had boarded in India got off, leaving the stash on board. Another two syndicate members then boarded the plane for its onward flight to Auckland, New Zealand. Those couriers then disembarked, with the tape recorders, and boarded another flight back to Australia.

"It worked every time — it was perfect," Spiers bragged years later. "Nothing shows up in the X-rays — nothing."

"That's not to say there weren't times when we were frightened, I mean really frightened," he added, "when your knees are literally knocking together and it feels as though someone has shoved an icicle up your arse."

Spiers claimed the only time they thought the game was up was when he and Tobin were about to fly first-class on Air India from Bombay to Melbourne with 10 kilograms of hashish in the tape player. The pilot announced there would be a delay.

"We looked out the window and there were eight or nine customs officers coming to search the plane. I thought, this time we're really gone," Spiers said.

"But Barbara, she was beautiful, she was just so cool. She chatted to these guys, opened the bags for them, showed them everything. And they never found a thing, and it was right under their noses. And all the time my knees were knocking so hard I thought they would hear."

That system was used, Kloss' Supreme Court trial in Adelaide was told two years later, because customs scrutiny in New Zealand of Australian arrivals was less stringent than for arrivals from Asia. And similarly, customs checks in Australia of New Zealand arrivals were less rigorous.

The scheme eventually fell apart when one of the couriers, wrongly convinced Spiers was having an affair with his girlfriend, informed the authorities. I was in the large, cold, upstairs courtroom in the Adelaide Magistrates Court in mid-1981 when the group was sent for trial.

Each of the accused stood shoulder-to-shoulder in the dock, smiling and giggling, with vivacious Barbara clinging lovingly to Spiers' arm, and Kloss' right arm wrapped tightly around his wife's tiny waist. As they stood there, collectively wearing thousands of dollars worth of high-fashion clothing — the obvious proceeds of their adventures — they still believed the world was their oyster.

They were committed for trial on charges of conspiring together to import 40 kilograms of hashish worth \$1.2 million into Australia. Each of them was allowed bail and they sauntered from the courtroom, apparently unaware of just how seriously a Supreme Court judge would later regard their behavior.

Spiers sat on his parents' double bed on Father's Day, 1981 and woke up his father.

"I'm going Dad," he said. "I haven't hurt anybody, but I have to go. They're chasing me out of the country. They want to put Barbara and me in jail."

"That was typical of Reggie," his father recalls. "He never thought he had done anything wrong, even then."

Since that day neither Reggie's wife Catherine, who still lives in the Adelaide industrial suburb of Osborne, or his daughters Joanne and Jane, or his parents, or brother Doug and his family, heard a word from him. They did not know if he was dead or alive until a two-sentence item appeared in the world news pages of the *Adelaide Advertiser* newspaper. "Spiers held in India," the item said, and added that Spiers had been arrested for trying to smuggle hashish out of India.

After turning their backs on Australia, Spiers, Tobin and an associate involved with them went to Singapore, then to India, where Spiers struck on a hare-brained scheme to smuggle hashish out of India and into Australia. The scheme involved packing the cannabis resin into large steel containers each containing 25 kilograms, then welding those boxes on to the hulls of Indian ships bound for Australia.

In 1986, while still on remand for heroin and hashish smuggling in Sri Lanka, Spiers recounted that episode in his life to an Australian journalist:

"I'd worked for months putting that one together and it would have been fine if we hadn't picked the wrong harbor to try it," he said. "But under pressure from the American guy [the associate] I agreed to give it a go at Cochin [a southern Indian port] and we very nearly came unstuck in a big way. We scuba-dived out to the boats okay, but the currents were way too strong. I kept bouncing along the bottom of the hull and had to grab hold of the keel to prevent being swept out to sea. We surfaced and I stripped off the wetsuit and started swimming, still towing the 25 kilograms of hash inside the container when, lo and behold, the customs boat appears. Meantime, I've lost the container and it's drifting off with the current and the customs boys are bearing straight down on us. But, would you believe it, the silly buggers turned about, fetched the container, towed it back for us, and waved goodbye as they disappeared. They didn't even stop to ask what a couple of white guys were doing swimming around the harbor towing a bloody great steel container."

But the trio's surprise, and elation at avoiding capture, was shortlived. When the associate went to a Cochin hotel where the group had packed the diving gear, he was confronted by police demanding to know what he was up to. Threatened with charges of espionage, he talked, and Spiers and Tobin were arrested at their Bombay hotel.

Remanded in Bombay Jail, Spiers claims he was lucky to be alive after getting off-

side with some "hoods" inside. All three were eventually granted bail, but then the trio broke up, with the American going his own way and Spiers and Tobin being kept under constant surveillance. On the night before they were due in court, an Indian underworld figure with whom they were friendly took them to a bus station.

"Two of his blokes simply lifted a couple of locals out of their seats and put us on the bus," Spiers told the journalist. "We had no passports, no money, but the Indian guy had given us a load of smack. Each time we came to a state border or checkpoint, we had to lie down on the seats so it would appear there were no foreigners aboard and we eventually made it to Goa."

Spiers claimed that in Goa, he and Barbara were again forced to live by their wits, fleeing from village to village and once on a motorbike through the jungle when newspapers published their photographs, staying with a variety of dope dealers and

"We had no passports, no money, but the Indian guy had given us a load of smack."

seedy contacts.

In mid-1982, Spiers said he "needed to raise some dust (money)" and he embarked on a drug run to Kenya and Europe, leaving Barbara in Goa. He was arrested at Kenya's international airport for possession of marijuana. "I went to court, defended myself and got off," Spiers said. He went back to India to pick up Barbara. "She was my reason for living. I wasn't going to leave her there too long."

The couple then travelled to Sri Lanka, back to India, on to Africa, including a three-week stay with black African nationalist guerillas, to Europe, the US and back to Europe. They were always on the move.

"I guess we overestimated our importance," Spiers said reflectively. "We thought we were hotter property than we really were and probably took more precautions than were necessary."

"We made a lot of money, but we spent thousands — we lived the high life. Often we'd book into a hotel and stay for a month or more and run up a bill of thousands of dollars. We'd be up there in first class, you know, and I'm a talker and I'd spin a bit of

bullshit and next thing you know, some guy's saying 'Come on down to Johannesburg' or the like. So we'd go on down and it turns out the guy has a mansion with a pool, servants, and the whole deal — man, we travelled the world in style."

But that style carried a huge price tag, and not just in legitimate, luxury expenses. "The money in this game is unbelievable — you're talking billions of dollars," Spiers confided. "But the treachery, the double-crosses and the bad deals — we were ripped off for tens of thousands of dollars. Once you move out of hash and grass into the harder stuff like smack and coke, you're playing a whole new game and the stakes are a whole lot higher."

For the drug-trafficking Bonnie and Clyde, the rip-offs and the jet-setting lifestyle always meant pressure for one more trip. By mid-1983, the couple had obtained new "briefs" — identification papers.

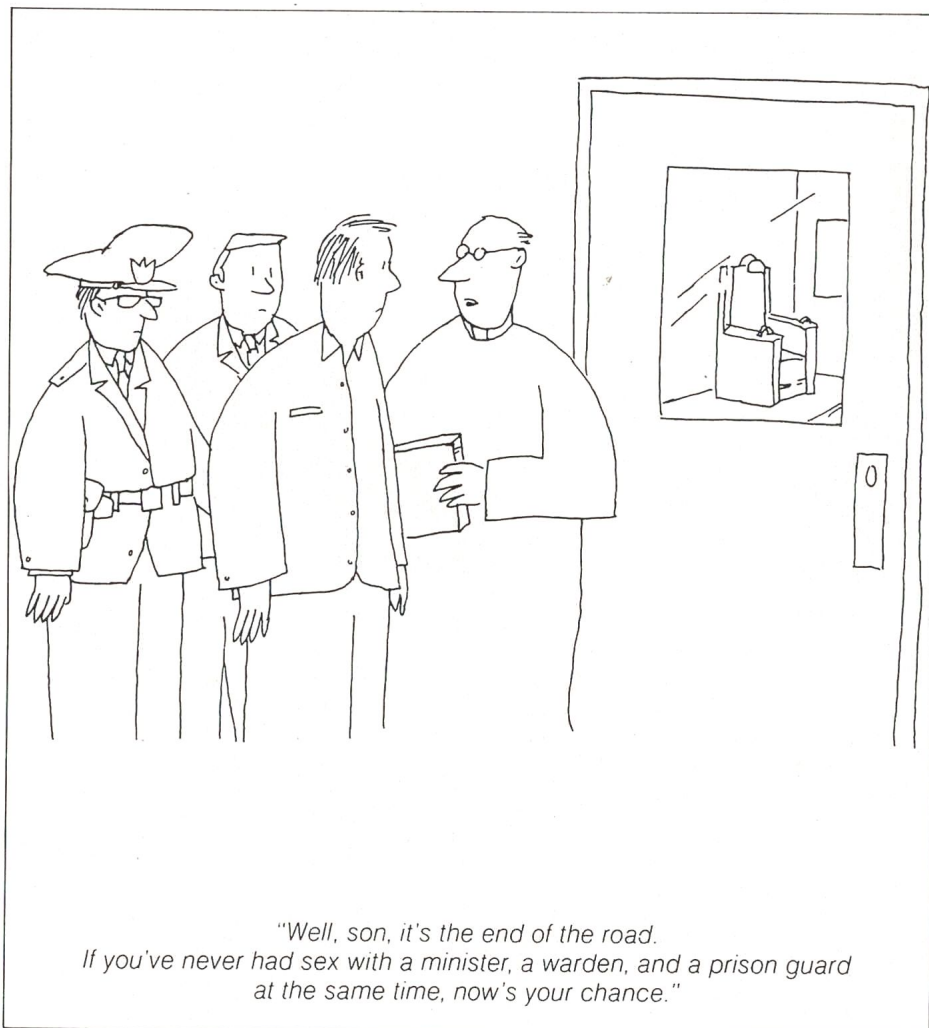
Spiers was travelling as Frenchman Patrick Albert Claude Ledoux, and Tobin was posing as New Zealander Leslie Heather Orton. Confident with their new identities, the couple began regular drug runs from Amsterdam, the drug capital of Europe, and Sri Lanka. Officials say Spiers' forged passport shows he made trips to Sri Lanka in August and October 1983, in January 1984, and his final and fateful run in November 1984.

Spiers claimed that on that last trip, he and Barbara were carrying gold Krugerrands they hoped to smuggle into India, and they had picked up a quantity of "brown sugar" (heroin No 3) and hash which they planned to take back to the Netherlands. Spiers was due to leave Colombo for Amsterdam on December 1, carrying heroin and hashish inside a hollowed-out radio-cassette player, much the same ruse as that used in Australia three years earlier. "It had worked every time. It had been perfect before, so why not again?" Spiers explained.

After arriving in Amsterdam, Spiers was supposed to hand the narcotics over to a predetermined buyer, then return and meet up with Tobin. But Spiers, a bearded, bespectacled, athletic Australian masquerading as Frenchman, was stopped by a customs officer at Colombo's International Airport after arriving from the southern Indian city of Trivandrum. "Ledoux did not act very much like a Frenchman," the officer later told Spiers' trial.

The normally cool, collected Spiers had objected to an examination of the radio-cassette player containing the hashish and 41 packets of heroin, and his life, and his future, stopped.

The police searched Tobin's room at the luxury Galadari Meridien Hotel on Colombo's beachfront, confiscated the Krugerrands, but allowed her to leave. She left Sri Lanka, but returned soon after-



REGGIE SPIERS

wards with \$US25,000 from another successful run which she hoped would secure her lover's freedom.

"Beautiful Barbara," remembered Spiers. "She tried, God she tried. But we just couldn't get the right people to make it work." Spiers became concerned that his real identity would be uncovered, and therefore Barbara's, and he convinced her to leave Sri Lanka.

Tobin returned to India, then to Europe, the US and back to Amsterdam, visiting Spiers in prison in January, 1986, but the fear of being identified and arrested forced her to return to Amsterdam, where she embarked on a final, desperate gamble to buy her man out of jail.

Spiers says Tobin gave \$US10,000 to the wife of a Dutchman also sentenced to death by a Sri Lankan court for drug trafficking. With the funds, the woman was supposed to "fiddle something," but Tobin never saw the money, or the woman, again.

Meanwhile Spiers was desperately trying to put together one last run for Barbara from inside Sri Lanka's Mahara Prison, 70 kms north of Colombo. He wrote to her about contacts and gave instructions by which she would swallow a load of "brown sugar" to smuggle back to Amsterdam and restore their flagging finances.

He referred in that letter to her "courage" and her "cunning" and suggested ways to avoid detection. "You will have to be sure to get the real goods," he said, and urged her to stay not in Colombo, but at a hotel "midway between airport and town, I suggest the hotel of the flying horse (think of the Greek mythical name)." He was referring to the Pegasus Hotel on the beach near Colombo.

But that run never came off. Barbara was by then terrified of being found out, caught and imprisoned. She lived in fear and was too scared to collect her mail from the post office in case she was followed.

On December 3, 1986, Barbara posted her last letter to Spiers. She went for a walk from a small apartment in Amsterdam she shared with an expatriate Victorian who now lives in London. She never returned and has never been seen since. Fears are held for her life.

She left behind everything she owned, including letters, photographs, an extraordinary diary and her false New Zealand passport. It was the expatriate who provided Australian authorities with evidence of Ledoux's true identity. Even a jail interview with the French consul some time earlier had not cast any doubt on Ledoux's citizenship.

"When I heard the French consul was here," Spiers recalled later, "I tried to hide, but unfortunately, they found me." Confronted with a French diplomat, Spiers ut-

tered "a few *mon Dieus* for the benefit of the jailer and the consul, and then told him it was prison regulations we speak only in English. I don't think my French-English accent was too hot — the consul looked totally bemused and went away and hasn't bothered me since, but no-one ever challenged my identity."

In all, Barbara and Spiers exchanged 56 letters while he was on remand in Mahara Prison. In many of them, he wrote about the horrible jail conditions, and how he was always under maximum security, especially when he was escorted from the prison to the Negombo High Court for periodic appearances. In one letter, he hinted how he had feigned illness to try to escape, but had been thwarted by the oppressive security.

One of the most remarkable of the letters from Spiers outlined yet another escape plan, written after a court appearance. It clearly shows Spiers' towering mental strength, as well as his confidence and sense of adventure, which leap from the pages.

"Where I am now," Spiers wrote, "is supposed to be the top security jail in Sri Lanka, but there's a way. Did you ever read about the bitch in the [United] States who sprung her big daddy by whirlybird? She went to air and laid down the dust for hire, she drew a gat on the dude and told him to relieve her old man from the calaboose. You understand all this slang? A horny goat (what the fuzz confiscated back home) can be put together. A gat can be got from Vincent. Do you have the balls? I know you'd do anything for me. Are you capable of this gig?"

The letter was obviously written in slang to confuse prison authorities, who examined every letter Spiers wrote and received. A gat is an abbreviation for Gatling gun, but is a common slang word for a revolver; "whirlybird" clearly refers to a helicopter; "calaboose" is early American slang for jail; and "horny goat" means boat, and refers to a luxury cabin cruiser bought by the hashish gang in Adelaide with profits from the smuggling operation.

"Where I am," Spiers' letter continued, "is a prison within a prison. I'm in a separate walled-off area in a building shaped like a box, the roof is like a broad with no tits and it heats up during the day and is like an oven at night. The box is on the south side of the whole joint."

The love letters are full of references to "Beautiful Barbara," "B," and "Beautiful B." In one, he writes: "You mentioned music in your letter. You know what music does to me, don't you? Goa, Bideford, Africa, music, Bombay, Calangute, sport, music, love, sharing pain, sadness, music, you and me, music, magic!"

"Bideford" is a reference to the house where the lovers first lived together, in Bideford Avenue, Clarence Park, an Adelaide suburb.

Another letter has "I LOVE YOU" in large

capitals, and says, "I don't have any stars or nice things to add to my letters, so I used a little blood from pricking my finger to tell you how I feel about you. If it would make you love me more, I'll write a whole letter to you with my blood."

In another letter, Spiers apparently believes his "Beautiful B" has abandoned him: "I have been living on false hopes for the last 18 months. Enough, leave me to my fate. Are you into dope or alcohol? What is it, another guy, what? If you've been fucking around, that's the end. The spell has been broken. I'm not bitter, I'm just overwhelmingly sad. So I wish you good luck, thanks for the memories, and goodbye."

Barbara soon wrote back, and reassured him, but she also told him about the expatriate, and how he offered her a place to stay in Amsterdam when she was short of money and friends, and how he helped support her. (This man subsequently told a newspaper office in London that he loved Lee Orton, as he knew her, and that he found her to be "naive in many ways, almost child-like" and very much influenced and controlled by Spiers.)

She said the expatriate initially had been very generous, but had become cruel and abusive "and if he knows I hate him, he may throw me out on the street," Barbara wrote. "Two years of separation, total deprivation for me — hell and horror for you," the passionate, emotional letter began. It talked of the hardships, and of Barbara's feelings of "inadequacy" in being unable "to free you and reunite us both. Now I'm just on the bones of my ass, living off charity," she wrote. "I've just got no-one to turn to for financial backing or anything."

Spiers spoke at length to an Australian journalist about his ten years of drug running across four continents.

"It's partly the adventure, but more the travel and the money," he said. "Here I was with a beautiful woman at my side, travelling first class, staying in luxury hotels and with loads of money. Like, hey, this is Reg Spiers from old Adelaide town . . . and man, I was looking good, doing it in style."

Spiers just doesn't think about the down side of his trade, and even now is constantly thinking of new scams and deals. "What do you expect me to do after living a life like that?" he asks. "Take an office job?"

Spiers sees no moral dilemma whatsoever in the running of drugs, whether it be heroin, hashish, or cocaine. He refuses to recognise the suffering associated with narcotics addiction.

"As long as you know the stuff, know its effects, know your limitations, there is no problem," he told the journalist matter-of-factly. "For me, junkies are born, not made. Like some people are born to be doctors, engineers, dancers and the like, others are just born to be junkies. There is no moral

question about what I've been doing, it's just business."

In an open letter smuggled out of the prison, Spiers wrote: "I want to say to the dope smokers, the junkies, the coke snorters and the acid freaks, I am your friend and I'm not ashamed of it. I understand. I know where you're coming from."

The letter also spoke passionately of his beloved Barbara who, he wrote, "means more to me than life itself. Barbara was me in female form and I was her in male form. We complemented each other perfectly," he wrote. "We were one. Can a rose be a rose without petals? In my 45 years, I've packed more loving and living than any other thousand men. I've seen so much and I lived it all. I wanted to bite the earth and taste it — it is both bitter and sweet — and if I had my time to live over again, I wouldn't change a damn thing. I'm an outlaw. Okay, better folks than me have been outlaws. Nothing and nobody can make

6
"What do you expect me to do after living a life like that?" he asks.
"Take an office job?"

me ashamed of me, because I've had the best."

But Spiers' impassioned and poetic expressions of love for Barbara underwent a dramatic turnabout just a few months later. Cinematographer Mark Whittaker and I, from Channel 10's *Eyewitness News* in Adelaide, took Spiers' 66-year-old mother Phyllis and Joanne, 25, to Sri Lanka to see their long lost son and father.

He told Joanne he now believed Barbara was still alive, even though he had not heard from her since January 1986. He said that after two and a half years apart, he was losing interest in her. If and when he got out of prison, he said, he would "go for younger women, younger than you, Joanne."

The news assignment, on behalf of Network Ten Australia, was not intended to glorify the activities of a drug trafficker, or to generate sympathy or compassion for him in Australia, or to criticise the drug laws or penal system of a country whose cultural heritage is very different from Australia's. It was simply to reunite a family torn apart by drugs, greed and the apparent attraction of life in the international fast lane, while at

the same time reporting on the plight of an Australian abroad, convicted and sentenced to hang for drug trafficking in a foreign country.

By the time Mrs Spiers and Joanne arrived in Sri Lanka, Spiers had been transferred to the maximum-security Welikada Prison in the heart of Colombo. The dirty, cream-colored stone walls stand about eight metres high, and uniformed, armed guards are everywhere. Those who are not carrying 1950-model, Indian-made machineguns slung from their shoulders on worn leather straps are armed with pistols or pump-action shotguns. Soldiers also patrol nearby, and they carry fully automatic rifles.

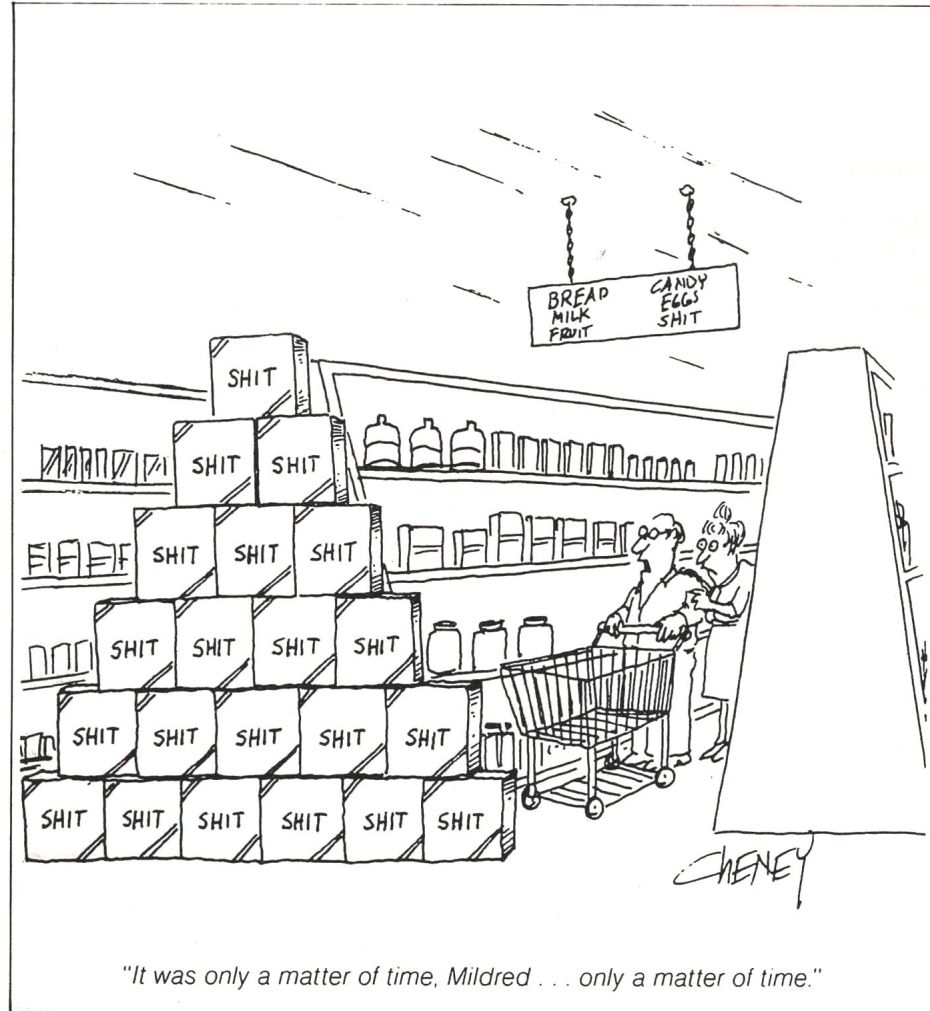
Spiers' living quarters are grim. He exists, rather than lives, from one day to the next. His cell is no more than a few metres square, with a tattered straw mattress at one end and a deep hole set in the concrete at the other. Within those boundaries, Spiers eats, sleeps, washes, dresses and takes care of bodily necessities. He was so concerned that the very sight of his private hell might upset his mother that he urged Australian consul Wayne Armitage to plead with prison authorities to allow his three allotted meetings with his mother and daughter to be held in an office inside the jail complex. The request was granted.

Spiers appeared at the first meeting dressed in a white kaftan with a lace-up shirt and with a near-shaven head, still showing the lingering sores left by a recent attack of scabies. The family didn't talk about drugs, or the missing seven years in their lives. They talked about pleasant family things and Spiers told how the guards and other inmates were in awe of him, regarding him as something of a curiosity and calling him the "Australian Tarzan" because of his impressive, powerful physique — the result of his incredible mental strength in the midst of such depressing surroundings and a rigorous exercise regime which includes volleyball twice a day.

While the death sentence is still on the books, it has not been carried out for the past nine years in Sri Lanka — the past seven years because of the devout Buddhist beliefs of the President, Junius Jayawardene, and in the two years prior to that because, simply, no-one was condemned to death. (Buddhism forbids the taking of life.)

Spiers is hoping to win his appeal, thus commuting his sentence to life imprisonment, which in Sri Lanka means 20 years. The time spent in jail between his conviction and the appeal court's decision doesn't count, so there's no backdating of the sentence. With maximum remissions for good behavior, Spiers could end up serving 13 years in various prisons throughout the island. But his best bet, and

Continued on page 144



"It was only a matter of time, Mildred . . . only a matter of time."



Is Jeff Fenech
the fittest athlete in the world?

FIGHTING FIT

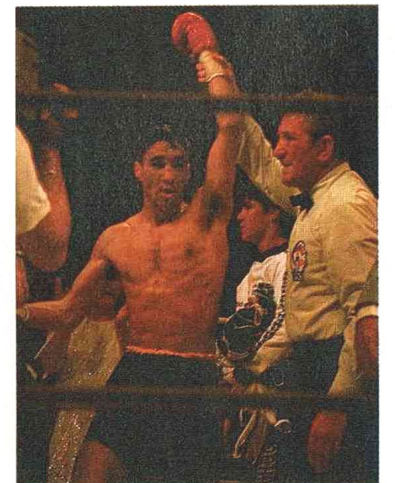
BY GREG HUNTER

"He is one of the most admired people in Australia. Yet he has discovered no cure for cancer, has formulated no ideological political thesis, has organised no campaign to end starvation and has made no heroic rescue of lives. He is good at bashing people up. That is all he is really good at." — Grantlee Kieza,

journalist and Fenech's chief second.

That's the truth about Jeff Fenech. But can there be no redemption for a one-time sadistic street brawler who kicked other kids' heads in when there was nothing on TV? Is it not sufficient for Jeff Fenech to turn his back on all that senseless rage and transform himself into an inspiration to hundreds of thousands of Australians? And what if — this is merely speculative — what if the world WBC super-bantam-weight titleholder, devoted friend of the underprivileged, campaigner against drug abuse and all-round all-Australian good bloke is fundamentally motivated by a desire to assuage the guilt accrued from a misspent youth? What more, he might want to ask, can one man do?

There's no need to ponder what psychic paradox gives rise to the hero worship Australians bestow on him. There is no mystery about it. Everyone who has seen him fight knows that Jeff Fenech's triumph is a triumph of the will, of that righteous *stuff* embodied in men like Tommy Raudonikis and John Sattler and Wayne Pearce and a host of others but in no-one so much as it is in Jeff Fenech.

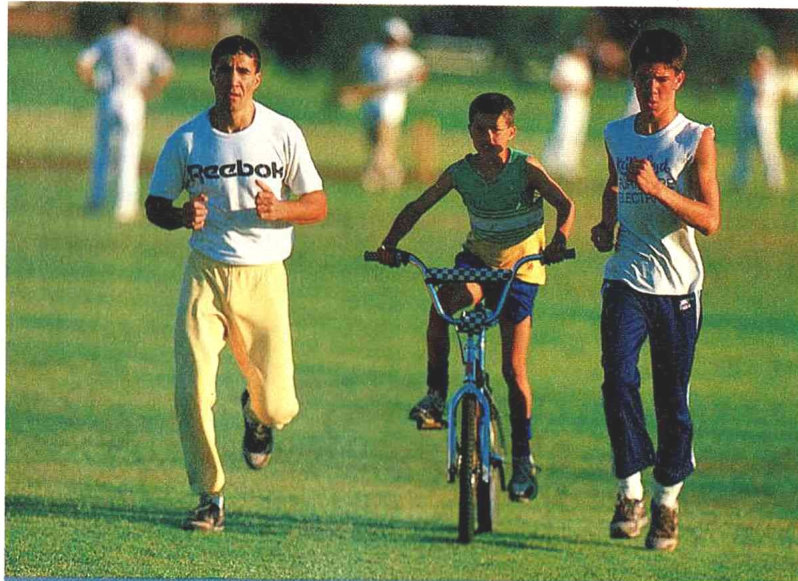


PHOTOGRAPHY BY GRAHAM MONRO/OZ SPORT/FUJI

Never a gifted boxer in the mould of an Ali or Leonard, and plagued by congenitally deformed hands and an inability to breathe through his broken nose, Fenech has surmounted those obstacles and achieved a level of stamina, inner strength and mental toughness comparable with and maybe even superior to that of any boxer in the world.

To scale such heights in any sport would be a significant achievement; to do so in boxing — the most punishing, the most demanding, the most primitive of all sports and the one to which all others ultimately aspire — is a feat that places Fenech at the pinnacle of Australian athletic accomplishment.

It could be that a new colloquialism will soon enter the lexicon: "As fit as Fenech." For a fighter who wears his origins in factory-class inner Sydney Newtown like a red badge of courage, there could be no more appropriate accolade.



Fenech eats and runs — always loyal to his sponsors Reebok and Durant Food Services.

"Boxers will know, as few of us can know of ourselves, what physical and psychic power they possess — of how much, or how little, they are capable." — Joyce Carol Oates, *On Boxing*

This story is about fitness, and especially the fitness of Jeff Fenech. But the word "fitness" conveys a mental, a physical, and in some sense a "spiritual" meaning. The simplest of subjects becomes complex.

Fenech's trainer John Lewis, asked whether his fighter is the fittest super-bantamweight in the world, responds: "I think he's the fittest athlete in the world. I really do. I'm not one to say that with a lot of authority. They tell me Geoff Hunt, the squash player, was extremely fit, and I don't know about him. But having worked with a lot of footballers and track and field athletes, I just can't think of anyone who could hold a candle to him."

"I'm confident that with Jeff's inner strength, we could win the Sydney-Melbourne marathon with no preparation at all. I just know that Jeff would be willing to go all day . . . and if there was someone in front of us near the finish, he would put everything into passing that bloke. Such is the fellow's inner drive that I believe he would do it. Honestly, tiredness is something that doesn't exist in him. He has broken the tiredness barrier."

Boxing trainers are much given to flights of hyperbole. It's part and parcel of all the combative arts. But Lewis, a quietly spoken and thoughtful man, doesn't appear to fit the mould of the motormouth mentor. His faith in Fenech is more than

just a faith in one man's extraordinary stamina, or even in his iron will. It's a faith that's bound up in mutual love: the kind of love that cannot exist between men outside the context of violent combat. This symbiotic relationship between trainer and fighter is far from unique, but in Fenech and Lewis it is an oath writ in blood: final, irrevocable.

cable.

"What I am really saying," says Lewis, "is that if someone was to call me a flip and say they had an athlete fitter than Jeff — well, if it came down to a challenge, he would never let me down. I know that our relationship is such that — well, for instance, when he fought Satoshi Shingaki for the IBF world bantamweight title, I was ridiculed beforehand. They said I'd rushed him, that he wasn't ready. On the night before the fight I told him: 'Tomorrow we're either going to be heroes or I'm going to be the biggest cunt in the world. But I don't think I'm asking you for anything you can't give me.' And he just said: 'John, I wouldn't let you down. We'll win it.'"

In April 1985, just 196 days after turning pro (a world record), Fenech knocked out Shingaki in nine rounds to become the world champion.

"You always think you're going to win," Jack Dempsey observed in his old age, "otherwise you couldn't fight at all." There is no serious boxer who does not bring to the ring an intense belief in his own ability to overcome the power, the will, the spirit of his opponent. All are supremely fit — in a way that most other athletes would find hard to comprehend — and all are fuelled by a ravenous inner fire. And yet Jeff Fenech seems to have so much more of this righteous stuff than anyone he has fought that he can make some opponents look, by contrast, almost disinterested in the outcome.

How can this be? "I think it's an act of God," says Lewis. "Maybe it's not a nice word, but I've often referred to Jeff as a

freak. I think that's what he is."

That which is 'public' is but the final stage in a protracted, arduous, gruelling, and frequently despairing period of preparation. — Joyce Carol Oates, *On Boxing*

On June 6, 1986, two weeks before his scheduled world bantamweight title defence against American Steve McCrory, Fenech was 13 pounds over the 8.6 weight limit. He needed to do a hell of a lot of pad punching — the staple training of all fighters. But when he pulled his left hand out of the glove after an hour-long session, John Lewis couldn't believe what he saw. The knuckle on Fenech's deformed index finger had swollen to the size of a golf ball. Lewis immediately rang promoter Bill Mordey and cancelled the fight. "Jeff put a glove on the next day and started hitting the bag just to show it didn't hurt — but it must have been agony."

The Fenech camp got a four-week deferment, but the fighter could punch nothing harder than thin air; he would have to starve himself. Counting down to fight time, with Fenech still 13 pounds too big, boxer and trainer went to a health farm specialising in fasting diets. Mostly it was carrot juice and chlorophyll. For dinner there would be some lettuce and bean shoots. Lewis tried to maintain the diet himself in sympathy, but was practically too weak to get out of bed on the third morning. Fenech ran and shadow sparred and skipped and ran and shadow sparred and skipped, always in heavy sweatgear, for a week. Still unable to hit the heavy bag, he finally started punching the pads, ignoring the intense pain.

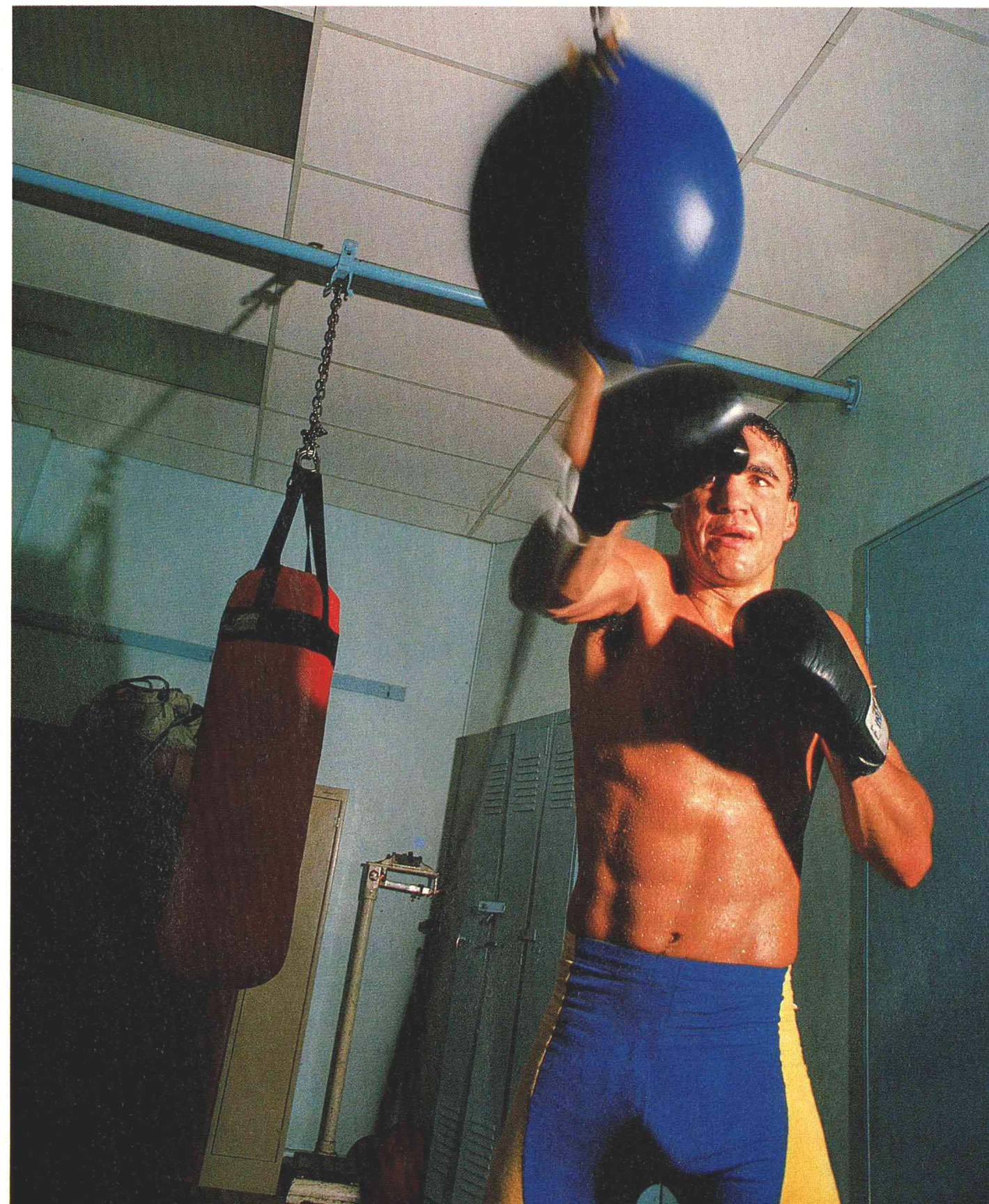
Before the final pre-fight training session he was still six pounds overweight. He worked like a man possessed, but could lose only two more pounds. There was simply no more weight to shed. As a bantamweight, Fenech was finished. Lewis told him he'd have to relinquish the world title on the scales.

"At first I thought, beauty, I don't have to kill myself anymore," Fenech recalls. "It was the easy way out. I could go out and win the fight, still get the same purse, but lose the title. I went home that night and thought about it and realised I couldn't do it. I had to keep my title."

At 5 o'clock on the morning of the fight, Lewis received a phone call. "I've made the weight," Fenech told him.

"What do you mean, you've made the weight?"

"I promise you I've made it. Come over to my place and I'll show you."



Round 11 of a scheduled 15-round training session. Fenech hammers the floor-to-ceiling ball, a routine which sharpens reflexes and hand speed. He never misses.



An emotional moment for an unlikely partnership: Jeff Fenech, world champion, and Con, his retarded "mascot" and constant companion, embrace another victory. Who can say which of them is the proudest Australian?

And there was the champ, standing in his tiny bedroom, his dehydrated body inside four tracksuits and a plastic raincoat, absorbing the heat from four radiators while he shadow sparred a few more rounds, just to make sure. He'd been running round and round the streets of Erskineville since long before dawn. He had skipped in front of the heaters until his clothes weighed more than he did. He hardly had the strength to tie his shoelaces, but he'd made the weight.

Lewis never let on how worried he was before that fight. The public pronouncements followed the standard chest-thumping line. But he knew that Fenech had shed almost nine pounds in three days. And he knew that just four months earlier, world WBA bantamweight champion Richie Sandoval, one of the great modern fighters, had been battered to within an inch of his life after losing ten pounds in ten days.

And yet, as the fight wore on, Fenech seemed to grow stronger and stronger. Each time he threw that left hand it was as hurtful to him as it was to McCrory. Sometimes it was just intense pain; other times it would send a savage electric shock all the way up his arm. But he didn't stop throwing it until the 14th round, when McCrory was so badly battered the referee called an end. Five minutes later, Fenech allowed himself the luxury of tears. Not tears of joy or relief; it was simply the agony of a hand reduced to a mess of crushed and twisted ligaments.

The Fenech-McCrory fight belongs in Australian folklore. "I couldn't think of anyone else in the world who could have thrown that hand the way he did for 14 rounds to win that fight," says Lewis. "When you consider what he went through to even get in the ring, it was to me the greatest feat of all time. I can't think of anything to compare with it."

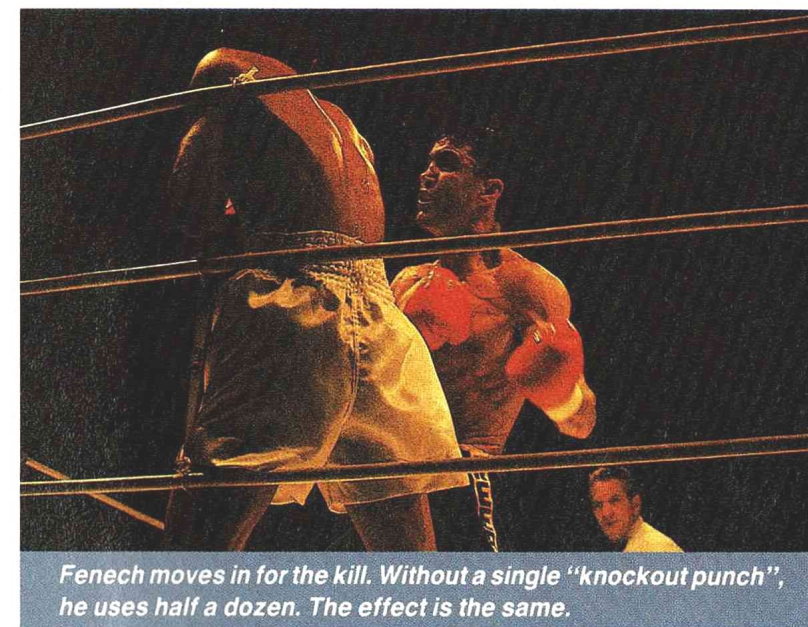
"I don't get tired at all. I've never really felt tired after any fight. I'm sure I could box 50 rounds if I had to. Mainly it's your inner self, your mental attitude." — Jeff Fenech

How does anyone get to be as fit as Fenech?

To begin with, you would have to have been hyperactive since birth. As a kid Fenech would be down at the park every night, hours after every other kid was tucked in bed, kicking footballs and diving over imaginary trylines until he was legless. Even now, he finds it hard to sit still for more than five minutes. When he eats at a restaurant, the meal takes ten minutes and then he's up. He drives like a lunatic.

And so for Jeff Fenech the training

regime is fun, not work. He rises at 5.30 each morning, does a few light stretches and goes for a run with a couple of mates: five or six or possibly seven kilometres in quick time. He'll cover five kilometres in 16 minutes when near peak fitness. "After that we'll do a little circuit, running up a hill forwards, backwards, forwards, back-



Fenech moves in for the kill. Without a single "knockout punch", he uses half a dozen. The effect is the same.

wards, then a few laps of the oval, then on to the field for a few sprints, 400s, and finally some stretching. The whole thing, from the time I start the run, takes 45 minutes at the most." Easy. But the secret is this: Fenech will put everything he's got into every one of those 45 minutes. He will hold back nothing. Short, sharp, and absolutely intense: for Fenech there is no other way.

Every afternoon the champ can hardly wait to get to the gym in the heart of his territory at Newtown Police Boys Club. He arrives at around 3.30, his faithful retarded sidekick Con in tow. He straps on the bandages, jumps into the ring and begins to shadow spar, throwing short, sharp jabs, occasionally cracking a joke with Con or exhorting another fighter (there are 15 others in the gym) to push it harder. His intensity builds up over the five three-minute "rounds"; there are supposed to be 30-second breaks between rounds but Fenech never really stops at all. By the end of the fifth he's flailing at the air as if surrounded by imaginary demons.

Then, immediately, John Lewis straps on the punch pads and Fenech begins to throw combinations into them as Lewis cruises around the ring. Left-left; then left-right-right, then left-right-left-right, building up to six-punch combinations with every one delivered at maximum force, the thwack-thwack-thwack resounding around the walls as Lewis winks at Con to signal 30 seconds left in the round and Con suddenly becomes overcome with excitement and seems to go into a sort of fit, gnawing at his knuckles and bobbing his head up and down and stamping the floor

as he screams the words he's learned by rote: "30 to go Champ Let's go Let's go 15 to go Champ Come on Jeff" and the fighter, visibly affected, cranks up the pace even more until he looks like a madman trying to punch his way out of purgatory.

After five rounds it's straight to the floor-to-ceiling ball for another three rounds — still no let-up in the pace — and then straight into 10 minutes of fast skipping non-stop, followed by 120 sit-ups on the slant board with a medicine ball, a couple of stretches and that's it. The whole thing is usually over in an hour, 90 minutes at the most. The routine has never varied substantially since Fenech first walked into the place six years ago. He just does it better now. So well, and so hard, that he will throw as many punches and expend as much energy in that one hour as the average fighter would do in three, maybe even four.

Fenech is a very big super-bantamweight. He has to watch his diet most of the time. Usually it's steamed vegetables or boiled rice with a small amount of lean meat or seafood and plenty of fresh fruit: basically a low-fat, complex carbohydrate regime. He drinks no tea or coffee. In the last year or so he has allowed himself the odd beer, but never in the weeks preceding a fight.

Right now Fenech has a job to do on Mexican Carlos Zarate — a title defence that will be over before this goes to press. He's still on three meals a day but will gradually taper down to one. He will slowly work up to eight rounds of shadow sparring and eight of punching the pads, then ease back to four or three, then climb again, then ease again in the days before the fight. On alternate days he will spar up to 15 rounds with five different fighters working in turn so his opponents are always fresh. Some will be three and even four stone heavier than Fenech, and they won't be pulling any punches. This is an extremely tough regime — "Sometimes it feels like you're being hit by a sledgehammer" — and one which most boxers could not and would not endure. But boxing is more about being hit than hitting, and the ability to take a punch is a fighter's greatest attribute. Fenech has never been knocked off his feet.

The philosophy behind the Fenech regime is that a sportsman can reach a peak only once, and if he's a boxer he'd better do it at nine o'clock on the night of the fight. Overtraining nullifies all the good work; the fighter becomes stale.

"It's all in the way you train, not how much you train," says Fenech. "People think I do 1000 sit-ups a day to get my

stomach to look like this. You don't need that. What you need is to tone your body the right way, eat the right food, do the right thing, and get plenty of sleep. See, a lot of blokes fight just to say they're fighters; they go out and drink and smoke straight after a bout, maybe have a beer a couple of days before a bout — they're just the part-timers. If you're going to be a fighter you just *have* to do it properly. This is not a good sport to be in if you lose. If you do the wrong thing it's going to backfire on you. Something's going to go wrong, something's going to stop turning over, and you'll wonder what it is. But if you do everything right you know your mind's right, and everything stems from your mind.

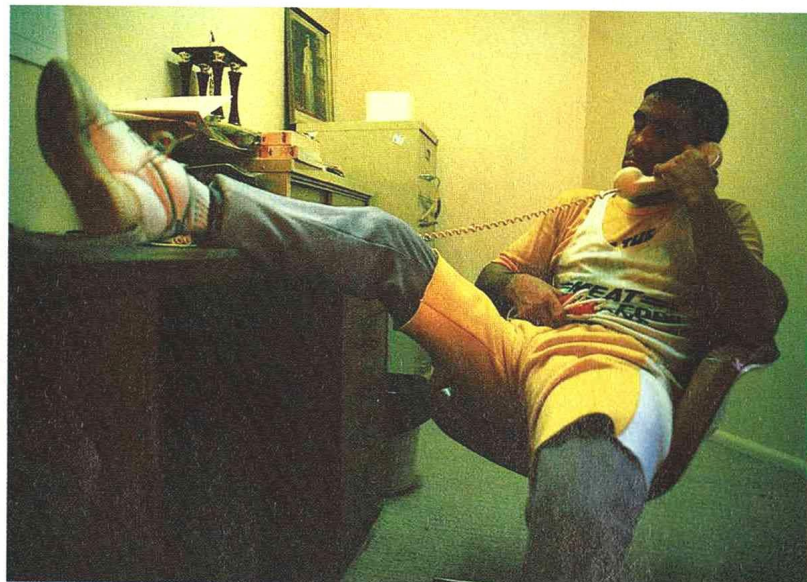
"I run my whole life through my mind, and I don't rely on anything. I take vitamins because of all the dieting I do, but I would never say to anyone: 'You must take this vitamin' because if you forget it one day your mind will tell you you've forgotten it and something's wrong. It's no good to let anything run your life."

For a boxer, though, it's not always possible to treat the body with kid gloves. For one thing, you've got to make the weight. Laxatives are part of the fighter's pharmacopoeia. Many times Fenech has had to train through the stench of his own shit. Sometimes he looks so weak from massive weight loss it's hard to believe he can put so much effort into his gym work. Again, it's mental toughness. "I've taken things," he says, "that people say would nearly kill them. Like tablets that make you lose weight. You see other guys take them and they look like death warmed up. They can't train, can't fight, and when they lose it's always because of that or some other thing they did or didn't do. But I'm lucky — I've always been able to switch off and forget about it, and do what I've got to do."

In the past year Fenech has also come to understand that mental toughness needs to be balanced; he has learned to be a bit kinder to himself. "In the first four and a half years I was the perfect athlete: never touched a drink, never did anything, just lived to train." The mental pressure built up and there were countless fights with the fiancée. Now, the champ occasionally cuts loose and has a drink with the boys. "I kind of feel if you do it properly you can still survive. If I thought it was affecting me I wouldn't do it at all. But I do it the right way. I've got a burning ambition to become the first fighter to win four world titles. But if by any chance I don't do it, I know I'll have given it my best shot. I don't think about

losing, but if I did I'd retire. I wouldn't want to come back and avenge my defeat because I already know I've done everything right and I gave it my best."

Becoming the world champion hasn't taken the edge off Fenech's maniacal will to win. Far from it. He has tasted success, he likes everything about it, and he's doing



Fenech almost motionless — a rare sight during waking hours.

everything possible to maintain it. As John Lewis says: "Jeff's been able to reach out that extra inch, when the going got really tough — to reach out and grab what was there, even though it hurt him."

Fenech puts it differently: "You don't give anybody a chance. Not the slightest chance."

"I wanna thank all youse Australians for supporting me. I couldn't have done it without youse. I love youse all. I wanna thank my trainer Johnny Lewis — the best trainer in the world — and my friend Con and all my friends down at Newtown Police Boys. I love youse all." — Jeff Fenech

The familiar victory cry encapsulates an image that some Australians, at least, have found a bit hard to swallow. Was this little Aussie battler with the heart of gold not the same man who as a juvenile delinquent had done so much harm to so many people, and whose face in those very public moments in the ring betrayed nothing so much as a homicidal hatred for his opponents? Was it possible that the boxer's much-publicised affection for those other battlers who'd helped him to the top and for whom he now claimed to be fighting — underscored so graphically by the bemused, shambling figure of the retarded mascot Con — was nothing more than a shameful and cynical public relations exercise?

What you need to understand about Fenech is that there is not an artificial bone in his body. If he has one characteristic that dwarfs all others, it is his *extreme* loyalty. Not unlike many other children of migrant families, he has embraced what he im-

agines to be the very essence of true blue *Australianness* with religious fervor. His determination to bash his opponents senseless is probably exceeded only by his determination to remain unaffected by his success, to remain one of the boys. He adheres rigidly to the maxim: "The day you forget the people who helped you is the day they forget you." It is difficult to imagine him behaving otherwise, because he is not a normal person. He is, in every sense of the word, a fanatic.

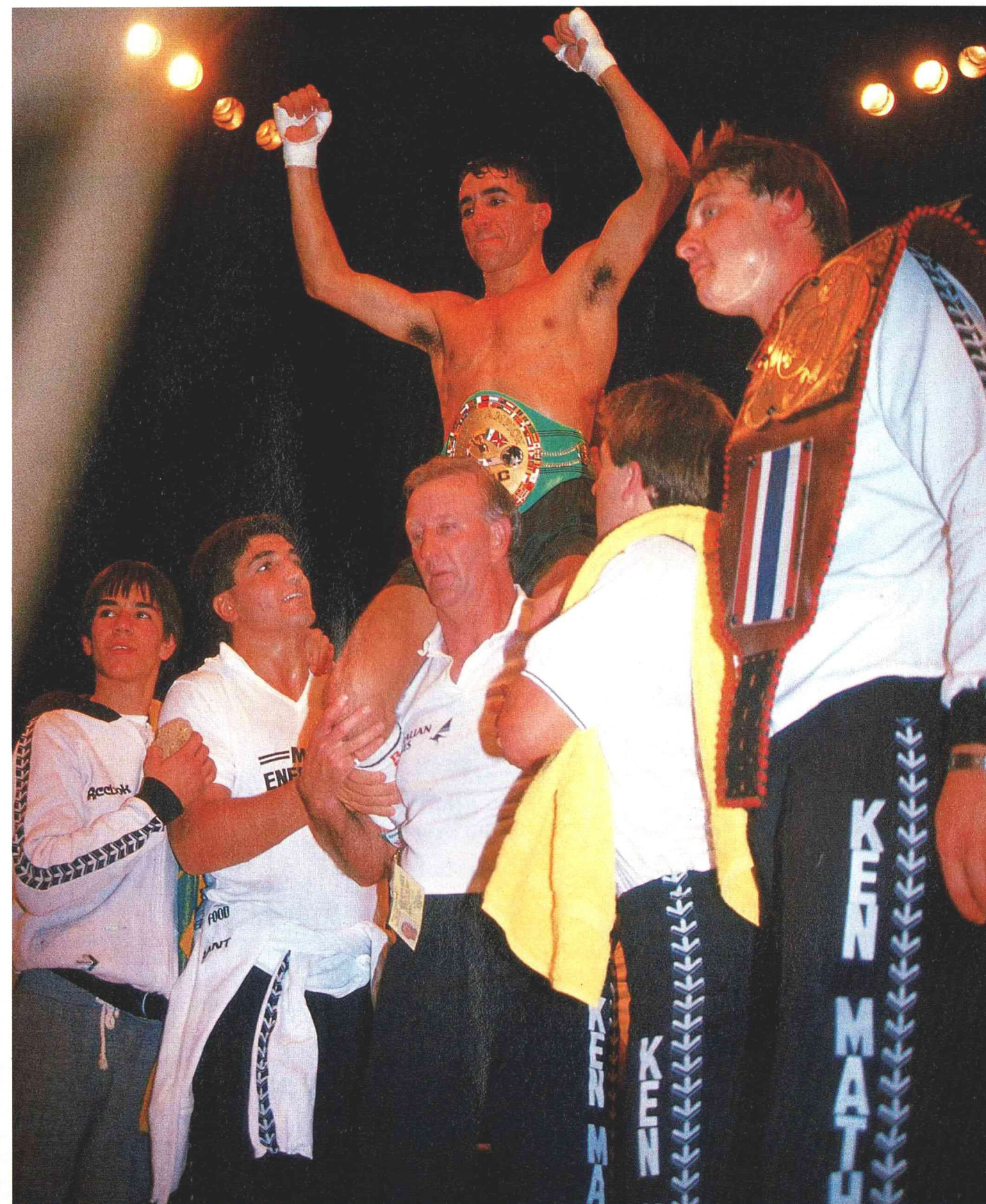
Fanaticism usually has two facets: love and hate. The hatred has always been publically expressed in the ring, and Fenech's darker side sometimes emerges outside it. He was barred from a local touch football competition for attacking a referee. Such is his desire to overcome any opposition that people in his own team run for cover when they drop the ball. He is prepared, stupidly, to risk his million-dollar fists in bar-room brawls to defend

his honor. He is not a man to be crossed.

Yet there is nothing he will not do for the people he loves. And when he talks about his love — for John Lewis and Con and the boys at the gym and everyone else who's supported him through tough times — the emotion is as real and palpable as his world championship belt. Con follows him just about everywhere he goes. When Con soils his pants, Fenech cleans it up for him. Is there a world champion anywhere who behaves like this?

When the South Sydney rugby league team, to which Fenech is fanatically attached, faced Balmain in the minor preliminary semi-final this year, the fighter was asked to give a motivational speech on the eve of the match. He spoke to them not about determination and will to win and courage and heart. He talked about love. "I told them their biggest asset was their love for each other, and for their trainer, and for the reserves on the bench. I told them I knew they would die for each other, and that was all they needed." Us and Them: that's the way it is.

It's possible that when this story goes to print Jeff Fenech will no longer be the WBC superbantamweight champion of the world. His opponent on October 16, Carlos Zarate, has one of the best records in modern boxing. Fenech admits he will have to struggle harder to make the 8.10 limit than ever before. But he will make it, and he will carry into the ring with him as much *fitness* — mental, physical and spiritual — as one human being can muster. He will erect his brick wall of fitness in front of Zarate and challenge him to punch through it. I doubt there is anyone who can. 



A victory salute from the shoulders of trainer Johnny Lewis. Fenech always shares his time in the limelight with close friends, among them South Sydney League footballer Mario Fenech, on Lewis' right.



WORK HARD, PLAY HARD

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HANK LONDONER

"Being in Penthouse," says mouth-watering 20-year-old Lisa Bradford, "is both a challenge and a privilege. It's a challenge to look and be my best, physically and sexually, and a privilege because I know I've been acknowledged in a magazine renowned for its beautiful women."



Lisa describes herself as "married in the heart" to her boyfriend, a real estate investor. "I'm basically the faithful sort," she says. "I believe God put one man and one woman here for everyone. I just wish we all wore tags that let us know who's who at a glance. Life is meant to be shared with the right person."

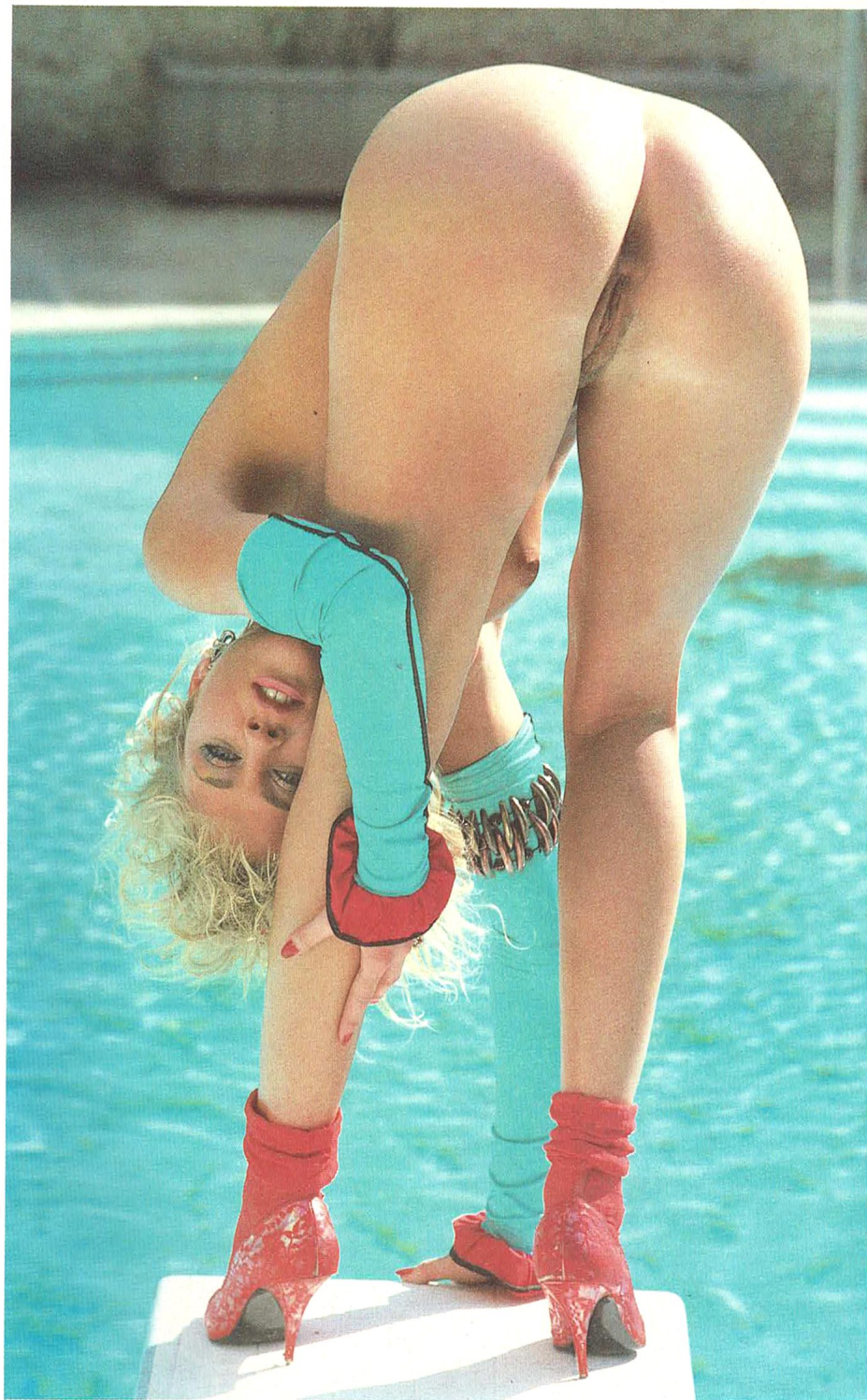






Lisa also dabbles in real estate. "I love working hard for what I want out of life," she states. "If I had more free time, I'd simply work harder."





Pet hates? "I hate being rushed during a good meal, and hate being woken from a sound sleep. I hate hypocrites. And I hate it when I'm not getting enough sex . . ."





PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

“We have a chance now of saving a wonderful nation, a wonderful piece of country with most of the world destroyed”

JOHN WILLIAMSON

BY DAVID HALPIN

John Williamson is the true blue, ridgy-didge, fair dinkum Aussie performer who has become the bush balladeer of the New Age of resurgent Australian nationalism. After 17 years singing his songs around Australia's cities and country towns, he believes we're at last starting to shed the cultural cringe which had local audiences listening to songs about Nashville instead of Wagga while we waited for Americans to acclaim our performers overseas before granting them any recognition in their own country.

Williamson, composer and singer of the "Buy Australia" anthem "True Blue", has become the leading voice in Australian country music. He won the 1986 Tamworth Festival award for best male vocalist, then won the same award in 1987, adding to it the Best Album award for *Mallee Boy*. *All The Best* also won a gold in 1987. By February, 1987 *Mallee Boy* had gone platinum (70,000 sales) and John was seen by industry pundits as heir apparent to the great Slim Dusty. Then last March, at the inaugural awards of the Australian Recording Industry Association, he won the Best Australian Country Record award, again for *Mallee Boy*. He also won his first "Mo" award in the Male Country Vocal category.

Until recently, country music has been dominated either by Slim Dusty or by Australians mimicking the Americans. Many Australians, especially those in the cities, couldn't identify with either approach and tended to write off the

PHOTO BY NICK BROKENSHA

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genre. But Williamson's songs have allowed city audiences to relate to his obvious love for Australia and its bush — songs about Uluru, songs about the soul of the Australian land, about our unique continent and what it offers to the world.

Williamson, now 42, has a strong Australian face with direct but warm brown eyes, a trim beard and a light baritone voice. Sitting on the sunny front verandah of his Eastwood (Sydney) Federation-style home, he impressed *Penthouse* interviewer David Halpin as a smaller, modern-day Ned Kelly, with that toughness behind the eyes of so many Australians with Irish blood in them. John doesn't wear a hat, nor perform in one, and the sun has creased the skin around his eyes. He speaks articulately of his life as "poet-philosopher", expressing the new spirit of Australian independence.

Halfway through the interview he shows off his "logo", a giant flag which he uses as a backdrop during performances. It carries the "Eureka" symbol, the "Federation Star", a kangaroo, and the Southern Cross — but no Union Jack, which he despises as a symbol of colonial attitudes. John sometimes takes his wife Mary-Kay on his country tours, while his 12 and 13-year-old daughters Ami and Georgie attend school. He is so deeply imbued with Australian beliefs that he drives a beautifully restored 1953 Holden sedan with the numberplate "Dinkum", while Mary-Kay uses the new 230-Series Mercedes Benz — which demonstrates that singing to Australians about Australia doesn't lead to the poorhouse.

John began singing at the age of nine, accompanying himself on the ukelele and bush harmonica. His father, an affluent wheat farmer from Quambatook in the Victorian Mallee country, taught him the guitar and he became interested in Australian folk music. In 1965, after the family moved to another farm at Croppa Creek, near Moree in north-western NSW, John sang and played guitar to locals at a restaurant in Moree. He was influenced by Rolf Harris and Roger Miller to write "Old Man Emu" in 1969 — his first attempt at songwriting. In 1970, he approached a Melbourne TV station with his song, and after winning the national *New Faces*, he signed with Fable Records and had a national Number One hit and a gold record.

Williamson teamed up with his current manager Phil Matthews in 1978, and a while later formed the country-rock band Crow for pub and club work. Then in 1981 he saw the film *Breaker Morant* and was inspired to write "The Breaker", still one of his most popular songs. In 1982, *True Blue* as an album was released and John began his one-man show at the Epping Hotel (Sydney) which led to his growing impact on Australian audiences, young and old, city and country.

In 1984, he co-wrote and recorded a song for the Australian film *Buddies*, starring Colin Friels. Then he recorded another live album, *The Smell Of Gum Leaves*, featuring "I'm Fair Dinkum", a song which caused some small controversy after a misunderstanding with the NSW Anti-Discrimination Board, which alleged it was racist.

Now John can boast seven albums of totally Australian songs: music which owes nothing to any other country, music which he hopes to sing for true blue Aussies for another 17 years. As one of his admirers wrote: "The man sings from a fair dinkum heart."

Penthouse: You have now been in the game more than 16 years. What has been the most important part of your career? When did you feel that you had made it?

Williamson: For 17 years last June. "Old Man Emu" was released in June, 1970. Ah,

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The average
Aussie doesn't
really live in the
bush even if
he is out
there

of course "Old Man Emu" was a hell of a kick. I mean it has still been useful to me, I still use it sometimes in a show, because kids are still coming along who have never heard it before. The other stepping stone after that was the TV show called *Traveling Out West*, which went out from Newcastle. It was at that stage I decided I'll promote myself as a country artist. After all I was born in the country and I didn't have many songs of my own so I was performing all American stuff on the TV show because we had to sing three songs every week.

Penthouse: Using mostly songs from Nashville?

Williamson: Yeah. I was into Roger Miller. I was very much Roger Miller, Tom T. Hall, and so on. At that stage I couldn't really see... I didn't really understand what Slim Dusty and Chad Morgan and Stan Coster's songs meant — you know, to me at that stage they sang hillbilly. I guess I just didn't really understand what they were, what they were doing. They are our modern-day Banjo Patersons, they were describing the life in Australia that they knew — the horses, right up to nowadays with the truck

drivers and stuff — I mean a truck driver today is a modern drover after all, and they were carrying on that tradition of the bush. Because in my generation we tend to be coastal dwellers as much as anything else, I suppose what I have tended to do is bring (now that I have lived in the city for 17 years too) the music more to the city while my heart is still in the country.

Penthouse: Are you critical of what Chad Morgan and similar people were doing?

Williamson: No, I was never critical. I always respected them, but I just didn't really understand what they had done for Australia. Now I believe if it wasn't for those characters carrying the thing through from Banjo Paterson, there would have been a huge gap that I may have never been able to join, so there really is a link there between Banjo Paterson, Slim Dusty, Stan Coster and myself.

Penthouse: Do you feel that when you sing in the country you are trying to take something of what urban Australia means out to the country, and vice versa?

Williamson: I am not consciously doing that really. I have discovered that whether it's country or city, the average Aussie is very much the same no matter where you go and the average Aussie doesn't really live in the bush even if he is out there. The average Aussie lives in towns like Moree and Muswellbrook and Ballarat, you know, or Rockhampton.

Penthouse: He is not really experienced in the isolation of the bush?

Williamson: I mean these towns are all starting to look the same now, especially when you go from Melbourne right up to Cairns. They've all got their shopping malls now and they are all really copying one another.

Penthouse: So that's still a difference between city and country people — the country people are trying to emulate what their suburban city cousins have, and probably vice versa?

Williamson: Yes. There are a lot of people in the city trying to be bushies. You know, you see them driving around in their four-wheel-drives. But the real bushmen are out there as well. Probably if you want to see the real bushmen you have got to go to the shearing sheds and perhaps the little dying towns where the little isolated hotels and things like that are. One of the great things about touring in the outback — there are still those sort of places, but I don't think they are going to be there for much longer.

Penthouse: Which ones are left?

Williamson: You have to go as far as Goondiwindi for a start and then — well, that's in Queensland. West of Moree — you have to go that far out really, I think.

Penthouse: Still picking up material as you go through these places?

Williamson: Sure. But I don't get that much time to do that. The last time I went through the Centre, through Alice Springs, I wrote virtually a whole album in places like

Coober Pedy. That's a good town. They think they're commercialised but there's no way they are. They're still very much a lean-to place.

Penthouse: Do you take a four-wheel drive to get around in the outback? How large is the group?

Williamson: Nowadays the entourage, if you can call them that, is two four-wheel-drives and an F-100 that carries the gear and pulls the trailer, so it has got to that stage where we have to take three vehicles. We don't sleep in caravans or anything like that anymore. I'm a modern day performer. I'm lucky. Slim and his contemporaries, in their development stages, had to go by caravan and along a lot of rough roads. Now the road even through Coober Pedy is bitumen since I was there last. You can go virtually all around Australia now on bitumen, which means we can cover a lot more territory and get to a lot more people in less time. Touring on the road — I've been doing it for 17 years, but it really is only since the one-man shows developed, and since I've become mature and think as an Australian, that I've realised what I have got is just as interesting as what an American has got. Really the secret of my success in the last five years is me understanding myself. It's the one-man show. This is the first time my records have started to sell too.

Penthouse: So in the last five years you think of yourself as having come of age as a performer?

Williamson: Yes. I really started again when I went into the Epping Hotel. That was the first one. I had already been doing the pubs with a band and I had got over that terrible trauma of performing in a pub because they're a lot noisier. So I had that challenge of bringing my music to this sort of audience. I wanted to make them listen. Throughout my whole career I've always felt there has got to be a market for Australian songs about Australian people with words about themselves, but it was the challenge to get them to listen to them, and to get over this image they have of Australian country singers wearing cowboy hats and sounding like Americans.

Penthouse: So in a sense you are tapping into Australians who are coming out of the closet to recognise their own Australianness, recognise we have something unique here in Australia. When do you think the cultural cringe started to die away after all this conditioning via American material on TV and radio?

Williamson: I think that probably because of sport, Australians have found it hard to be proud of themselves when it comes to art, which is crazy. It's been a combination of the first few movies to be successful overseas — whether it was *Breaker Morant*... or, probably the first thing with Australians being successful overseas was Olivia Newton-John, even though to me she wasn't successful as an Australian — her music wasn't Australian, but *she* was.

Peter Allen: the same thing again, and he was throwing the odd Australian song in there which was probably the beginning. I don't think it has really come to be until people like Paul Hogan have gone over there, and even he's an exaggerated Australian. And then there was the Brisbane Games — that was a real catalyst — and then the America's Cup, but it's all still to do with Australians wanting overseas people to tell us we're good before we'll believe it ourselves.

Penthouse: Do we still need that overseas applause? Do we need to have the Americans like *Crocodile Dundee* before we'll embrace it?

Williamson: That's right. We have to be told that. Americans have better taste than we have, or Americans are more important than we are. The main reason for most artists to go overseas is to make more money because there is a bigger market, but it shouldn't mean we need that overseas approval before Australians like it.

Penthouse: Which other performers, if there are any, do you recognise as having the same attitude towards the new nationalistic Australia? Do you regard Hogan as important in this?

Williamson: Definitely, yeah. I think — and I think Paul probably admits himself — he is exaggerated, he is a caricature of himself, whereas I really don't think I am. I think it's time Australians were Australian without going overboard about it. Americans don't.

Penthouse: Which other Australians have preceded you in trying to sell this new Australian attitude? Les Darcy, perhaps? Can you go that far back?

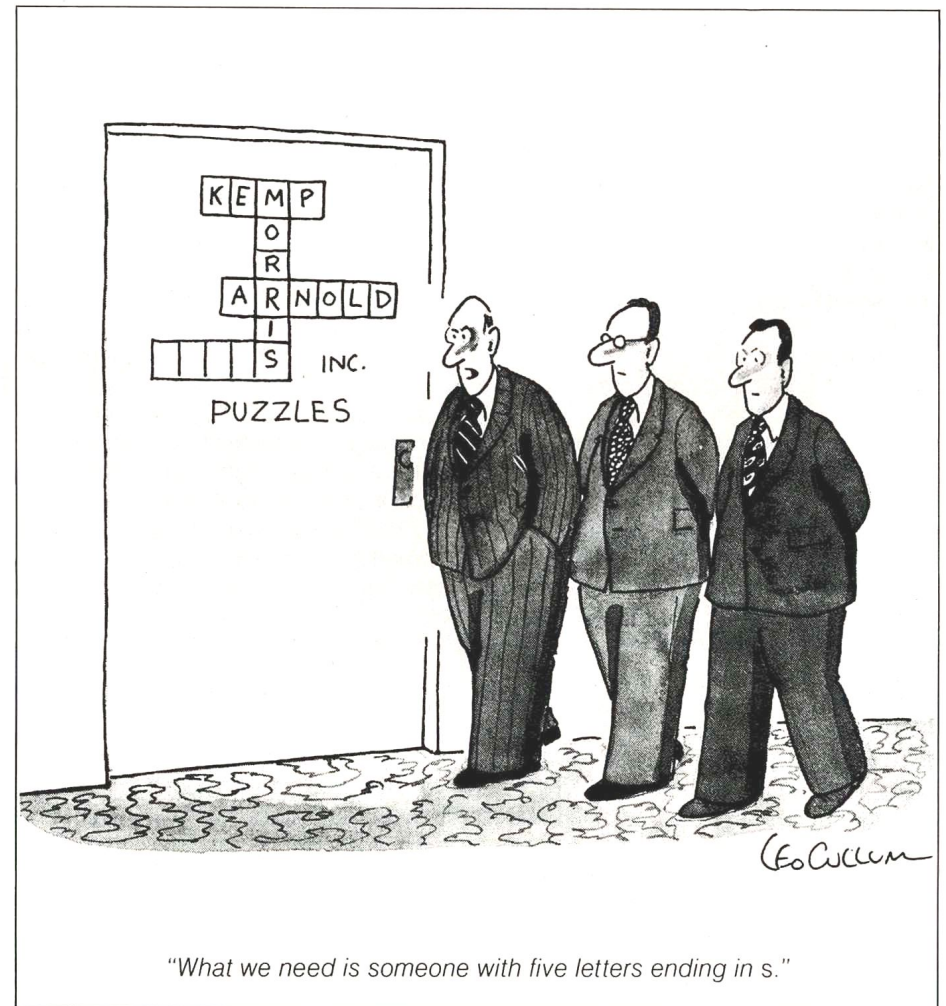
Williamson: I don't know if he did it consciously. I think in those days it was such a big thing for anyone to go overseas. I think Jeff Fenech has got the feeling. I mean he's first generation Australian. It's amazing how quickly he has cottoned on to this being proud of Australia. He obviously feels that he can see it in the spirit of "Advance Australia Fair", or whatever he conjures up before he fights, and he fights for Australia.

Penthouse: Which other Australians do you look at? Someone in the arts, perhaps?

Williamson: Well, Sidney Nolan, not just because of his Ned Kelly paintings. I think he unashamedly captured the colors and everything. Who else is there? Pro Hart. Albert Namatjira. He is obviously a legend, one who showed us what we couldn't see. He saw the colors that we didn't really see, and now, all of a sudden, as I say in one of my songs, you can go out to the outback and see those colors, whereas once it might have been seen as just dry and unpicturesque. It seems to me the more I love Australia the more I get into it, the more Aboriginal I become.

Penthouse: What about Peter Allen when he calls Australia home?

Williamson: Yeah, well I think that's a bit of a joke. I mean if his heart really is here I



"What we need is someone with five letters ending in s."

INTERVIEW

don't know how he could not live here. I mean there is no way I could imagine living anywhere else, not for more than a few months anyway. The more I read about the Aboriginal allegiance with the Dreamtime and the rest of it, the more it makes sense to me because they were here for 40,000 years and you can understand how much that feeling has grown on them, and it's part of them. They feel as much a part of this land as a gum tree does. I feel that way myself. The shape of a gum leaf, the sound of the currawongs that you can hear, the gum nuts — all these things . . .

Penthouse: Do you think in the last few years with this growing Australian nationalism there is also a better understanding of the Aboriginal culture — that more ordinary Australians are interested? Or are we too inherently racist?

Williamson: We are inherently racist, I think, yeah, but that's not necessarily our fault. What we have got to do is to see that and understand it and realise that sort of thing, and come through it. The more we love Australia itself the more we will understand the Aborigine, and that's probably the key, rather than us trying to understand Aborigines for being Aborigines. It would be better if we saw just how beautiful Australia is. We have got a chance now of saving a wonderful nation, a wonderful piece of country with most of the world already destroyed; we as a young country have got the advantage now of starting new things and even being more peaceful. I can't understand really how the Asians didn't get here before we did. So it seems to me that it's destiny that we've been given the chance to do this. There's no point in looking back and saying, well, we did this to the Aborigines and we did that, 200 years ago. The convicts were treated more severely than the Aborigines in most cases.

Penthouse: So you think there's no ground for an Aboriginal protest at the bicentenary?

Williamson: There's grounds for protest if all we do is show the colonial thing. I think the Aboriginal thing should be part of it, but I don't think there is any excuse for protests setting out to destroy '88. I think the protest should be constructive.

Penthouse: What about the Aboriginal perception that the whites are invaders, occupying forces in their country?

Williamson: Okay, that's true, but I mean there is no point belly-aching too much about it because that's the way it is, and nothing is going to change that, so I think a lot of the wise Aborigines do realise that. The racism in the bush is more of a social thing than an anti-black thing. They don't understand the Aboriginal culture. In a lot of cases in towns, the poorer whites are worse off than the blacks because of the hand-outs. That obviously causes friction.

Penthouse: What do you think about the reliance on tourism as a big income booster for Australia? Are you worried the tourist influx will make a bit of a Disneyland of our country?

Williamson: Yeah, but there are good and bad things about the tourist industry. Primarily the good things are that it may be the savior of our environment and our forests, because unfortunately a big percentage of the world and Australians see things through monetary values. If by tourism we see more value in saving the things we have got — let's face it, the reason Australia is so different is because of its environment. It's a natural kind of place, a new frontier for Americans. If tourism can make governments and even local councils more conscious of what they have got to show the overseas people, they might start replanting. I mean, they might look at their town and say: "Gee, we've got nothing but English cypress trees up the

“
I feel hostile
about the Eden wood-
chipping because the
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sacred
”

main road. Here we are bringing tourists out here to show them what a great land it is and we've got all their own trees here."

Penthouse: How do you feel about the Americans and their impact on our culture with their songs? Do you ever resent them as an Australian?

Williamson: It's not really the Americans' fault. I mean, it wouldn't have happened in Australia if Australians had more confidence in themselves during that period. The Americans have done a lot, obviously, to broaden music and they have livened things up that way. But I think America needs us more than we need them strategically and I think it's time the government realised that.

Penthouse: As far as foreign bases are concerned?

Williamson: All that, yeah. They hang it over us, that. It's like a protection racket. It's like an American colony to them — for instance, Shultz coming out before the last election to see Hawke.

Penthouse: What about the Japanese economic invasion, and things like wood chipping?

Williamson: That's the money men regard-

ing Australia as a piece of cake to be sliced up however they like. I feel hostile about the Eden woodchipping because the Japanese apparently hold their forests very sacred, but that's up to us and it's not really a Japanese fault if Australians let it happen. If anything happens, it's Australians' fault. If money rules the roost, it's our fault.

Penthouse: Do you think we'll need to change the flag in 1988?

Williamson: Oh, I would like to see it changed in '88, but the problem with a new flag is getting the majority of Australians to agree, to have more Australians agreeing to one new flag than there are who want the old one. Until that happens they're not going to change it. If 60 or 70 percent of Australians want a new flag, but only 20 percent agree on one design, that's going to hold us up because there's always going to be that 30 percent who like the old one, so when it comes to a referendum, we've got to have one flag that people agree on and that's going to take a long time.

Penthouse: Do you see yourself primarily as a bush balladeer?

Williamson: Yeah, a modern day balladeer, but today it involves city life as well. I have gone back to the ballads of our pioneers, tried to bring that lifestyle into the Eighties.

Penthouse: So you have tried to express the soul of Australians rather than singing about the *global village*, like so many other singers do?

Williamson: Definitely. But I think in the past a lot of writers who were aiming their music at an international market had tended to avoid using Australian terms, Australianisms, and Australian town names, whereas now I feel inspired by Australia itself so there's no way I would avoid it. I am writing for Australians and if it works anywhere else, great. Eventually it will because in America, especially, and in England they're finding Australia a fascinating place.

Penthouse: So you think there's nothing wrong about singing the name "Wagga" — that it shouldn't sound comic to us, but should be like "Nashville" to the Americans?

Williamson: That's right. It's something we're growing out of. It's been our complexes that have made us laugh at names like Dubbo and Wagga. To me Wagga Wagga sounds like a place of many crows, and why should that be funny? It is a lovely town, actually.

Penthouse: Why did you ever write a song in the first place?

Williamson: I was performing a long time before I considered that I could write a song. I started when I was nine and I was 23 when I wrote "Old Man Emu", which was the very first song I wrote. And that was because I was refreshed to hear "Tie Me Kangaroo Down."

Penthouse: If you're talking about kangaroos as a symbol, do you think we should

cull our 'roos and shoot them or perhaps farm them, as has been suggested?

Williamson: Some of the radical conservationists are a little bit silly about kangaroos. I mean, there has always been a big check on the numbers and if they reach numbers bigger than they ever were, and they are starting to destroy our environment — and in some cases I guess they are — then I guess they have to be culled. If you eat red meat, why not do as many other nations do? It's no sin to eat deer in Europe, so if we have to eat red meat why not eat kangaroo and help keep our environment the way it is instead of improving the pastures?

Penthouse: So it's no problem to you in destroying our national symbol?

Williamson: Well, the gum leaf is a national symbol too, but that doesn't necessarily mean you don't use hardwood. I think we can get too sentimental about it.

Penthouse: When did you last go to America?

Williamson: I have only been to America once and that was Canada and the States. I was only there for a month, way back in 1976. All that made me realise was that America is no more wonderful than here, and I found them hospitable people, very nice people, and they loved Australians back then — they loved my accent back in '76. But I never ever got the desire to go back and make a killing over there. It's been a bigger challenge, I think, to be ac-

cepted by Australians as an Australian because of this embarrassment we have had about ourselves. I had to get over that when I was listening to myself on tape. Even now I don't watch myself on television.

Penthouse: We are now coming out of that attitude?

Williamson: Yeah. And all Aussies are. And who cares that we are flavor of the month overseas? We've got to come out of regarding ourselves through the eyes of other people overseas. If I can only get that across to Australians, to help them feel the way I do about just being here, being part of Australia, driving through it and loving it, the country would really come out of itself and there would be no stopping it. I don't feel there is any stopping me because I have the feeling of the country behind me and the country itself, the dirt, the trees and — I can't explain. I try to explain in my songs, but to me it is still paradise here despite all the things that might be going wrong on the human level. It gives me so much strength and if all Aussies could feel that they would be different. We would have so much more optimism and surely optimism is really the seed of progress and a good future.

Penthouse: You aren't worried about the economic situation?

Williamson: Of course I am. But the best way out of it is to believe in ourselves. You can have all the subsidies and all the

grants and things towards our economy and exports, but none of it is going to happen if we don't believe in ourselves. As an ex-wheat farmer I have seen plenty of disappointments on the land — more disappointments than I could ever account for in this business. I think it's been a good background for me because nothing ever really disappoints me compared to working for 12 months and seeing the wheat crop go down in three days' frost. Australia is the land of the battler and we love battlers. Because of our background we have always been battlers.

I go down and observe the trees, and a gum tree is really like a big skeleton covered with a bit of skin, and it's only the skin that's growing. Living and dying, living and dying, and living all the time, but nevertheless it's a most magnificent thing to behold a big red gum.

Penthouse: Are you saying Australians should take something of your new vision of Australia and look at Australia through different eyes, as you have?

Williamson: My word. I think if all Australians felt about the land like I do, they would be more proud of everything they do. They would just be more proud of everything they produce and I think their attitudes towards other people and everything would be greater. It's one of the reasons why we may have been a bit racist or negative. It's because we really haven't come to terms with ourselves. ☐



"Off-road" takes on a literal meaning
in the Wynn's Safari

HARD ROAD

BY PETER McKAY

On the morning of the fourth day of the Wynn's Safari, organisers issued a notice to all competitors. It read: "Passing moves on Russian crews have apparently caused some problems due to language difficulty. All Lada Niva crews have been instructed to listen for the words 'Lada Niva — Give Me Way.' Please use this instruction exactly. No more, no less."

The written advice came one day after the television cameras graphically caught the Nissan Patrol of burly no-crap Griffith rice grower Les Siviour freckle-punching one of the Russian Ladas, shot on a narrow, dusty track somewhere between Eulo and Noccundra.

Giving a slower vehicle who refuses to move aside an old-fashioned Liberace shot is no big deal in rallying. In the days before radio transceivers, getting physical was often the only means of communication. The evidence was that the six Russian cars (reduced to four by day four) had been difficult to overtake. It may have been the language difficulty, or competitiveness — or sheer bloodymindedness. Anyway, Siviour's solution, though officially frowned upon, was quietly applauded by every other crew who'd been stonewalled by the Lada lads.

PHOTO COURTESY OF WHEELS



HARD ROAD

The travelling media tried desperately to turn Siviour's momentary act of aggression into an international incident. However, while Siviour conveniently made himself scarce at the overnight stop at Noccundra, his navigator, the very articulate Ian Glover, dismissed the biff with: "Hey, these things can happen in the blinding dust." And the Soviets confused everyone by responding to a TV interviewer in their native tongue.

No-one was much wiser.

A day or so later, Victorian Andrew Stott, who drives an intimidating four-wheel-drive V8 Holden Statesman in a spectacular and theatrical fashion, was the subject of allegations by another Russian crew. He too, it was claimed, had been guilty of Khyber-kicking, and Igor and Ivan (or was it Valery and Victor?) didn't much like being used for target practice.

Stott, tall and lean and with a moustache straight out of *The Three Musketeers*, said the Russkies had a set against him over an incident the previous year. "And they just will not get out of the way," he added.

The hint of more strife involving the Russians brought another terse notice from event director Bob Carpenter. Any safari vehicle found striking a rival competitor would be disqualified. Like a burr in a sleeping bag, controversy clung to the Russians for much of the nine-day, 6500-kilometre blast from Sydney to Darwin. As the event unfolded, the Lada crewmen generally did little to counter the archetypal Russian image: stern looks, short hair and giving the impression that enjoying the event was a crime against the state. They were not the funniest bunch of jokers to have around.

But they were wonderful curiosity value. The Australians played guessing games: which of the Russians was the KGB agent? Would one Niva lose itself near Alice Springs and somehow bob up at Pine Gap?

The Lada team PR image received a filip mid-event when one of the Ladas stopped to give assistance to a hurt bike rider. The Russians retraced their tyre marks for 10 kilometres to transport the battered biker to the care of medicos.

Two days from the finish, an Australian crew reported the navigators of two Ladas had contravened rules by swapping places. Earlier, other competitors had seen the driver and navigator of one Russian car come to blows. Perhaps the team assumed no-one would notice if warring crew members were separated. Ultimately the safari organisers let the matter slide. And so the remaining Russians and their little lunchbox-styled 1.6 litre Nivas struggled on, their endeavors to be rewarded with a class trophy to take home to Moscow.

As the latest event unfolded, it became obvious that the rate of attrition was not as

high as in previous years. Back in 1985, a mere 30 percent of the starters made it to Darwin. Many frighteningly naive entrants took part in the belief that the safari would be a wonderful outback adventure and not a savage test that would leave many professional drivers scattered all over the landscape.

The trans-Oz dash has not become any easier since. However there are fewer wide-eyed Wallys. The majority are old safari hands who, with the benefit of experience, are now better equipped to cope.

There were occasional oddball entries. South Australian John White took aim at the Top End with a very standard HT Kingswood that cost him all of \$200. Most pundits gave him one day . . . And back again for its third Wynn's was the old '70 model Citroen crewed by a trio of sun-tanned good-time boys from Queensland. Of the 70 autos that roared out of the Sydney Showground, 50 were classified as fin-

6
The Pajero
was launched
skywards at 160 km/h,
landing on its snout. It
mangled 30 metres of
wire fencing.

ishers. The motorcyclists did it tougher: 43 started and 18 finished.

A slender 28-year-old Victorian orchardist with Shirley Temple curls and a heart the size of Ayers Rock became the first motorcyclist to win the Wynn's outright. Steve Chapman first came to notice in the '85 Wynn's when he beat the Paris-Dakar king Gaston Rahier to Darwin. Now, after the latest win, Chapman (holder of a BSc and a maths and physics major) is arguably among the top handful of motorcycle marathon masters in the world.

Chapman's superhuman Wynn's assault was a self-funded effort. His post-event transport arrangements reflected a tight budget and a manic enthusiasm for bikes. After a couple of days rest in Darwin's sunshine, he fired up the Honda XR 600RG and rode it to Perth for a trials event. And after that, he headed east across the Nullarbor, still on the Honda . . .

Penthouse also made it to Darwin, though not with the awesome artistry nor verve of Chapman. Nor the speed. Nor, for that matter, the danger nor discomfort. Our vehicle was a new long-wheelbase Nissan Patrol, part of the biggest team in the

event, the eight-strong Ultimate Suspension quasi-factory squad. Phil Scott, motoring journalist and always reliable off-roader, split the driving and navigational chores with *Penthouse*. And West German Peter Steinmeyer, whose credentials include stints with BMW Motorsport and the Audi rally team, flew in to take care of the mechanicals.

The role of the team's two long-wheelbase Patrol wagons was to support the Nissan hares, six "shorties" (short wheelbase) Patrols. They ran as light as possible; we carried the spares and caught up to them at the overnight stops. Our heavily-laden beast of burden weighed in at close to three tonnes, making it very likely the topweight of the event. Neck-snapping acceleration was not a characteristic; however, it did have a reassuring indestructability.

Nissan's spearheads were the aforementioned Les Siviour with Harold Gill. The dependable Doug Ryan/Reg Owen, Rob Baulch, Bob Taylor and Ian Swan were steering the other four short-wheelbase Patrols. All, with the exception of rally man Ian Swan, were culled from the ranks of off-road racing.

The rival Nikon Mitsubishi team wasn't short on driving talent. Mitsubishi's Ross Dunkerton/Steve McKimmie in one turbo-charged lightweight Pajero. David and Kate Officer in another. And Doug Stewart/Fred Gocentas in the third. Three hot combos, three fast drivers with reputations to protect or enhance. And so all three went on the attack from the outset.

It was always in doubt whether the modestly modified Nissans could stay on the pace of the powerful Nikon Pajeros. The Mitsubishi proved to be lightning-quick on the smooth, open sections. The Nissans showed their mettle in the extremely rough stuff. And, unfortunately for the Nissans, there were plenty of quick stages . . .

The Mitsubishi, predictably, bolted to an immediate lead, with Nissan's Siviour and Gill hounding them. Then the Pajero squad proceeded to hit the self-destruct button. Second day pacesetters Mr and Mrs Officer went first, going belly up and rearranging the glass-fibre body panels.

Dunkerton/McKimmie, the manic jesters of Australian motor sport, and almost certainly the only safari competitors accompanied by their own full-sized blow-up doll (Selina), then took up the front-running. They too came to grief on the fourth day, failing to pick a nasty succession of dips in the middle of a long and fast straight section skirting a boundary fence. The Pajero was launched skywards at 160 km/h, landing on its snout. It mangled 30 metres of wire fencing in its wild charge.

The impact tore the mountings off the side of the engine, gave the Pajero an interesting front-end alignment, and inflicted terrible damage on the vehicle's occupants. Broken ribs and painful neck injuries were obvious legacies of the jolting crash.



Lamborghini are particular about the car they make – and particular about the tyres they fit . . .

PIRELLI
Gripping Stuff

HARD ROAD

Still, Dunkerton and McKimmie managed to patch up the vehicle and drive it to the next overnight stop for further surgery. Said McKimmie: "Ross has frightened the Christ out of me so many times in the past, but that one takes the cake." Dunkerton, his neck at a strange angle, merely looked thoughtful. Surrogate girlfriend Selina was quite open-mouthed after the big fright.

Queensland husband and wife crew Garry and Monique Connelly were close to the leading bunch when their Kodak Pajero went end-over-end on the same dips that savaged the Dunkerton vehicle. We arrived on the scene to the forlorn sight of a Mitsubishi battered almost beyond recognition, and Monique Connelly, injured arm in a sling, patiently waiting for transport to a more hospitable place.

Suddenly, Doug Stewart, 59 and the patriarch of Australian off-road competition, was in the box seat. Even Stewart, though, had been guilty of misbehaving. His Nikon Pajero carried a deep impression on its right flank where it had connected with a slow tree of some bulk.

Perish any suggestion that only the Mitsubishis had the inexplicable, disquieting penchant for crashing. The lads from the opposition Nissan team caught the disease.

Ian Swan, usually the steadiest of competitors, inverted his Patrol early in the event and was forced to run *sans* wind-screen, and relying on his Bolle shades until Alice Springs, where he was able to buy a replacement.

Likewise, Siviour was pushing hard, in third, when he slammed into a deep washaway and broke his front differential in two. Help was not far away. Each of the team's long-wheelbase Patrols carried a complete spare front end. Siviour lost several hours making the swap, but he was still in the event.

Bob Taylor clouted a tree a couple of days out of Sydney, destroying the rear diff. After affecting makeshift repairs he continued using just front-wheel drive. He made Darwin.

Then there was our moment. At the end of day four, Phil Scott turned to me and said: "That would have been a near-perfect section . . . if we hadn't hit that Toyota." The dust had swirled and covered the field like a huge brown blanket. The *contretemps* between Nissan and Toyota made the move to one side and then propped. Our left front tagged his right rear. We lost one-third of our 'roo bar and a headlamp.

Not so lucky was the crew of Chris Stone and navigator Mark Sigmund in a VW Baja. Their car was rammed from behind as they stopped to open a gate. Sigmund, directly in front of the Beetle at the moment of impact, was sent flying over the roof. The badly-mauled VW was a retiree.

The halfway point — day five — ended the Nissan team's hopes of a bonus cheque, promised if all eight Patrols went the distance. In the middle of nowhere on a desperately unfriendly Glenormiston-Tobermoray special stage, Rob Baulch's engine surrendered. Later someone revealed this vehicle had been used during a media day before the event. Had its fresh engine been revved too hard too early? It seems likely; Baulch is renowned for his sympathetic driving.

Like vultures around a rotting carcass, we stopped, grabbed his supply of air cleaner filters and a spare wheel and tyre (we'd blown our two spares earlier in the day), and promptly decamped. How that crippled vehicle would be retrieved became the topic of conversation among our crew. We concluded it would not be simple.

Day seven was our worst. A front leaf spring, damaged early in the event

“
A Japanese
hit a kangaroo.
Another escaped with
a broken nose after failing
to avoid a road train
in the dust.
”

when the Patrol was spat out of a greasy bog into a tree stump, suddenly shattered. Shit, said Scott and McKay. *So ein Scheissdreck*, said Steinmeyer. It should have spelt the end of the safari.

Fortuitously, teammate Taylor, travelling 30 minutes behind us, was carrying a replacement spring among his limited spares. A little more than one hour after the front-end collapsed, we were back in business.

The bike brigade was being decimated by fatigue and the tortuous conditions. A Japanese hit a kangaroo, an incident that didn't help the well-being of either. Another escaped with a broken nose after failing to avoid a road train in the dust.

The stopover near Tennant Creek on the seventh evening was a disused abattoir. It seemed entirely appropriate.

The first competitive stage of day eight was one of the longer sections, 299.2 kilometres. This was the dreaded Tanimi desert crossing. Endless sand. Sand like you find on Perth's Scarborough beach. Constantly reaching out to entrap, or at least impede. Twice we stopped to release air from the tyres so to better overcome the

sinking feeling. Mainly travelling at maximum revs in second gear, the Nissan's gearbox, engine and rear diff copped an awful time.

Way over to the west of the Northern Territory is Victoria River Downs, where the safari camped on the final night. The town was in a party mood when we arrived, celebrating the tenth anniversary of the opening of the local pub. A would-be John Laws played country and western records back to back until the early hours at a volume that would have brought censure from the dead. We were too tired to care. The good news was the availability of showers. The alternative was not good — swimming in the local river wasn't recommended due to the chance of bobbing up alongside a salt water crocodile.

Dunkerton and McKimmie, their engine held in place by some innovative steel bracing, and the pain subsiding by the day, had been turning some very fast times. By Victoria River Downs, the gap to third-placed Gill had narrowed to two minutes. Dunkerton was set to make an all-or-nothing lunge at the Nissan driver. Gill crawled into his sleeping bag hoping tomorrow's special stages would suit his Patrol. The rougher the better.

The anti-climax came on the last morning. Dunkerton's Pajero finished the final day dangling helplessly from a tow-rope after the engine failed just before the last competitive stage. The unusual means of motive power, provided by teammate Bruce "The Goose" Garland's Pajero, triggered a scurry for the rule book. With no rule specifically banning towing, the Dunkerton/McKimmie double act was officially classified as a finisher. Fourth.

The remarkably consistent and persistent Gill prevented a Mitsubishi one-two-three in the auto category. His Patrol, hardly scratched, was 18 minutes behind the second-placed Officers, who'd staged a fine recovery after their early disaster.

Greypower triumphed. Doug Stewart, a hotel executive and as competitive as ever in a rally machine, took the lead when his team-mates faltered and was to stay up front until Darwin, winning the auto category of the Wynn's almost 30 years to the day since his victory in the '57 Mobilgas Trial.

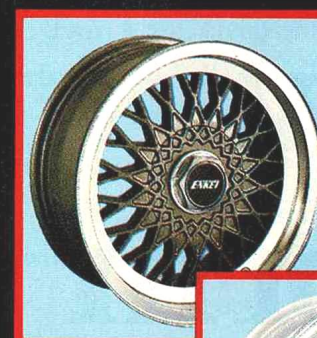
The HT Holden didn't finish the magical mystery tour to Darwin. Broken suspension forced it to quit on the fifth day. That wasn't Kingswood Country out there. But the other cult car, the unstoppable Citroen, powered proudly across the finish line. It was the only two-wheel-drive vehicle to cover the 6500 kilometres.

Our Patrol was a finisher too. It was showing battle scars. The rear diff was shaped like a banana from the constant pounding of a load no vehicle should be expected to carry. And there was the unsightly collision damage on the front left. We placed 38th of the autos. The position was irrelevant. We got to the finish. 

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WINNING STREAK

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB GUCCIONE

This is no ordinary Sheila. This is Sheila Kennedy, 1983 US Pet of the Year, but now on a winning streak in the acting world with roles in *National Lampoon's European Vacation* and *Spring Break*, among others.

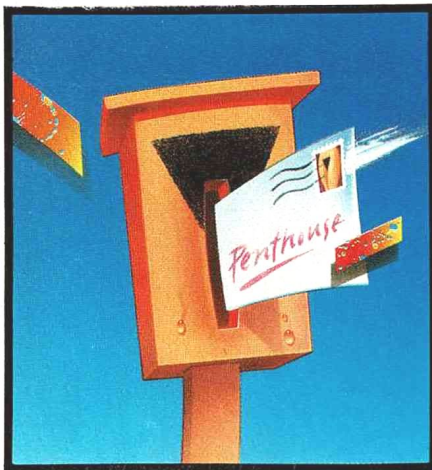




Sheila says she believes she's looking even better now than on her first appearance — and seeing is believing. "I can only thank *Penthouse* for opening all those doors for me," she says.







FORUM

Continued from page 16

and down until I couldn't stand it. Soon I felt a hot, burning sensation surround my dick, and I came like never before. Alicia collapsed in my arms, and we kissed. Afterward, while showering together, she told me she worked late Monday nights. Here's to Monday-night workouts! — *Name and address withheld*

Love on the rocks

Ever since I moved for a job, I try to return to my native territory as often as possible to enjoy its scenic vistas. I had a wonderfully sensual experience on my last holiday that I would like to share with you. I had backpacked into a remote canyon that I knew few people ever ventured up. The chances of anyone else being in the area were slim, given the difficult climbing required to get

very far. As I lay naked on the sun-warmed sandstone, trying to get the winter's chill out of my bones, I had no idea I was about to meet a rugged blond bearded giant.

Ted was gorgeous — tall and nicely muscled, but with the slender grace of a runner. I didn't hear him approach because of the babbling stream running nearby, and at first I almost believed he was part of a heat-induced fantasy. When I realised he was in fact real, I grabbed my shirt in an attempt to cover myself. He apologised for disturbing me, but explained there was no other way to continue up the gorge.

His engaging smile made it impossible not to forgive him, and I invited Ted to join me for lunch. As we sat there talking about the beauty of the gorge and the surrounding area, I could barely keep my mind on our conversation. I hadn't been involved with anyone for some time, and it was driving me wild to see this gorgeous man sitting across from me, the sun turning his blond hair to gold, and his smooth muscles rippling under his bronze skin. I could feel my excitement growing and my love tunnel getting wetter all the time.

Hoping to attract his interest, I shifted positions, sitting so that my long legs were in full view and he could see just a hint of my pubic hair. This obviously had some effect on him, because Ted stopped in midsentence and had to swallow hard a couple of times before he could continue. His gaze travelled up and down the length of my legs before stopping at the spot where my hair was peeking through. He began to shift uncomfortably as if his shorts were too tight, and when I looked, I noticed the bulge in his crotch that was the cause of the problem.

I mentioned that the sun was sure hot, and suggested we go for a swim. Ted agreed, so I stripped off my covering and splashed into the cool water. Shucking his clothes, Ted followed me in. I was camped near a small pool that was only big enough for two — if the two were extremely friendly — so we really couldn't help but bump against each other. As his hand brushed my hip, I moved closer and stroked my fingers down his chest. Ted took a deep breath, and then decided to take what I was offering, as his arms wrapped around me and we came together in a passionate kiss. I squeezed his tight little arse and brought his hips against mine. I could feel his rock-hard prick against my belly.

Ted began kissing my neck and shoulders and stroking my breasts until I was moaning and begging him to touch me. We climbed out of the pool and on to our piled-up clothes to continue our lovemaking. Ted sucked and licked my nipples while his magic fingers played with my clit. Then he moved down, letting his lips and tongue take over. I love having my pussy eaten, and this man's technique was incredible. My love juices were flowing wildly as the tension built, until I felt all my muscles contract for a truly intense orgasm that just kept going on and on. I couldn't wait any longer to feel Ted's love muscle inside me, and I told him so.

Ted just teased me with his love pump, only giving me an inch or two at a time until I was crazy with excitement. I rolled him on to his back and took his full length into my wet cunt. After minutes grinding my twat along the length of his shaft, Ted brought himself upright. Then, from his sitting position, he managed to rise to his feet without any upset to our rhythm. I locked my legs in around his thighs and howled in glory, amazed at his strength and delirious with the pleasure as he stood upright and hitched me even higher to improve our action. After spinning around a few times, lost in time and space, he pinned me against a nearby tree trunk and started to fuck me furiously. The bark was not exactly comfortable, but I was too far gone to even notice. We thrust hard at each other, our cries of passion echoing in the canyon, until we came together in a burst of glory.

We lay together quietly for a time, then went back to the pool to wash. Just to be certain Ted got really clean, I began to lick and suck his cock. Soon it was erect and at attention again. I couldn't get enough, and I was anxious to give back as good as I'd gotten. Ted was sighing and telling me how incredibly good my kisses felt. I was getting really turned on by his pleasure, and when his body tensed, I felt his hot jism spurting down my throat.

We returned to the rocks to dry off, and Ted finger-fucked me to another orgasm. I never dreamed I could find so much pleasure in sex with a stranger. Ted had to leave that afternoon, but we agreed to meet again the next time I go back for a hol-

iday. — *Name and address withheld*

The naked city

My first experience with actual sex came when I was a teacher at a high school. Up to that point, I had done practically everything from sucking tits to oral sex with a variety of girls. I had not, however, fucked a cunt — which is, after all, what all young men yearn for. With all that action under my belt, I considered myself a real stud when the school's choral group I led travelled to the city for a competition.

The evening prior to the contest, several members of the group visited a disco to get a taste of the city's nightlife. Little did I know that my dick was about to get its first taste of pussy. After dancing and drinking for a couple of hours, I ended up with Nancy, a chunky 18-year-old with tremendous tits. She announced that she wanted to take a walk, got up, and left the establishment. I followed, not wanting her to wander the potentially dangerous streets alone.

We walked back to our hotel and went up to her room. As soon as we stepped in the door, she disappeared into the bathroom.

I was becoming more uncomfortable by the minute. You could cut the sexual tension with a knife. Nancy finally emerged from the bathroom, dressed in a slinky nightgown. She crumpled her clothes in a ball and threw them in the closet. Then she

laid her voluptuous body on the bed and beckoned me over. I sat on the edge of the mattress and took in the view of her near-naked splendor. Through the nightgown I could detect her large nipples just beginning to stiffen with the thought of her seducing me. Lower, I could see her thin panties, which were covering a very hairy cunt. We began to kiss, and when she slid her hot tongue in my mouth, my cock began to grow. I gave her globes a thorough massage, concentrating on the large pink nipples, pinching them lightly through the silk. I kissed my way down her body until I was able to suck them through the flimsy garment.

"Oh baby, if you keep that up, I'm going to get horny," she said, which prompted me to continue the assault on her body. My hand traversed slowly down, past her slightly rounded stomach to that panty-covered bush, and rubbed her snatch from the outside.

"What do you want before you leave here tonight?" Nancy asked in a sultry voice.

"I don't know," I responded nervously as my cocksmanship flew out the window. She continued this interrogation for a minute or two until I replied, "I'd just like to get off somehow."

"How?" she persisted. I was silent, not knowing quite how to handle this aggressive vixen. I was always the one trying to convince girls to do my bidding. "Do you

want to screw me?" I looked at the clock and noticed it was already close to our curfew. "No. We don't have time," I said rather unconvincingly.

"I can't believe you said no to me," she said as she grabbed me. She unbuckled my pants, only to find a shrivelled-up dick brought on by my nervousness. She bent over and began to suck my cock back to life. After several minutes of her oral talents, I was ready for action — no matter what time it was. Then she moved her hefty form into position, straddling my body, which was still mostly clothed.

Nancy pulled the moist crotch of her panties aside and sank her hairy cunt down on my pole. For an unbelievable 45 minutes, she bounced up and down on my hot virgin cock, bringing me to the brink many times. Early into the session I'd released her massive mammaries, and now watched them bounce around as she humped me. I grabbed her tits and rubbed and pitched her wide, erect nipples.

"Are you going to come?" I asked as I felt my own climax brewing.

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"I may have a small cock, but at least I've got big tits."

FORUM

"I don't have to. I just want to make you feel good." That unselfish attitude inspired me, and I began fucking her in earnest. I began to slam my cock in and out of her cunt, using the bouncing bed as a sexual trampoline. After several pistonlike pumps, I shot burst after burst of scalding sperm deep inside her twat.

"Oh, God, I can feel it inside me squirting. It's so hot," she gasped.

In the afterglow, as my spent dick was shrinking inside her still-sopping pussy, the phone rang. It was one of the others asking if I was there.

"Yeah," Nancy responded, "he just came." — *Name and address withheld*

Desert flower

I have been reading your Forum column for years, but not until recently did I have an experience that I thought was worth writing to you about.

I am six feet one inch tall, and have an 11-inch cock as big and round as a Coke bottle. I was on my first long trip across the Nullabor alone. I spotted a car broken down in the middle of the desert. I remember feeling sorry for whoever belonged to that car since the nearest town was about 30 kilometres down the highway and it was well over 100 degrees outside.

I slowed down to help and when I came

closer, this beautiful blonde turned around to wave me down. She was sweaty from standing out in that heat, and her top clung suggestively to her perfect tits. She said that her name was Iris and that she was really glad that I had stopped. She was very upset, as she was supposed to meet her parents in Perth in two days. With her car broken, she couldn't see how she was going to make it. I told her that I was going to Perth myself and if she wanted, I would take her with me. Iris gladly accepted.

After making arrangements to have her car towed, we continued our drive. It was getting late and Iris suggested that we stop for the night. We got a room at a motel, took showers, and ordered up dinner. We sat on the bed and talked for a while. Iris started leaning closer and closer. She said that she was extremely grateful to me for helping her out, and that she wanted to pay me back for my trouble. She stood up and slowly began to undress. She took off her bra and her lovely tits popped right out at me. I reached out and began to suck on one of them. As I toyed with her hard nipples, she started to moan and guided my hand down her flat tummy, past her curly pubic hair, and into the wetness beyond it. As I put my fingers into her juicy cunt, I felt powerful muscles pull at them. She was having an orgasm while standing! I quickly removed my clothes and lay down on the bed. Iris pulled me on top of her. When her hands found my cock, she gasped at its

size and then spread her legs wide, guiding me into her opening.

It was a hell of a tight fit, but that didn't matter — Iris rammed her hips up to me and sank my cock deep into her quivering pussy. She alternately begged me to stop and then asked me never to stop. As the sixth or seventh orgasm shook her body, I could feel that it was soon going to be my turn. I began to fuck her harder, deeper and faster. Just at the brink of my orgasm, Iris let out another scream of pure ecstasy as she came with me. It felt like my cock pulsed and shot forever. Afterward, as we lay arm in arm, cock in cunt, she whispered that if I stayed in Perth for the week she would ride back with me. I said I would, and we fell asleep.

The next morning, I awoke to find Iris sucking my cock to a full erection. She said she just had to feel it again. This time when I entered her, I slid in easily. As soon as I was in all the way, she came again. Iris said that she wanted to feel my full length from behind. She turned over, got on her knees and spread her legs wide. I entered slowly

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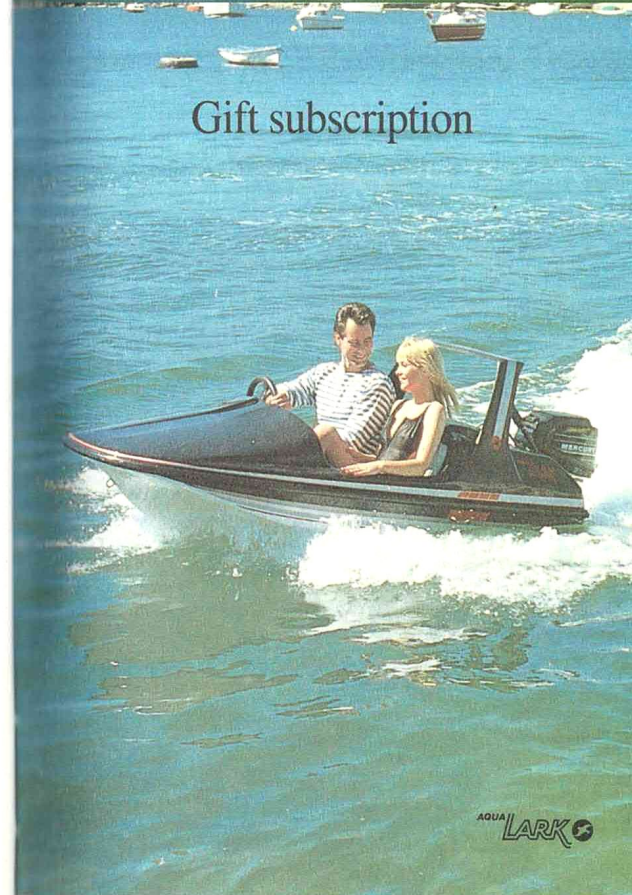
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FORUM

as her pussy lips spread further and further apart to accommodate my huge cock. As I fucked her, she moved her hips in a wide circle, rubbing her clit with one hand and my balls with the other. Soon I was coming as hard as I had the night before, and she was screaming like a banshee! When I finally pulled my cock out of her, it was all soft and sorry looking. Iris held it and said she'd make it feel a whole lot better on the way home.

When we got back on the highway, Iris moved over next to me and slowly reached into my shorts, pulling out my soft cock. Her lips were soft and her mouth was burning hot as she slowly licked around my growing shaft.

As soon as I was rock-hard again, she circled the head of my cock with her soft lips and moved down its shaft. Before I knew it, she was deep-throating me! I loved it! It took me no time to shoot a full-sized load down her throat.

When we pulled up to her parents' house, I gave her the number of where I'd be staying. She kissed me good-bye and promised to call me. That was six months ago, and we are now engaged to be married in two months. I'll never forget my first drive across the desert, or the desert flower I found there. — *Name and address withheld*

Nurses' aid

I work in a large city and have been a donor for the local blood bank for a number of years. I have gotten to know a number of the nurses in the program by name, and they know me. Many of these nurses are very good-looking, bright ladies. It makes having a needle in your arm a little more bearable.

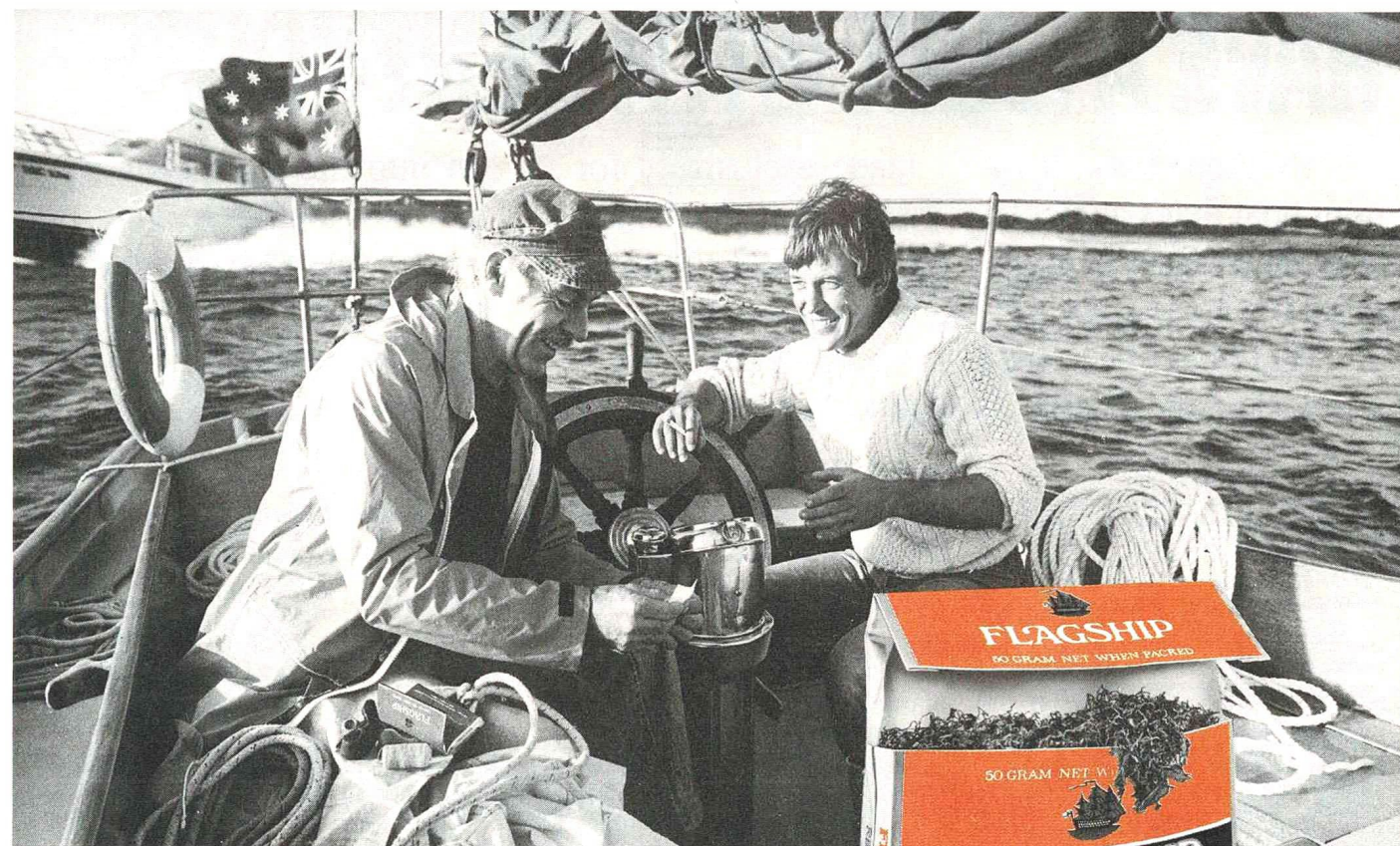
The last time I donated, Trisha was assigned to me. I've had her as my nurse a few times before, and we had a good rapport. Trisha is tall, and she has dark, curly hair and bright green eyes. The first physical contact took place as she took my pulse. She said it was a little fast, and I told her that it was her fault. She smiled and stood so close to me I could smell her perfume.

We were just finishing up when another nurse came by, asking Trisha if she needed any help. Trisha said, "No thanks. I can handle him myself." As the nurse left, Trisha turned to me and asked, "What can I do to make you more comfortable?" I said, "I'm at your mercy. Do with me what you like." Trisha looked at me, eyes sparkling, and reached over to unzip my pants. She reached into my shorts and released my throbbing cock. What could I do? I was at her mercy! Trisha wet her lips and dived on to my penis. As it hit the back of Trisha's hot throat, I let out a moan. She began to remove her uniform, leaned over, and gave me a kiss. It was a slow, wet, and exploring

type of kiss. The kind that gets your blood boiling.

I let my hands slide slowly down her breasts, cupping them, and rolling her nipples between my finger tips. I continued to roam her body with my hands, feeling her flat stomach, curved hips, and smoothed thighs. Trisha climbed on top of me and, straddling me, pressed her thighs against my hips and waist. Then she pushed my throbbing joy stick into her hot chamber. I kept telling Trish how good it felt to be inside of her, and each time I would tell her she would come again. Sometimes she would come softly, like the surf sliding over the beach, and other times like a wave crashing over the rocks. Finally, it was my turn. I began pumping faster, and let off with a bang! I thought I would never stop coming. Trisha collapsed forward against my chest, and we stayed that way for several minutes, enjoying each other's warmth. When she got up and started to redress, I quickly grabbed her from behind, and my pole got hard again. I dropped to my hot knees and drove my tongue into her wet pussy. It was so hard and moist, I just couldn't get enough of her. Trisha came within minutes, and collapsed.

Unfortunately, our fun was interrupted when we heard the voices of some of the other nurses about to enter the room. We quickly dressed and put on our "business as usual" expressions. — *Name and address withheld*



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ROMANCE

Continued from page 60

ones who seem nice when you're paying them may not be quite as nice when you're not paying them. What do you think?"

"I think that the only women I ever have any fun with are call girls. Look, you go to a call girl. You know you're always gonna score. Always. You know she's not going to jerk you around trying to make it sound like she's got an interesting life when she's really a book-keeper for a carpet company. You know what I mean? You know what to expect, and it's pretty good."

"But it's for money," I said. "There's no real affection involved. Doesn't that mean anything?"

"No. You tell me something, Pop," Mark said. "You tell me how much affection's involved when you pick up a girl and bring her home. How much affection is there when you buy a girl a great dinner and, even if she does ball you, you can't wait to get her the hell out of the house, and you'd rather jerk off when you come to think of it? How much affection do you think there is in a garden-variety root these days?"

"I don't know." I looked longingly at this painting of the cottage wall in Nassau. It looked swell.

"Not too goddamn much," Mark said. He got up and paced back and forth.

"You know how the Navy says that a landing on a carrier is a controlled crash?" he asked.

"I've read that."

"Yeah, well a date today — or a pickup, or anything where a man is out with a woman and sex is involved — yeah, a date today is like a controlled homicide. Both sides are trying to hurt the other as much as possible and still screw each other. The women usually want to get screwed even more than the men. I'm not kidding. But they also want to cut the man's balls off while they're doing it. I'm not kidding."

"I believe you."

"I met this woman at The Ginger Man in Beverly Hills," he said. "She's really a killer. Real tall, thin, maybe part Iranian, with a big nose, and wearing Gargoyle sunglasses. With these really weird grey eyes. So we've both had a couple of vodka gimlets, and I take her out for a walk."

"We're walking around Beverly Hills at rush hour, and she sticks her hand in my pocket and says, 'I want to screw you. I want to screw you more than I ever wanted anything in my life.'"

"That's a nice thing to hear."

"You think so? Just as she says that, we're in front of an apartment house on Roxbury Drive, and it's got an 'open house' sign in front of it. She takes me by the hand and leads me into this little garden apartment. There's nobody in it. Nobody. So we creep around, and she yanks me into this

closet, slams the door, and says, 'Screw me. Right now.'

"So I say, 'I can't in this closet. What if someone comes in?' And she says, 'You want me to go down on you?' And before I can say a word, she's down on her knees, unbuckles my belt, takes down my trousers, cops my joint. And then when I'm done, she says, 'Oh my Gawd, you just got come on my jeans. And they're from Giorgio, and I don't even know if come will come out of a pair of Giorgio jeans.'

"Meanwhile, she's still on her hands and knees, and I'm there with my dick hanging out at some apartment house where some landlady is probably about to walk in with garden shears."

"So then she says, 'Okay, it's your turn. Now screw me. Right here on the floor.' And I say, 'I can't. You just went down on me two minutes ago.'

"So she looks at her watch, gives me a dirty look, says, 'Well, how long will it take you? I'm supposed to be at the academy for a screening at eight. I don't have all night.'

"I think I started to cry. Anyway, she says, 'By the way, I hope you're married, because I'm married, to the biggest manufacturer of ladies' handbags in California, and I don't like to get involved with anybody who has less to lose than I do.'

"I told her I wasn't married, and she says, 'Ohmigawd, then you're gay, right? And now look what I've done. Ohmigawd, I've probably just killed myself.'"

Mark paused just a moment to catch his breath. Then he started to roll again.

"People are just too goddamned mean in this town. Too much. A call girl, on the other hand, is totally different. She's nice all the time. Every time you see her, it's like the beginning of a relationship. You have to pay her, and that's all you have to do."

"Plus, it's very economical. You pay 150 bucks, but what's that in 1987? A nice dinner and a few drinks is that much, and you spend a few hours at it besides. How much is your time worth? Mine goes for about 300 an hour, I figure. So a date could cost me a grand, easily. Very easily. There's no woman in LA who's worth a grand. After a date these days, you feel like you've just visited a mental hospital. After you see a call girl, you feel like Tarzan."

"It's a very persuasive argument."

"So the bitch from The Ginger Man calls me at my office the next day. 'Where the hell are my Gargoyles?' she asks. 'Did you steal them or what?'

"She makes me promise I'll go get her Gargoyles out of the closet at that apartment and return them to her. I did it. By mail. I wish I could mail myself to another planet or that I could find just one really nice girl who gives good head. Just one."

Mark looked desperately tired.

"Mark," I said. "Have you considered accepting Jesus Christ as your personal savior?"

"Yes," he said. "I have." ☪



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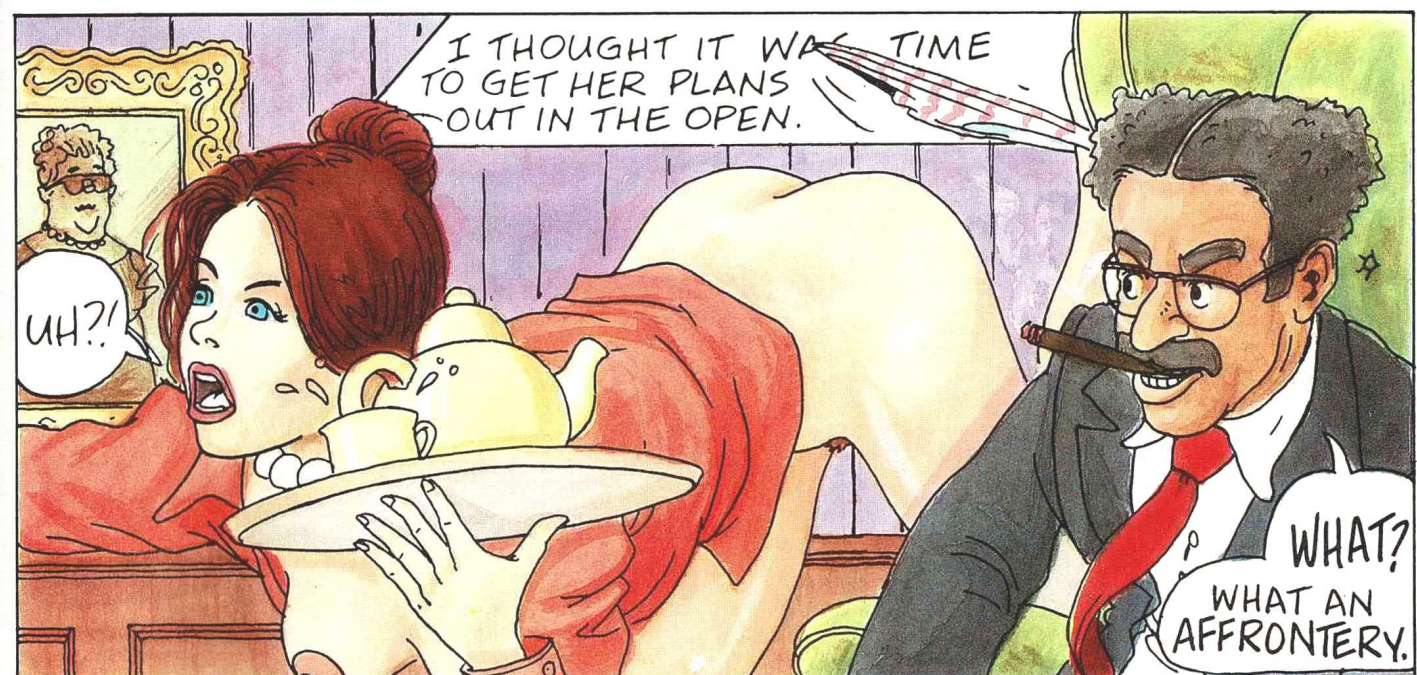
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TWO TIMING

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN COPELAND

Evelyn and Patricia might have been sisters. Anyone who ever saw them together would seem to do a doubletake, as if they were seeing double. They were. One day, they left their men behind. A little two-timing seemed appropriate in the circumstances . . .



How close
can two
women
friends get?
Evelyn and
Patricia
intended
finding out.





MAGEE

Continued from page 53

escape the notice of the American Lucky Strike/Yamaha team manager Kenny Roberts. Three-times world champion and known to his fans as "King Kenny", Roberts had no trouble recognising Magee's potential as a world class rider. "After I saw him ride at the Japanese GP," Roberts said, "I signed him to ride at Assen (in the Dutch GP) and at the Portuguese GP... If he didn't have commitments in Australia I would possibly have had him riding more grands prix."

When Magee was fit to race again he made good use of this opportunity, and the lessons he had learned in convalescence. He qualified his Yamaha for second position on the starting grid at the Dutch GP behind Wayne Gardner's Honda and in front of the similar Yamahas of Eddie Lawson and Randy Mamola. Unfortunately, he only finished tenth in the race, which was stopped twice because of bad weather. When the rain looked as if it had settled in for good the authorities had no choice but to run the race in the tremendous downpour, which caused a few problems for Magee. "I was hit in the face by a squash racquet 18 months ago and now I can only breathe through my mouth, which made the visor fog up in the race. I was riding blind and just counting my way to the next corner, hoping I was at the right place when I started braking."

Magee backed-up his qualifying performance in Holland by putting in a controlled ride to win the 1987 Suzuka 8-hour endurance race in Japan a few weeks later. The Yamaha people were ecstatic. Not only was it their first win in the ten-year history of the prestigious event, but it was a victory Kenny Roberts had never been able to achieve for them. This gave Magee the momentum for his record-breaking performance which brought him third place in the Portuguese GP (run in Spain because of the problems with track safety), after running second until the last lap.

In spite of the good result, Warren Willing says, "Kevin didn't perform to his potential in Spain, and he knows it. He simply rode a controlled race to show people that he could be consistent."

Willing argues that Magee showed a great deal of responsibility by letting his Yamaha team member, Randy Mamola, through to take second place on the last lap. "It was Mamola who needed the points in the world championship, not Magee. Letting Randy through probably earned him more personal points than if he'd decided, 'To hell with it, I want second.'"

Magee's performances in Holland and Spain have made him hot property for 1988. In the "silly season", the months leading up to the start of the grands prix when negotiations between riders and

teams are at their peak, Magee's biggest problem will be deciding who to sign with.

Basically he has four options. If he signs with Agostini's Marlboro/Yamaha team he will have the best machinery and factory support.

If Kenny Roberts can persuade his American sponsor, Lucky Strike, to take on a non-American rider, Magee will be in the best of hands.

Another option is an offer to ride for the Italian company, Cagiva. The Cagiva machines proved worthy of attention in '87, but were raced by riders who didn't have the talent to use them to their full potential. While this option is a bit of a wild card, the Italians believe that a Magee-Cagiva combination could mean an end to more than a decade of Japanese dominance in the sport.

The fourth and most unlikely option is another proposed by Kenny Roberts, who seemed almost desperate to have the

"I was riding blind and just counting my way to the next corner, hoping I was at the right place when I started braking"

young Australian on his side. Roberts would like to form a separate, one-bike team for Kevin, with Warren Willing as team manager. This, however, causes problems with sponsorship and the limited number of works machines. There has been speculation that Fosters may be a likely sponsor for the \$US1 million required to finance the team, but it still remains to be seen whether Yamaha can come up with enough bikes.

Warren Willing is more than confident that Magee will have the right bikes for the full season this year, but he also sees a problem that may affect his performance as the season wears on.

"In the first full season in Europe," he says, "riding the motorcycle is the least of your problems. The problem is being able to start every race in the same frame of mind as you would start a race in Australia. Kevin has been doing one-off races overseas with good tyres and bikes, and then flying home again with the knowledge that problems with the language and simply not knowing how to get to the shops are all behind him. But over a full season these things start to build up, and all of a sudden

you find yourself not putting in your best performance. You feel you can't relax at any time."

While the pressure of overseas travel will be something that Magee will have to learn to cope with this year, there is another burden that he will be relieved of. In '86 and '87 he had to leave his family at home while he was racing all over the world. Missing the birth of his son while he was racing in Japan was a disappointment Kevin will never forget, and leaving his wife Julie and son Jake at home for a six-month season of racing is something neither of them want to face this year. Julie likes to watch her husband racing, and finds it particularly important to attend races that are important to him, "just in case something happens." To overcome this problem they've decided to purchase a motorhome that the family can use to travel with him from circuit to circuit. "It'll cost about the price of a good three-bedroom home," Kevin says, "but it will make a big difference to all of us."

In spite of the problems facing him this year, there are many who believe Kevin Magee will be unstoppable in 1988.

Gregg Hansford, twice World 250cc runner-up and four-times Australian Champion, says, "He's going to have every chance in the world of winning. He's ridden factory bikes before at world championship races and at Suzuka, and when you get your factory bosses looking at you there's no more pressure than that. He's a professional and all he'll do is get better."

And Australian Jeff Sayle, who has campaigned a 250cc bike in Europe, says, "He's certainly got the talent. I don't see any reason why he shouldn't finish in the first three or four."

However, Eddie Lawson sees things a little differently, as he told Neville Yates in *Australian Motorcycle News*: "If he starts racing in all the GPs he'll be difficult to deal with. He will probably win the world championship one day. I'm impressed — he's fast and smooth and has a level head. I understand he makes Gardner nervous by just being there. This year Kevin will probably be beating him."

No matter who he signs with, Magee will have the pressure on him to bring home enough points in each race to tally up for the world championship, and the result at the end of the season will be entirely up to him. He would like to win a world championship and have that feeling Graeme Crosby describes as "the sort of attitude where you can walk around with a smile on your face thinking you've got four testicles and knowing everyone else has only got two."

Having two Australians battle it out for the world title with a flurry of internationals will certainly make interesting viewing for race fans Down Under, but Magee's success will depend on how he rates himself against the world's best. "I won't go out to prove I'm the best in the world," Magee says. "I'll just do the best I can and see the result at the end of each race." ○—



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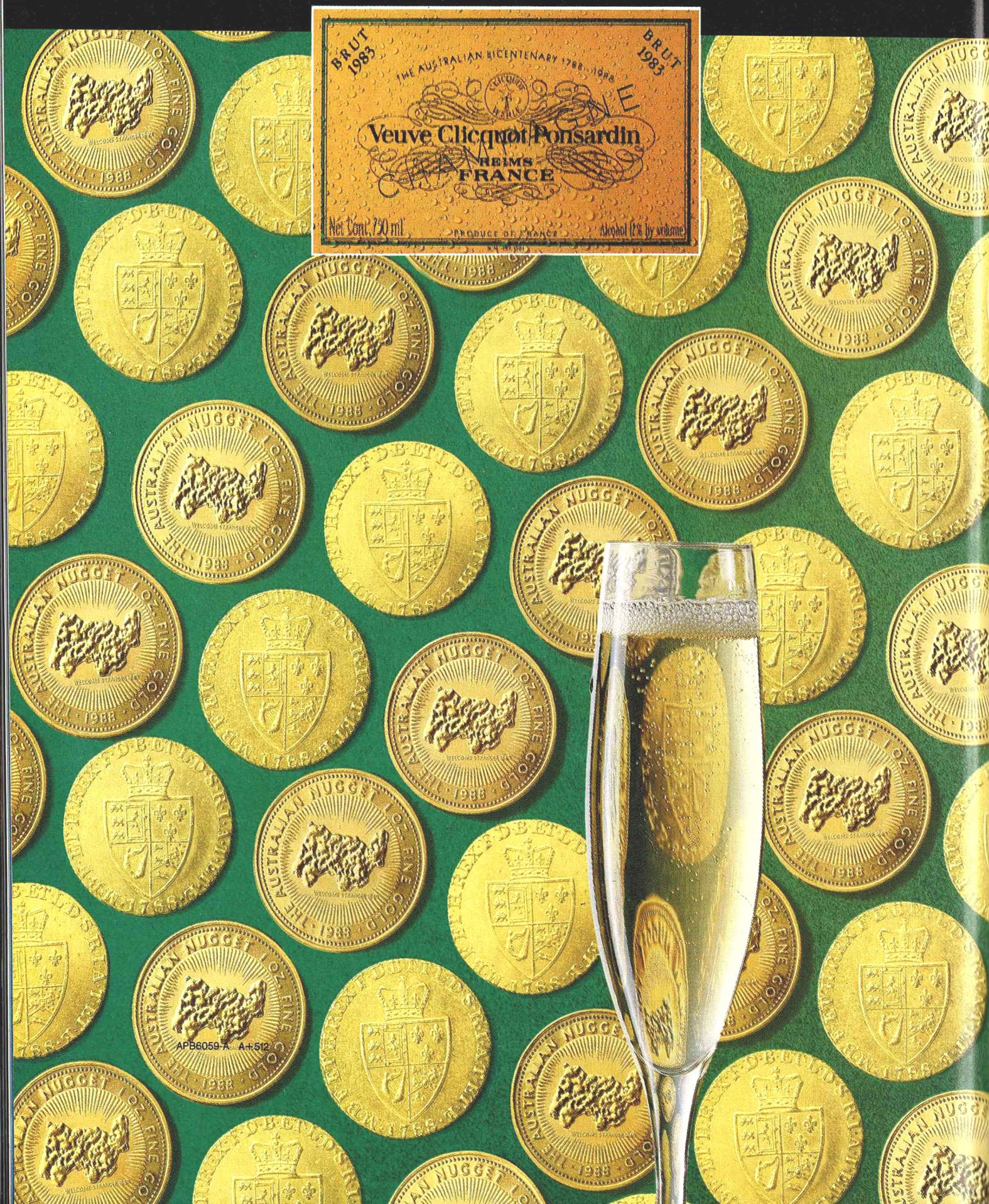
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LOOSE ENDS

THE ONE NIGHT OF THE YEAR



Ah, the poetic words that have been written on the subject of the New Year; the outpourings of the literary heart in contemplation and celebration of one year's passing into the next. But let me sock a couple to you . . .

It was somewhere in the 12th Century that old Omar Khayyam's moving finger writ: "Now the New Year reviving old Desires/ The thoughtful Soul to Solitude retires." And, if my memory and my trusty *Dictionary Of Quotations* serves me well, it was a cove by the name of Hal Borland who penned in 1964 these words: "Year's end is neither an end nor a beginning but a going on, with all the wisdom that experience can instill in us." Right on, Hal baby.

There are more, gentle reader, many more — but I hesitate to transcribe them here for me feareth that I may boreth you shittleth. Two that my well-thumbed lexicon of other people's *bon mots* fails to include, however, and the two that I have taken it upon myself to pencil in right below a little something by Alfred Lord Tennyson, are these: "New Year's Eve sucks." — *C.J. Mackay, 1987*, and this one from a colleague who cowers behind the cloak of anonymity: "You wouldn't catch me having a New Year's Eve party these days for cash, hash or gash."

My colleague's florid sentiments are born of years of picking cigarette butts out of salad bowls and scraping dried chunder from the rim of his toilet bowl while nursing January 1 hangovers. The spare, artistic simplicity of my own minimalist maxim belies the fact that it has taken me a good couple of decades to reach the conclusion that New Year's Eve does indeed suck big ones. We have both resolved to change our ways.

I believe that the first stirrings of my current view of New Year occurred at midnight on December 31, 1967. There we were, four kids aged four to 14, left to our own devices with

everything we could possibly need — three family-sized bottles of Shelley's lemonade, a carton of Smith's Crisps and a TV showing creature features. So midnight rolls around and this character blows a party whistle with a feather on it and chucks a streamer at the TV camera. My brother and I turned to one another to exchange a glance that said: "Is that all there is?" It was about as sparkle-arkle-arkling as what was left of the lemonade — bugger all. We'd polished it off, eaten the chips and were well into our first fight about half an hour after the parents left for their party. But it was that midnight that we first figured that there was fun being had somewhere out there and we weren't getting our fair share of it.

Trouble is, no matter how hard I've tried to get that big slice of fun on all those subsequent New Year's Eves, and God and my liver will testify just how hard that's been, the more that same 1967 feeling keeps resurfacing. The way I look at it, December 31 is the one night of the year when everyone wanders around in search of a good time and is never 100 percent sure that they've found it. There is a feeling that just around the corner lurks a party where the grass is greener (or perhaps more plentiful), the champagne colder, the people livelier and more interesting, the "fun" more "fun."

The problem lies in finding that party and I never have. For all I know it's a harbor cruise on the *Marie Celeste*. Never again will I be in a car on the way to that elusive knees-up when the clock strikes 12.

Talking about knees-up brings to mind another pearl of wisdom from my anonymous colleague. He called New Year's the closest thing we've got to a fertility rite. Well, that was the gist of it. He actually said: "I don't know whether it's the booze or the *bonhomie*, but I've never failed to get a root on New Year's Eve." He gave me an idea. When I put it

to him he said he was already teed up to spend the night with a couple of Year 12 girls from the local convent school. He wouldn't even let me watch.

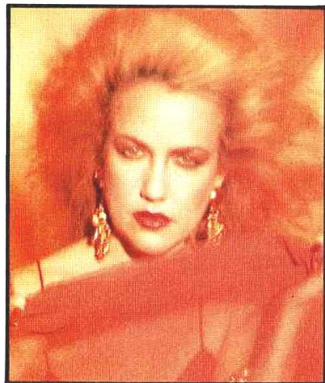
And so to my New Year's resolution. Henceforth I shall not venture forth into the last night of the year, there to drink too much, shove my tongue down an assortment of gullets come the witching hour, and generally say and do what I will inevitably regret. I shall take a leaf out of Omar Khayyam's book and retire a thoughtful Soul to Solitude. A

loaf of bread, a jug of wine and *moi*, I will remain in AIDS-free contemplation of the year's passing, mustering all the wisdom that experience has instilled in me.

And yet, and yet . . . a girl must keep her options open. It was a wiser dude than this little black duck who wrote that resolutions are made to be broken. So, gentle reader, if perchance you should hear of a really dynamite gathering of festive souls come New Year's Eve, hesitate not to giveth me a tingle. — *C.J. Mackay*

SOUNDS

A lot of the best songs are written from the heart. The writer has to have gone through some adventure," claims **Sharon O'Neill**. She then hastens to add that only the title track of her new album *Danced In The Fire* (Polydor) was written as a direct reaction to events in her own life. Personal upheavals have been a great muse for some people — Phil Collins managed to get the best part of three albums out of his failed marriage. O'Neill's album is full of destabilising effects of angst-ridden relationships ("We're Only Human", "Trojan Horse"), subsequent yearnings ("Thirst For Love") and tentative re-entry into a new beau's company ("Under Suspicion").



"I'd hate to think people thought that was me," she claims. In fact many of the tunes were written before any upheavals in her personal life. Her absence from the scene for three years since her last single "Power" has, however, had little to do with broken hearts and a lot to do with the fine print in her old record contract. It's a fate that has befallen numerous artists — it's why the world was denied the "future of rock and roll" aka Bruce Springsteen for several years. So, in the grey period between living out the bitter end of an old deal and shopping for a new one, she could do little but sit at home and write. And write she did, though often not at home due to the matchmaking of her publishing company MCA music which put her in the company of numerous other writers.

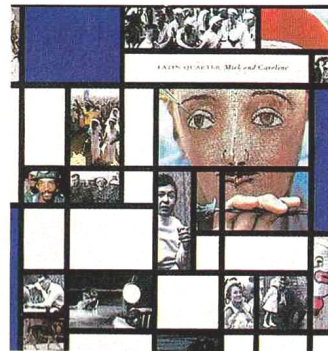
An intuitive writer who tends to wait for appropriate inspiration, she says it was an eye-opener to see some people treat song-writing as a 9-to-5 day job. "But I didn't like it being like a blind date," so only a fraction of what was penned made it on to the

album. The first song she wrote back on her own was "Danced In The Fire" about her legal problems: "When I originally tried to write about what went on it sounded like a morbid Sixties protest song" — but after her writing binge with others the finished product is anything but. There is a hint of the world-weary sarcasm and vocal twang that Joni Mitchell brings to her work but the diplomatic and diminutive O'Neill downplays any real invective. The cute blonde who originally posed the question "How Do You Talk To Boys?" has obviously done her share of serious discussion with lovers and company lawyers in the intervening years, and the result is a more mature writing style though still very much in the traditional AM radio format.

The immediate priority is summer touring here. Don't expect any theatrical extravaganza but do expect a punchy band fronted by a singer/songwriter who's been through the mill and come out stronger than ever.

A new entrant into the world of rock who will hopefully avoid the fine print quagmire is multifaceted **Robyne Dunn**. Her debut EP *Robyne Dunn* (Mushroom) features five of the singer/songwriter/keyboard player/dancer/painter/actress' compositions and fledgling band. Seven years of classical singing training have developed a purity of tone that is only enhanced by a latent passion for Led Zeppelin. Her delivery has folk tendencies of the modern persuasion (like Suzanne Vega) but these are no three chord strumalongs.

Hungarian-born bass player **Jackie Orszaczky** first came to these shores some 16 years ago with Sirius — one of the most original and inventive bands to grace the local scene in the early Seventies. Influences like Blood Sweat And Tears were evident but song titles like "Concerto For a Three Stringed Violin (And Five Mugs Of Beer)" indicated a pleasantly bent view of the world. Having finally migrated here his sinewy funk bass lines have graced many musics. Most recently his own projects have



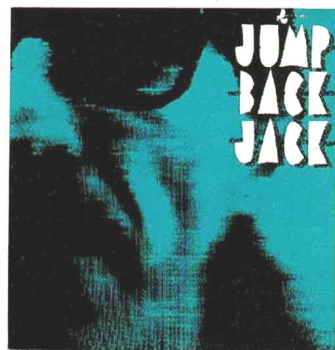
included the performance art of Industrial Accident: rhythms of industry transcribed for big band rock complete with welders, angle grinders and a junkyard of playable stage props. The core of this ensemble he has taken off into soul-land. *Jump Back Jack* (Artist) is the band and the record. Currently doing the rounds as an eight-piece with two drummers and a powerful four-piece brass section, they combine elements of classic James Brown and Seventies maestro technofunkers Tower Of Power whose "What Is Hip?" appears on the debut disc as does Elvis Costello's "Pump It Up." For the rest Orszaczky's quirky sense of humor, accented vocals and writing run the show.

The gentle, committed passion of **Latin Quarter** remains on their second album *Mick And Caroline* (Arista). Stylishly understated with cocktail latin and reggae flavor it leaves the force of their equality and anti-oppression sentiments to the lyrics alone. As committed and with his rough edges intact, **Billy Bragg's** early records with just his gruff vocals and raw banged electric guitar have been reissued as the double *Back to Basics* (Chrysalis).

The Cars have cruised back selling their dippy love songs *Door To Door* (Elektra). Their dinky control of the electrobeat and studied pop cool make Michael Jackson look like an emotional giant.

Icehouse have evolved themselves into a similar corner although with more grandiose designs on our ears on *Man Of Colours* (Regular). They have become successful and respected (good luck to them) but thunderingly predictable in the process. — **Jeremy Cook**

HOW DO YOU TALK TO LAWYERS?



Clockwise from far left: Sharon O'Neill back in step; Latin Quarter's understated style; Jump Back Jack into soul-land; Icehouse's Man Of Colours... respected and predictable.

Breathe deeply and watch the shiny pendant as it swings back and forth, to and fro, back and forth... You're feeling sleepy, v-e-r-y s-l-e-e-p-y. When I say the words, "Set out back hang ten Big Daddy toes on the nose WIPEOUT" you will wake up on the set of a 1960s beach movie.

"SET OUT BACK HANG TEN etc etc etc!" Welcome to **Back To The Beach**, starring Frankie "The Big Kahuna" Avalon and Annette "Queen Of The Sand" Funicello. Pinch yourself — it's as real as the skin cancer on your nose. Here's Frankie and Annette 20-odd years on, returning from married life together in Mundane Heights, Middle America to check out those Southern Californian swells on which he strutted his manhood and to walk once more on those shimmering sands on which she clung cross-legged to her chaste maidenhood.

Frankie's a harried businessman these days and Annette's a neat-as-a-pin housewife who's obsessed with peanut butter. They have two kids — adolescent Bobby (Demian Slade) who's a punk, and sweet 18-year-old Sandi (Lori Loughlin) who is — heaven forbid! — shackled up with a no-good surfer bum. It's on a flying visit to Sandi that the action of *Back To The Beach* takes place.

You see, Frankie meets up with his old flame Connie Stevens and Annette gets jealous and walks out on him and, what with the culture clash and the problems with the kids, what are a nice couple to do but hang around for a while, sing a few songs, go-go dance at surfside weenie roasts and make a lot of tongue-in-cheek references to old movies and TV shows?

Back To The Beach is a very tongue-in-cheek film, and its humor is as wet as a Waimea wipeout. There's a lot of fun to be had, though, spotting the wizened faces of some old TV favorites — Bob "Gilligan" Denver, Alan "Skipper" Hale Jr, Don "Maxwell Smart" Adams and Dick "American Bandstand" Clark among them. The film-makers (Producer Frank Mancuso Jr, Director Lyndall Hobbs) have even managed to dig up almost the entire cast of *Leave It To Beaver*. Don't

expect Hugh "Ward Cleaver" Beaumont though; he died years ago and digging him up may have thrown the production into questionable taste.

Costume designer Marlene Stewart (who dresses Madonna on and off stage) has gone to town with outfits and styling that create a wild and crazy technicolor effect. Some might say that *Back To The Beach* looks more like something that should be discreetly covered with sand rather than something that takes place on it. The film's soundtrack is also colorful, with performances by the likes of Stevie Ray Vaughn, Eddie Money, Dave Edmunds, Dweezil Zappa and my favorite, Pee-Wee Herman, who gives good "Surfin' Bird." He can hang five on my futon any day.

All up, *Back To The Beach* is light, bright and awfully silly. It did boffo box office in the US, however, so dare I suggest that there may be a sequel in the pipeline.

Keeping up that fun in the sun kinda feeling is **Summer School**, another in the rash of school holiday flicks currently staging a sit-in at the nation's cinemas. *Summer School* (Director Carl Reiner, Producers George Shapiro and Howard West, Screenwriter Jeff Franklin) is one of those movies that dishes up liberal amounts of surgery pathos with its laughs. Likeable Mark Harmon plays Freddy Shoop, a gym teacher who is seconded against his will to tutor a bunch of colorful no-hoper kids in an effort to lift their grades during the summer vacation. His charges range from a pregnant teenager and a male stripper who sleeps through the day to a wisecracking dyslexic and a pair of class cut-ups who are hooked on *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*. Will he lift their grades and will he and his students learn some valuable lessons along the way, and will there be lots of goofy gags and a bit of romance to spice it all up? What do you reckon? *Summer School* is a formula teen vehicle that's a cut above the average by dint of its stab at integrity. But just a tiny cut.

Space — the final frontier. **Spaceballs** — the final review. Mel Brooks' latest spoof sticks its

FILM

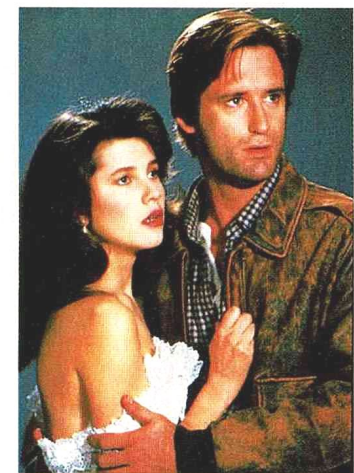
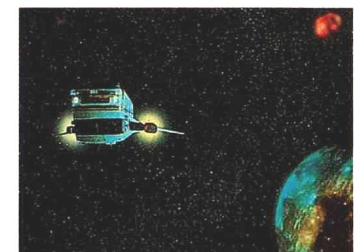
BACK TO THE BLECCHH!

From The Top: Frankie and Annette hang ten in *Back To The Beach*; Mark Harmon, his dog and a star pupil from *Summer School*; Scenes from Mel Brooks' intergalactic spoof *Spaceballs*.



finger into the black holes of space to poke fun where no man has poked before. This send-up of the *Star Wars* movies sees the evil leaders of the planet Spaceball, having foolishly squandered their own atmosphere, hatch a devious plan to pinch the air away from their peaceful neighboring planet Druidia. To do this they conspire to abduct Druih Princess Vespa and ransom her. But there's a Harrison Ford-type character by the name of Lone Starr and his trusty, hirsute sidekick Barf to be reckoned with. Then there's the power of the Schwartz — may the force be with Jew.

Despite a comic galaxy of stars, including Mel Brooks (in a dual role), Rick Moranis, John Candy, Michael Winslow and Dick Van Patten, *Spaceballs* fails to get many laughs off the ground. In fact it has about as much idea of what it's doing as Spock in a knock shop. Messy, confused and not up to Brooks' previous work — try it if you will. It just may tickle your warp factor. — **C.J. Mackay**





POCKET MEMOS

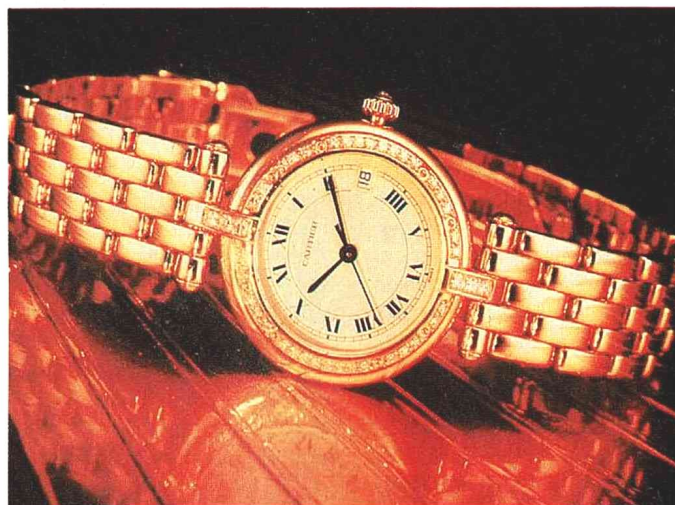
Philips introduce two new generation pocket memos for electronic notetaking and dictation in active, mobile situations. Incorporating the latest micro-chip technology and based on the mini-cassette system, they are fully compatible with the rest of the Philips range of dictation equipment. Easily operated with just one hand. This is the stuff of executive dreams, relieving the need for tiresome notetaking in situations when you've got to be on your toes. Just record your notes — and then let your secretary do the rest. Philips' machine has the unique ability to optically mark the beginning, end and length of text as well as noting corrections and remarks directly on the cassette.



LIFESAVERS

SurviVeralls are a revolutionary one-piece buoyancy garment from Taft. Light and comfortable, flotation panels are built into the chest, knees and back of the suit, as well as a special rolled collar which supports the head. Always as-

tounding is the bent bravado of the rock fisherman who chooses to ignore nature's little warning signs — you know, the grinding ground swells exploding relentlessly on to the rocks — to wet a line. Every little bit helps. Put a hook on your line, not your life, and get into SurviVeralls.



WATCH YOURSELF

This is the timepiece that you *don't* take to the beach and leave in your shorts when you go for a dip. For sure, it's water resistant, but when you're talking Cartier's Panthere, you're talking a price range of \$16,750 to \$23,000 for the solid gold model. This is the piece with a pedigree. In solid 18ct gold and satin-finished stainless steel, the watch band — also 18ct gold — features a folding buckle which is invisible. Definitely for the person who wants money on his hands — or the person who wants to present the ultimate gift. At very selected outlets.

PAMPURR YOURSELF

Okay, so everyone's noticed the extraordinary beauty of the girls appearing in the magazine. But maybe not everyone realises the behind-the-scenes preparation that goes into these photos. When pictorials are being shot in Sydney, *Penthouse* models are dispatched to Pampurrs at Neutral Bay to soak up its superb and thoroughly professional body and beauty treatment services. Of course, these services are available to everyone, men and women. The men's section is a wonderful indulgence, as all the latest and finest treatments are on tap. Manager Graham Irons reports that an increasing number of couples are making appointments at the same time to share the luxury before a big weekend. Removal of unsightly hair with the latest waxing techniques figures high on many customers' priorities. Meanwhile body builders regularly prepare themselves for competition by paying a visit. All the workers are highly qualified, and strictest hygiene precautions are observed. You'll be highly impressed. Ring them on 909 3433 for the necessary appointment. If you've got a knees-up in the city planned and you're coming from out of town — and you want to make a *big* impression — you'll find Pampurrs at 197 Military Road, Neutral Bay, on Sydney's north side.



TAKES THE CAKE



What more can you say? "The Pentax Zoom-70 was awarded the 1987-88 European Compact Camera of the Year Award because of its revolutionary use of a small but optically very good and sharp 35-70 zoom lens in a fully automatic autofocus camera. The jury panel also likes to stress that the camera has a very sensible combination of technical features such as cleverly designed zoom flash, macro setting of the zoom lens, backlight compensation and fill-in flash capabilities. All these features are likely to attract a lot of serious and amateur photographers looking for a modern compact alternative to an SLR." That's straight from the mouth of the judges from Europe's top nine photo magazines.

SHAKIN' ALL OVER

Good Vibrations from Black and Decker is the first cordless, rechargeable personal massager to be available in Australia. You can take this long-handled massage machine anywhere for a bit of a pick-me-up buzz. Just because you'll probably look like a right wally using it at the office, the gym or the caravan park on holidays doesn't detract from the fact that it can effectively soothe aching muscles and stress. The unit features two speeds for variable vibrating action and comes with a wall bracket for convenient storage. The Accent Good Vibrations rechargeable massager (each charge gives you 20 minutes massage) is presented in pastel grey with fuschia pink highlights, and is available from major retail outlets nationally for a recommended retail price of \$65.





BODY LINES

Very last minute Christmas ideas are as far away as The Body Shop nearest you. Gift baskets for men and women take the trouble out of choosing when time is of the essence. These baskets of natural grooming products come from The Body Shop in Sydney's Queen Victoria Building. The Mostly Men basket sells for \$31.60; the Aromatherapy basket for \$52.95 and the Bath Time basket for \$30.55. The Body Shop will also make up gift baskets to order and to any price limit.

EYE ON THE ROAD

With most police forces across the nation updating to new radar systems, a lot of motorists who never pictured themselves as speedfreaks have found themselves on the wrong side of the law. With many radar detectors now obsolete, it might be wise to update to Speedsafe's Whistler 500 from the Canadian company Bel-tronics. When fully installed, the Whistler is claimed to be fully hidden, while offering the maximum range of any other unit on the market — up to 13kms on the mobile and handgun radars and up to 1km on the newer slant radar systems. A loud buzzing tone lets you know when to ease back to a crawl. Available through Speedsafe in Sydney, who ship Australia-wide free of charge. Legislation renders them illegal in Victoria, but other states are players. For more, ring (02) 558 4004.



BRACE YOURSELF

You've seen the promos: "An Actif man might need more than one car, but he only needs one aftershave." Fine, but he also might like to co-ordinate it with shave cream, deodorant stick, antiperspirant spray or deodorant spray. Actif is best described as a chypre style fragrance (see this month's Vanity column); it has a spicy top note that dries down to a warm mossy tone. Actif is from Fabergé, and is available all over the place at very reasonable prices.



MINI TV

Miniature television is at last readily available in Australia, courtesy of the pioneering technology from Casio. Sound and picture quality will surprise everyone, and it works well indoors or outdoors. Perfect for sports viewing. One model has an earpiece to ensure the rest of the folks peace. The model TV400 retails for \$519 and the model TV200 goes for around \$159. One touch and the unit automatically searches for and locks on to the nearest receivable station. The optional car adaptor of the TV400 lets you plug right into the cigarette lighter for power. You'll find them everywhere.

WISE TANNING

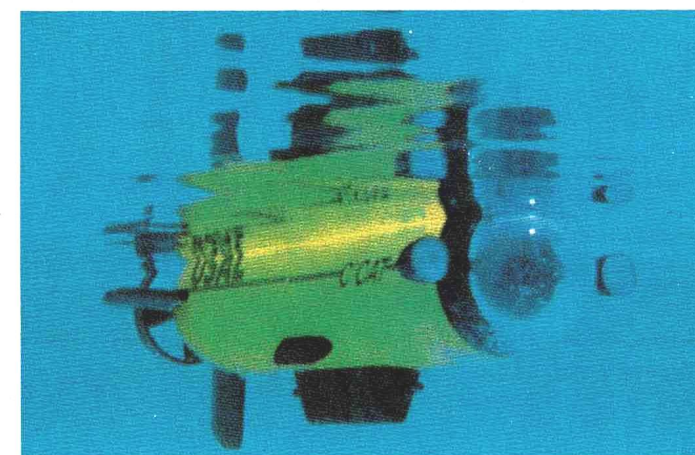
Perfecting a healthy summer tan with minimum exposure to the damaging rays of the sun is the promise of Ebony Pre-Tan Accelerator from ICI. It is not a fake tan, but a moisturising preparation containing collagen, tyrosin and riboflavin. Tyrosin is a naturally occurring amino acid in the human skin, and a substance that forms a part of the tanning mechanism. Ebony is to be rubbed into the skin 30 minutes before you go outside. It allows you to tan faster, thus minimising time in the sun and, if you apply it after exposure, its moisturising properties will help prolong your tan. ICI still recommend that you use a UV sunscreen in conjunction with Ebony Pre-Tan Accelerator and that you use your noggin and take your tan gradually. Available at pharmacies and department stores for a recommended \$20.50.



VIEW TO A THRILL

The C'Cat is a Closed Circuit Aquatic Television System, making live underwater color television viewing possible. The device is remote controlled, with a joystick for direction, depth and speed. Other controls point the camera lens. 'Mazing. Applications, according to the spiel, in-

clude identifying good fishing areas, inspection of uncharted channels for small craft, and surface safety monitoring system for scuba divers. Nothing about spying, but the WA manufacturers USAL are prepared to leave some of its uses to the imagination. Ring (09) 430 4744 for any other details.





Sydney's Julia Beaulieu

COMING IN FEBRUARY AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Peak Experience — Julia Beaulieu, of Sydney, likes a challenge — so much so, she's almost running out of ideas. Just 24, her list of achievements in those few years — in business and the arts, in sports and in studies — would sound impressive for anyone twice her age. Luckily, one of the goals she set herself was to reveal all in a sizzling pictorial for *Penthouse*. That peak experience is shared right here, next month.

Will You Kill? — Approximately one thousand people will die at the hands of other Australians in 1988. Most of the individuals who kill will be ordinary men and women driven to murder by circumstances in which any one of us could find ourselves. Next month crime psychologist Maurice Whitta analyses his murder files and concludes that this crime is the game in which you really do kill the one you love.

The Ugly Australians — The first in a series of character assassinations by Robert English profiles the plumber, Harry Grogan. Harry has opted for Public Service employment mainly for the super, the medical benefits and the flex-time. What Harry does on his day off will make you shake with laughter. Don't miss the Ugly Australians — it's a Bicentennial project.

Tony Curtis Interview — One of the last great Hollywood stars finally tells it like it is and was in a no-holds-barred conversation with *Penthouse*. A movie star for nearly 40 years and now a successful artist, Curtis reveals the steamy and seamy side of making films that fed the fantasies of millions around the world. Curtis offers personal glimpses of such stars as Marilyn Monroe and Joan Collins and takes us behind the scenes of the most written about but almost always misunderstood business in America.

Golden Dildo Awards — Showing not fear nor favor, the second annual Golden Dildo Awards bores it up those Australians who in 1987 distinguished themselves in the arena of the shameful and ridiculous. Who's deserving of a gleaming phoney phallus and why? Find out in February *Australian Penthouse*.

REGGIE SPIERS

Continued from page 79

one which none of the authorities I spoke to would deny or reject, is that he will be deported after serving a relatively short portion of his life sentence. Jayawardene has in the past granted pardons to condemned prisoners, although none have been drug traffickers.

Illegal drugs are seen as a destroyer of young lives and marriages and families, and family life is sacrosanct in Sri Lankan culture.

The pardons are traditionally granted either on February 4, Sri Lanka's Independence Day, or during the Buddhist festival of Wesak, in May each year.

Another factor in Spiers' favor is that, politically, foreign prisoners are a nuisance and an embarrassment; international media attention on Spiers' case has already embarrassed the Sri Lankan Government. It's still mindful of the adverse reaction against Malaysians living in Australia after the Barlow-Chambers hangings in Kuala Lumpur, and it's anxious there should be no similar backlash against the very large Sri Lankan population in Australia's eastern capital cities, particularly Melbourne, in the wake of the Spiers case.

Added to that, Sri Lanka is very proud of the state of its diplomatic relations with Australia.

Australia's Department of Foreign Affairs has ruled out any intervention by the Federal Government. "A fair and normal system of justice operates in Sri Lanka," according to a department spokesman, "and if a person has been found guilty after due process of law, then there is no reason or desire on the part of the Australian Government to overturn that decision."

Two of Spiers' former sporting colleagues have come to his aid. One has lodged a substantial amount of money with the Australian consul, to be used from time to time to ensure Spiers continues to receive the basic amenities and hygienic pleasures allowed by the spartan prison routine. The other, now living in Los Angeles, has committed an unlimited amount of money to pay for a private, rather than court-appointed, lawyer for Spiers.

Spiers says the prospect of a long prison term in an Adelaide jail doesn't concern him and he wants to become involved in veterans' athletics — "to show everyone I'm still competitive."

But he's rejected any suggestion that his life on the move is over: "The day I settle down," he told daughter Joanne, "will be the day I die." And he half-hinted he might write a book about his adventures in paradise — and hell.

"It's been an interesting life," he said. "I've never been bored by it and I've learned a lot. Who knows what the next chapter will be?"

KENWOOD



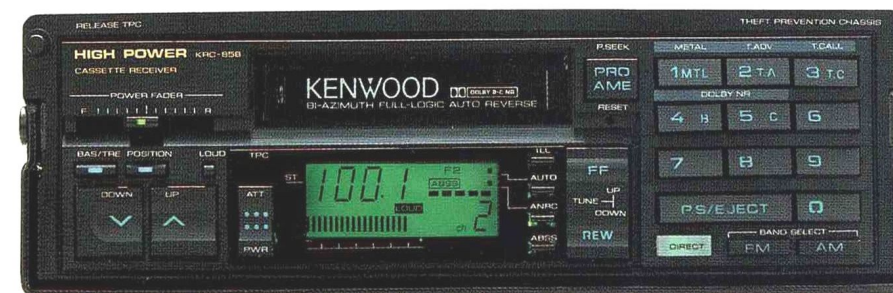
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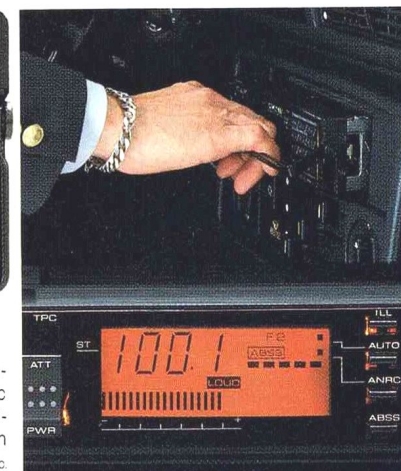
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